BAPT: GVARINI THE AVTHOR OF PASTOR FIDO ÆT: SVÆ·LXIII
Not mars' is this, but learn'd Apollo's knight:
Of Italie the glory, and delight.
T: Cross sculpt:

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Sho: Willughby C:2:26

IL

PASTOR FIDO,

The faithfull Shepherd.

A PASTORALL

Written in Italian by *BAPTISTA GUARINI*, a Knight of ITALIE.

And *now Newly* Translated out of the ORIGINALL.

LONDON,
Printed by *R. Raworth*, M DC XLVII.

To the moſt Illuſtrious and moſt hopefull PRINCE CHARLES, *Prince of WALES.*

SIR,

WHilſt I had the honour to ſerve your *Highneſſe*, I did it (how weakly ſoever) with that fidelity and dutifull affection to your Perſon, which found your gracious acceptance, together with ſome encouragement from your own mouth to hope a new and more fixt relation to you in the future; the onely ſuit I was bold to make: as having ever eſteemed that to ſerve your *Highneſſe*, would of it ſelf be an abundant reward for having ſerved you.

In the mean time I hold my ſelf bound to pay your *Highneſs* ſome tribute of my hours of vacancy, preſenting to your Princely view for the preſent this *Italian Paſtorall*, into which the no leſſe wiſe then witty *Guarini* (having grown unprofitably grey in *Travell*, *Univerſities*, and *Courts*, as out of the fifth Act, where he perſonates himſelf under the name of old *Carino*, may be collected) infuſed whatſoever of excellent ſo eminent *Schools* could teach ſo apt a *Scholer*. His ſcope therein being, to make *a Dernier effort* (as the French call it) or generall muſter of the whole forces of his Wit before his Princely Maſter (the then *Duke*

of Savoy) and withall to insinuate and bring into that awfull presence, in their masking clothes (as I may say) such principles of Vertue, and knowledge *Morall*, *Politicall*, *and Theologicall*, as (peradventure) in their own grave habits, out of the mouthes of severer Instructers, would not have found so easie admittance to a Prince in the heat of his youth, heightned with the pomp and flatteries that attend on Greatnesse, and with the glorious triumphs and felicities of his royall Nuptials then celebrating: though this was the same *Charles Emannel* who proved afterwards in his riper yeers, by his Councels and by his Prowesse, *the Bulwark* indeed *of Italie*, against the puissance of the *great Henry* of France himself, your Highnesse most renowned Grandfather.

Your Highnesse may have seen at *Paris* a Picture (it is in the Cabinet of the *great Chancellor* there) so admirably design'd, that, presenting to the common beholders a multitude of little faces (the famous Ancestors of that Noble man); at the same time, to him that looks through a *Perspective* (kept there for that purpose) there appears onely a single portrait in great of the *Chancellor* himself; the Painter thereby intimating, that in him alone are contracted the Vertues of all his Progenitors; or perchance by a more subtile Philosophy demonstrating, how the *Body Politick* is composed of many *naturall ones*; and how each of these, intire in it self, and consisting of head, eyes, hands, and the like, is a head, an eye, or a hand in the other: as also, that mens *Privates* cannot be preserved, if the *Publick* be destroyed, no more then those little Pictures could remain in being,

being, if the great one were defaced: which great one likewiſe was firſt and chiefeſt in the Painters deſigne, and *that* for which all the reſt were made.

Juſt ſo our Authour (expoſing to *ordinary view* an Enterlude of Shepherds, their loves, and other little concernments, with the ſtroke of a lighter pencill) preſents through the *perſpective* of the *Chorus*, another and more ſuitable object to his *Royall Spectators*. He ſhews to *them* the image of *a gaſping State* (once the moſt flouriſhing in the world): *A wild Boar (the ſword)* depopulating the *Country*: *the Peſtilence* unpeopling the *Towns*: their gods themſelves in the mercileſſe *humane Sacrifices* exacting bloody contribution from *both*: and the *Prieſts (a third Eſtate of miſery)* bearing the burthen of *all* in the *Chorus*, where they deplore their *owne* and the *common* Calamitie. Yet in the *Cataſtrophe*, *the Boar ſlain*; *the Peſtilence* (but this was before upon that miſerable compoſition with their Gods) *ceaſed*; *the Prieſts* above all others *exulting* with pious joy: and all this miraculous change occaſioned by the preſaged Nuptials of two of Divine (that is, Royall) extraction; meaning thoſe at that time of the *Duke of Savoy* with the *Infanta of Spain*, from which fortunate Conjunction hee propheſies a finall period to the troubles that had formerly diſtracted that State: *So much depends upon the Marriages of Princes.*

I am not ignorant *(Sir)* that this famous *Dramatick Poem* muſt have loſt much of the life and quickneſſe by being powred out of one veſſell (that is, one *Language*) into another, beſides what difference may be in the capacity and mettle

mettle of the Veſſels themſelves (the *Italian* being tranſcendently both copious and harmonious), and beſides the unſteadineſſe of the hand that powres it; And that a *Tranſlation* at the beſt is but the *mock-Rainbow* in the clouds, faintly imitating the true one: into which *Apollo* himſelf had a full and immediate influence.

Yet becauſe it ſeems to me (beholding it *at the beſt light*) a *Lantskip* of theſe Kingdoms, (your *Royall Patrimony*) as well in the former flouriſhing, as the preſent diſtractions thereof, I thought it not improper for your Princely notice at this time, thereby to occaſion your Highneſs, even in your recreations, to reflect upon the ſad *Originall*, not without hope to ſee it yet ſpeedily made a perfect *parallell* throughout; and alſo your ſelf a great Inſtrument of it. Whether by ſome happy Royall Marriage (as in this *Paſtorall*, and the caſe of *Savoy*, to which it alludes) thereby uniting a miſerably divided people in a publick joy; or by ſuch other wayes and means as it may have pleaſed *the Divine Providence* to ordain for an *end of our woe*; I leave to that Providence to determine.

IL

PASTOR FIDO

The faithfull Shepheard

WITH

An ADDITION of divers other

POEMS

Concluding with a ſhort Diſcourſe

OF THE LONG

CIVILL WARRES

OF

ROME.

To His Highneſſe

THE PRINCE OF *WALES.*

By *Richard Fanſhawe*, Eſq.

HORAT.

Patiarque vel inconſultus haberi.

LONDON:

Printed for *Humphrey Moſeley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop at the Princes Armes in S. *Pauls* Church-yard. 1648.

TO THE

HOPE AND LUSTRE

Of Three Kingdomes,

CHARLES

Prince of *VVales*, Duke of *Cornwall*, &c.

SIR,

YOur Gracious Reception of Paſter-Fido *when hee was* firſt *preſented to* YOU *by your Servant, ſhewing that* Your Highneſſe *doth not deſpiſe the mean-*

eſt SHEPHEARD, *if* Faithfull; *is that which gives him boldneſſe at this time, not onely to* come againe, *but alſo (being ambitious to advance his* Kindred *with* himſelfe) *to bring his Brothers (the* Additionall Poems) *to partake the ſame honour.*

They are by him *as the elder and better Courtier, comming out of the Schoole of* GUARINI, pre-inſtructed *to approach Your* ROYALL HIGHNESSE, *if not without* Ruſticitie, *yet without* Irreverence: *And, to take up and miniſter ſuch* Diſcourſes *in your* Preſence, *as (for the* Subject-matter *thereof, though in no other reſpect) may bee in ſome ſort fit for* a Prince *of Your high* Birth *and* Hopes, *to entertaine vacant Houres with; at leaſt, that may not with any* Scurrility *offend at once both Your*

Dignity

Dignity *and your* Vertue. In fine, SIR (*ſuch as they are*) *hee caſts both* them, *and* himſelfe, *with all humbleneſſe at Your Princely feet. As doth alſo*

Your Highneſſe

Moſt faithfull and ever dutifull and

obedient Servant,

RICHARD FANSHAWE.

The Printer to the Reader.

READER,

THou wilt meet in the *Additionall Poems* with *many* literall Errours, and in *Paſtor Fido* with *ſome*, beſides the *two* noted at the end thereof. It will be eaſie for *Thee*, with *thy* judgment and good heed to rectifie *all* as thou goeſt along. I beſeech thee doe it to ſalve *my* credit with *him* that ſet me a work. Who *am* of *Thoſe* that had rather *confeſſe* their faults, than *mend* them.

Farewell.

An Index of the ſeverall things contained in this Booke.

PASTOR-FIDO.

Two Copies of Verſes to the Prince upon ſeverall occaſions. 217, 219

An Ode upon His Majeſties Proclamation, Anno 1630. for the Gentry to reſide in their ſeverall Countries. 225

The Eſcuriall in { *Latine* 230 / *Engliſh* 231 }

The Soveraigne: His Majeſties Great Shippe in { *Latine* 240 / *Engliſh* 241 }

Mains Lucanizans 248

Tell me Lucretia, &c. a Copy of Verſes by Miſtris T. C. 250

Put into Latine 251

Farewell faire Saint, &c. by the ſame Miſtreſſe T. C. 254

Put into Latine 255

A Canto of the Progreſſe of Learning 256

A Ruby

A Ruby ſet about with Diamonds 263
A Friends Wedding. 264
Sonnets tranſlated out of Spaniſh. 265
The Loves of Dido *and* Æneas, Virgils *Fourth Booke.* 271
A Happy life out of Martiall *in Latine and Engliſh* 296, 297
Earle of Straffords *Tryall.* 298
The Civill Warres of Rome 303

To the Authour of this TRANSLATION.

Such is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
That few but ſuch as cannot write, tranſlate.
But what in them is want of wit, or voice,
In thee is either Modeſtie, or Choice.
Whiles this reſtored work at thy command
Caſts off the blemiſh of an artleſſe hand.
Secure of Fame, thou juſtly doſt eſteem
Leſſe honour to create, then to redeem.
Nor ought a Genius leſſe then his that writ,
Attempt Tranſlation; for tranſplanted wit
All the defects of air and ſoil doth ſhare,
And colder brains like colder Climates are:
In vain they toil, ſince nothing can beget
A vitall ſpirit, but a vitall heat.
That ſervile path thou nobly doſt decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Thoſe are the labour'd births of ſlaviſh brains,
Not the effects of Poetry, but pains.

Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowneſſe affords
No ſlight for thoughts, but poorly ſticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou doſt purſue
To make Tranſlations, and Tranſlators too.
They but preſerve the Aſhes, Thou the Flame,
True to his ſenſe, but truer to his fame.
Foording his current, where thou find'ſt it low
Let'ſt in thine own to make it riſe and flow.
Wiſely reſtoring whatſoever grace
It loſt by change of Times, or Tongues, or Place.
Nor fetter'd to his Numbers, and his Times,
Betray'ſt his Muſick to unhappy Rimes,
Nor are the nerves of his compacted ſtrength
Stretch'd and diſſolv'd into unſinnewed length:
Yet after all (leſt we ſhould think it thine)
Thy ſpirit to his circle doſt confine.
New names, new dreſſings, and the modern caſt,
Some Scenes, ſome perſons alter'd, had outfac'd
The world, it were thy work; for we have known
Some thank't & prais'd for what was leſſe their own.
That curious hand which to the life can trace
The ayrs, the lines, and features of a face,
May with a free and bolder ſtroke expreſſe
A varyed poſture, or a flatt'ring Dreſſe;
He could have made thoſe like, who made the reſt,
But that he knew his own deſign was beſt.

JOHN DENHAM.

The Scene ARCADIA.

THE SPEAKERS.

SILVIO,	Son to *Montano*, & contracted to *Amarillis*.
LINCO	An old man, ſervant to *Montano*.
MIRTILLO,	In love with *Amarillis*
ERGASTO,	Friend to *Mirtillo*
CORISCA,	A wanton Nymph, in love with *Mirtillo*
MONTANO,	The chief Prieſt, Father to *Silvio*
TITIRO,	Father to *Amarillis*
DAMETA,	An old man, ſervant to *Montano*
SATYR,	An old gotiſh fellow in love with *Coriſca*
DORINDA,	In love with *Silvio*
LUPINO,	A Goat-herd, ſervant to *Dorinda*
AMARILLIS,	Daughter to *Titiro*
NICANDRO,	Chief Miniſter to the Prieſt
CORIDON,	In love with *Coriſca*
CARINO,	An old man ſuppoſed Father to *Mirtillo*
URANIO,	An old man Friend to *Carino*
MESSENGER.	
TIRENIO,	A blind Prophet.

CHORUS *of* { *Shepherds.* *Huntſmen.* *Nymphs.* *Prieſts.*

LFEO. F.

IL PASTOR FIDO.

THE PROLOGUE,

Spoken by ALFEO,
a River of ARCADIA.

IF from old Fame, and peradventure now
Believ'd at all by you, or else forgot,
O'th Amorous Brook ye heard the wonder ever,
Which to pursue the coy and flying River
Of his beloved Arethusa, ran
(O force of Love!) piercing the Ocean,
And the earth's hidden bowels, to that Isle,
Where underneath the huge Ennean Pile

Upon his back the kicking Gyant lies,
Spitting affright full flames at hostile Skies,
And leaves it doubtfull to the world that's under,
If heav'n at him, or he at heaven thunder:
That Brook am I. Though what you have been told
Ye may, your eyes ye cannot doubt. Behold!
Leaving my loved Nymph, and thridding back
That well known way where I had made a track
Through the great waters, I in person rise
And view (with tears of gladnesse in mine eyes)
That ancient and that venerable earth
From whose cold entrails I receiv'd my birth,
Not thrall'd and plundred (as of late) but free
And beautifull as it was wont to be.
O my deer mother! O Arcadia, known
By me thy son, though so long absent! owne
Thy deer, and (being improv'd by travell) now
Thy great ALFEO, *and as fam'd as thou.*
These be the streets once so renown'd, these be
The woods where the old russet honestie
Did live and die: unto this onely nook
O'th iron world, when she her slight had took
From sinfull men, the golden age retir'd.
Here (that which elswhere is in vain desir'd)
Freedome unstrain'd, and from suspicion free,
Flourish'd in peace and sweet securitie.
An unarm'd people had for their defence
A wall of Vertue, and of Innocence,

Stronger

Stronger then that whose living ſtones were layd
About great Thebes, whilſt he that built it playd.
For when tumultuous war flam'd moſt in Greece
And other her more warlike Provinces
Arcadia arm'd, to this bleſt part alone,
This Sanctuary, there was never known
The leaſt Alarum, the leaſt ſound to come;
Or of a friends, or of an en'mies Drum.
And ſo much Corinth, Thebes, Mycene hop't
To triumph o're their foes, as they were propt
By this good people, and their care were held,
Who were the Care of Heav'n, whom heav'n upheld.
A bleſſed mutuall bulwark they did prove,
Thoſe to theſe here, and theſe to thoſe above:
Thoſe fought with weapons, and theſe fought with Pray'r.
Nor though each here a ſhepherds habit ware,
And bore the name; yet either in his meen,
Or exerciſes; was the ſhepherd ſeen.
But ſome would place themſelves as ſpyes to prie
Into the Starres and Elements (the high
Secrets of Heav'n and Nature) others here
Were wholly giv'n to chaſe the fearfull Deer:
Others, whom glory had inflamed more,
T' encounter with a Bear, or tusked Bore.
Some ſwift in running, ſome were terrible
At Barriers, ſome in wraſtling did excell;
One threw a dart, another drew a ſlight,
Both hit with cunning the intended white.

Some one thing, some another did affect,
(Each as his minds and fancie did direct)
The sacred Muses Most, Virgins of yore
In high esteem, though now despis'd and poor.
But how transported hither where the Po
Falls into Dora, is Arcadia now?
This is the cloyster surely, this the cave
Of ancient Erycina, *and that brave*
Aspiring Temple yonder is the same
Was consecrated to great Cynthia's *name:*
How then remov'd? What new-come power can so
Transplant a Land, and all the People? O
Royall Infanta, *but a child in age,*
Yet ev'n already as a Matron sage!
The vertue of your Name, power of your Blood
Great Catherina *(now 'tis understood)*
Wrought this; from that great House descended, which
New Kingdoms daily, and new worlds inrich.
Those great effects which we as wonders view,
Are naturall and usuall things with you.
As by that Sun which from the East doth rise,
So many excellent varieties
Are brought into the world, herbs, flow'rs & trees,
So many beasts, fowl, fish, in earth, ayr, seas:
So by the living Sun of your bright eyes
(which in the now more worshipt West did rise)
New Provinces from every Clime about,
New Realms, new Laurels, and new Trophies sprout.

Low

Low as my bottome then I bow to you,
Majeſtick Daughter of that Monarch, who
Enjoyes an Empire, ſo Auguſt, ſo great,
That Phœbus *in it doth both riſe and ſet:*
And Wife of him, to whoſe breſt, hand, and wit
Heav'n did the wals of Italie commit.
But Alpian rocks are needed now no more,
Bulwarks, nor horrid cliffes to ſtand before
Fair Italie, ſecurer in your guard
Then in thoſe hils which have her entrance barr'd.
That bulwark ſo invincible in war,
You make ſoft Peace 's Temple, where from far
Men come to worſhip her. Long live as one
Yee Royall pair; this fair Conjunction
Preſages Chriſtendome again ſhall boaſt
Thoſe many Eaſtern Scepters ſhe hath loſt.
This is a field worthy of none but you
(Magnanimous CHARLES*) and a field trodden too*
By your brave Anceſtors. This Land is great,
Great are your names, great blood in you is met;
Great your deſignes, your minds, and your aſpects,
Great off-ſpring too, and deeds the world expects.
But whilſt I propheſie, and Fate prepares
Circles of gold to crown your ſilver hairs,
Diſdain not (nighty Souls) *this flowry wreath*
Gatherd on Pindus by thoſe Maids that breath
Life in dead men. Poor offring (I confeſſe)
Yet ſuch as, if Devotion it expreſſe,

Ev'n

Ev'n Heav'n it ſelf diſdains not: And if from
Your ſmiling heav'n a fav'ring gale ſhall come,
This Lute which from its gentle warbling ſtrings
Sending ſtill Muſick to your ears, now ſings
Soft Loves, and pleaſing Hymeneall Rites,
Shall turn a Trumpet to proclaim your Fights.

Actus Primus.

Scena Prima.

SILVIO, LINCO, *With Huntſmen.*

Sil. GO you that lodg'd the Monſter, as y'are wont
Amongſt the neighb'ring ſheepcoats, raiſe the Hunt.
Rowſe eyes and hearts with your ſhrill voice and horn;
If ever in Arcadia there were born
A ſhepherd, who did follow *Cynthia's* Court
As a true lover of her rurall ſport,
Within whoſe Quarry-ſcorning mind had place
The pleaſure or the glory of the Chaſe,
Now let him ſhow that courage and that love,
By following me, where in a little grove
To Valour a large field doth open lye,
That dreadfull Boar, I mean, that Prodigy
Of Nature and the Woods, that huge, that fell,
And noted'ſt Tyrant that did ever dwell
And reign in Erimanthus; the fields mower,
The mowers terror: Go you then before,

And

And do not only with your early horn
Anticipate, but wake the drowsie morn. —*Exeunt Huntſ.*
We, *Linco*, will to prayers, this perilous Chaſe *ſounding.*
(Heav'n being our guide) we may more boldly trace.
" That work which is begun well is half done,
" And without Prayer no work is well begun.

Lin. Thy worſhipping the Gods I well commend,
But not thy troubling them who do attend
The Gods: The Prieſts as yet are all aſleep,
To whom day ſprings yet later, where the ſteep
Surrounding hills a ſhort Horizon make.

Sil. To thee whoſe heart is hardly yet awake
The whole world ſleeps. *Lin.* O *Silvio*, *Silvio*,
Why did frank Nature upon thee beſtow
Bloſſoms of Beauty in thy prime, ſo ſweet
And fair, for thee to trample under feet?
Had I thy freſh and blooming cheek, Adieu
I'ld ſay to beaſts, and nobler game purſue.
The Summer I would ſpend in feaſts and mirth
In the cool ſhade, the Winter by the hearth.

Sil. How's this? Thou art not *Linco* ſure; for he
Such counſell never us'd to give to me.

Lin. " Counſell muſt change as the occaſion doth:
If I were *Silvio*, ſo I'ld do inſooth.

Sil. And I, if I were *Linco* would do ſo,
But as I am, I'll do like *Silvio*.

Lin. Fond youth, for a wild Beaſt ſo far to roame,
Whom thou muſt hunt with danger, when at home

One's safely lodg'd! *Sil.* Dost thou speak seriouslie?
How neer is it? *Lin.* As thou art now to me.
Sil. Th'art mad. *Lin.* Thou art. *Sil.* In what wood doth hee rest?
Lin. *Silvio*'s the wood, and Cruelty the beast.
Sil. Mad I was sure! *Lin.* To have a Nymph so fair,
(Rather a Goddesse of perfections rare)
Fresher and sweeter then a Rose new blown,
Softer and whiter then an old Swans down,
For whom there lives not at this day a swain
So proud 'mongst us but sighs, and sighs in vain:
To have, I say, this matchlesse Paragon
By Gods and men reserv'd for thee, nay, thrown
Into thine arms without one sigh or tear,
And thou (unworthy!) to disvalue her?
Art thou not then a beast? a savage one?
Rather a senseleſſe clod, a stock, a stone?
Sil. "If not to be in love be cruelty,
"Then cruelty 's a Vertue: Nor do I
Repent, but boast, I lodge him in my breast
By whom I 've conquerd Love, the greater beast.
Lin. How couldst thou conquer (silly Idiot)
Whom thou nere try'dst? *Silv.* In that I try'd him not.
Lin. O hadst thou try'd him *Silvio*, and once found
In mutuall Lovers what true joyes abound,
I know thou'ldst say, O Love, the sweetest guest,
Why hast thou been an alien to this breast?

Leave, leave the woods, leave following beaſts, fond boy,
And follow Love.. Sil. Lineo, I take more joy
In one beaſt caught by my *Melampo*, far,
Then in the love of all the Nymphs that are.
Keep they thoſe joyes unto themſelves alone
That finde a ſoul in them; for I finde none.
Lin. No ſoul in Love (the world's great Soul)? But fool,
Too ſoon (believe't) thou'lt finde he is all ſoul:
(Perchance too late;) for "hee'll be ſure before
"We die, to make us all once feel his power.
And (take my word) "worſe torment none can prove,
"Then in old limbs the youthfull itch of love:
"All tampring then will but exaſperate
"The ſore. If Love a young man wound, he ſtraight
"Balms him again, hope holds up ſorrows head,
"And ſmiles revive him, if frowns ſtrike him dead.
"But if an aged man thoſe flames endure,
"Whoſe own defects his own repulſe procure,
"Then, then the wound is unſupportable
"And mortall; then the anguiſh is a Hell:
"Then if he pity ſeek, it is a curſe
"To go without it, and to gain't a worſe.
"Ah! haſten not before th'appointed day
"The curſe of dayes; for if when thou art gray
"Thou learn to love, 'twill breed a double ſenſe,
"Of thy youth's pride, and age's impotence.
Leave, leave the woods, leave following beaſts, fond boy,
And follow Love. Sil. As if there were no joy

But

But theſe Chimera's in a Lovers head,
Of ſtrange Eliziums, by his feaver bred?
Lin. Tell me if in this jolly month of May,
When earth is clad in all her beſt array,
In ſtead of bladed fields, brooks uncontrol'd,
Green woods and painted meads, thou ſhouldſt behold
Bald fields and meads, brooks bound with Ice, the Pine,
The Beech, the Aſh, the Oak, the Elm, the Vine,
And Poplar, like inverted Sceletones,
Stand deſolate, ratling their naked bones;
Wouldſt thou not ſay, Nature is out of tune,
The world is ſick, and like to dye in June?
Now the ſame horrour which thou wouldſt receive
From ſuch a monſtrous noveltie, conceive
At thine own ſelf. "The all-diſpoſing Heav'n
"To ev'ry age hath proper Humors giv'n:
"And as in old men love abſurdly ſhows;
"So young men enemies to love oppoſe
"Nature and Heav'n. Look *Silvio* round about,
Examine the whole Univerſe throughout:
All that is fair or good, here, or above,
Or is a Lover, or the work of Love.
Th' all-ſeeing Heav'n, the fruitfull Earth's a Lover,
The Sea with love is ready to boil over.
Seeſt thou yon Star of ſuch excelling hew,
The Suns Poſtillion? That's a lover too:
Nor is exempted from her own ſon's laws,
But feels that paſſion which her beauties cauſe.

Perchance this very hour too ſhee did part
From her ſtoln ſweets, and Him that keeps her heart.
Mark what a wanton eye ſhe has! In woods
Rough Bears, the crook-backt Dolphin loves in floods,
And ſluggiſh Whales; That little bird which ſings
So ſweetly, and ſo nimbly plyes the wings,
Flying from tree to tree, from Grove to Grove,
If he could ſpeak, would ſay, *I am in love.*
But his heart ſayes it, and his tongue doth ſay't
In language underſtood by his deer Mate:
And *Silvio*, heark how from that wilderneſſe
His dear Mate anſwers, *And I love no leſſe.*
The Cowes low in the valley; and what's this
But an inviting unto amorous bliſſe?
The Lions roar in ſolitary Groves,
Not for their prey, but for their abſent Loves.
All things that are, but *Silvio*, are in love,
The burthen's that: Here, round us, and above,
No ſoul but *Silvio* is a foe to joy.
Leave, leave the woods, leave following beaſts, fond boy,
And follow Love. *Sil.* Had I my tender yeers
Committed to the care of thy gray hairs,
That thou ſhouldſt thus effeminate my heart
With love? Knowſt thou who I am? who thou art?
Lin. Thou art a man (or ſhouldſt be one) and I
Another; what I teach Humanity.
And if thou ſcorn that name (which is my pride)
Take heed, in ſtead of being deifi'd,

Thou

Thou turn not beaſt. *Sil.* That monſter-taming King,
From whom my lofty pedegree I bring,
Had never grown ſo valiant, nor ſo fam'd,
If firſt the monſter Love he had not tam'd.

Lin. See fooliſh youth, how idly thou talkſt now!
Had great *Alcides* been no Lover, how
Hadſt thou been born? Rather, if he orecame
Monſters and men, to Love impute the ſame.
Knowſt thou not yet, that to comply with fair
Omphales humour, he not onely ware
(In ſtead of the fierce Lions rugged skin)
Womens ſoft robes, but taught thoſe hands to ſpin,
And hold a feeble diſtaffe, which did bear
The knotty Club? His interludes theſe were
Between his Acts; And when his ribs were beat
With dear-bought Counqueſts, he would then retreat
Into her lap (the bay of ſweet delight)
As in Love's port to be new built for fight.
" His ſighs from his paſt toils ſweet breathings were,
" And ſpirits ſtrengthning him new toils to bear.
" For as the iron, of it ſelf too rough,
" And of a harſh unmalleable ſtuffe,
" Softned with fire, and gentler metall, ſtrength
" From weakneſſe gathers, and becomes at length
" Fit for the nobleſt uſe: ſo hearts untam'd,
" (Which their own ſtifneſſe often breaks) enflam'd
" With generous Love, and with his ſweets allay'd,
" Are cleerer, apter for great Actions made.

If th'art ambitious then to imitate
Great *Hercules*, and not degenerate
From thy high ſtrain, ſince woods thou doſt affect,
Follow the woods, but do not Love neglect:
I mean ſo lawfull and ſo worthy love
As that of *Amarillis*. I approve
(So far from blaming that as cruelty)
Thy ſhunning of *Dorinda*; For in thee
Who ſtandſt upon thy bloud, 'twere double ſhame
To ſcorch thy breſt with an unlawfull flame,
For injuring thy Spouſe. *Sil.* What ſaiſt thou man?
Shee is not yet my Spouſe. *Lin.* Was there not than
A promiſe ſolemnly receiv'd and giv'n?
Take heed proud Boy, how thou provokeſt Heav'n.
Sil. "Man's freedom is Heav'ns gift, which doth not take
"Us at our word when forced vows we make.
Lin. I, but (unleſſe our hopes and judgements fail)
Heav'n made this Match, and promis'd to entail
A thouſand bleſſings on't. *Sil.* 'Tis like that there
Is nothing elſe to do; a proper care
To vex the calm reſt of the gods above!
Linco, I like nor this, nor t'other Love.
I was a Huntſman, not a Lover bred;
Thou who art all for love, go back to bed.
Lin. Thou ſprung from Heav'n, harſh Boy? nor of divine
Can I ſuppoſe thee, nor of humane Line.
Alecto's poyſon thy cold limbs did faſhion;
Sweet *Venus* had no hand in thy creation.

Scena

Scena ſecunda.

MIRTILLO, ERGASTO.

Mirt. O *Amarillis*, Authreſſe of my flame,
(Within my mouth how ſweet now is thy name!
But in my heart how bitter!) *Amarillis*,
Fairer and whiter then the whiteſt Lillies,
But crueller then cruell Adders far,
Which having ſtung (leaſt they ſhould pitie) bar
Their ears, and flie: If then by ſpeaking I
Offend thee, I will hold my peace and die.
I'll hold my peace, but what will that do good,
If hils and dales roar for me, and this wood
Which thy deer name can nere forget, from me
So often heard, and carv'd on every tree?
The windes ſhall ſigh for me, the fountains ſhed
Abundant tears, grief mourn, and pitie plead.
Or couldſt thou bribe whole Nature with a fee
To ſilence, laſtly Death ſhall ſpeak for me:
Hee'll thunder't out, and to the world proclaim,
I dy'd a Martyr in my true Loves flame.

Erg. Mirtillo, "Love is a great pain at beſt,
"But more, by how much more it is ſuppreſt.
"For as hot Steeds run faſter at the check,
"Then if you laid the reins upon their neck:

"So

"So love reſtrain'd augments, and fiercer growes
"In a cloſe priſon, then when looſe he goes.
Why hidſt thou thy flames cauſe ſo long from me,
When the effect could not concealed be?
Mirtillo burns: how often have I ſaid?
But inward burns, and will not call for aid.
Mirt. Courteous *Ergaſto*, out of my reſpect
To her (alas) I did my ſelf neglect:
Nor would my feſtring paſſion yet unfold,
But that neceſſity hath made me bold.
I hear a buzzing rumour every-where
(Which to my heart findes paſſage through my ear)
That *Amarillis* ſhortly weds; nor dare
Ask more, leſt ſo I ſhould my love declare,
Or prove my fear too true. Full well I know
(Nor hath Love ſtrook me blind) that in my low
And ſlender fortunes, it were ſimple pride
To hope a Nymph ſo ſhap't, ſo qualifi'd,
So rais'd in wealth, in ſpirit, and in blood,
Above all theſe, ſo gentle, and ſo good,
Can ere be mine: no, I have tane the height
Of my unhappy Star, my ſullen fate
Made me for fuell onely, born to ſmother
In fires I cannot kindle in another.
Yet ſince Fate's pleas'd I ſhould affect death more
Then life, at leaſt I'ld have her know before,
That ſhee's beholding to me for my death,
And deigne when I ſigh out my lateſt breath

To caſt her fair eyes on me, and ſay, *Dye.*
This reaſonable boon obtain would I,
That ere ſhe go to make another bleſt
In having her, ſhee'ld hear me ſpeak at leaſt,
But once, my deer *Ergaſto.* Now if love
Or pitie of me thy ſoft entrails move,
Procure me this, this phyſick onely lend,
To make the paſſage eaſie to my end.

Erg. From one that loves, a juſt, from one that dies,
A ſmall requeſt: yet a hard enterprize.
Woe be to her, ſhould her ſtern father hear
That to ſtoln prayr's ſhe ere had lent an ear!
Or if ſome baſer pick-thank ſhould diſcloſe
It to the Prieſt her father-in-law! Who knows
But out of theſe reſpects ſhe may eſchew
Thy company, and yet affect thee too?
" For women are more prone to love then men;
" But to conceal't have more diſcretion then.
And if 'twere true that ſhe did love thee, what
Could ſhee do leſſe then ſhun thee for all that?
" She that wants power to help liſtens in vain,
" And flies with pity, when her ſtay breeds pain;
" And I have heard 'tis ſtill the wiſeſt courſe
" To quit that ſoon which one muſt quit perforce.

Mir. O were this true, and could I think it ſo,
Sweet were my pain, and fortunate my woe!
But deer *Ergaſto* (hide it not from me
So help thee *Pan*) who may this Bridegroom be

So lov'd of all the Starres? *Erg.* Doſt thou not know
(I'm ſure thou doſt) that famous *Silvio*,
Silvio the rich, the gallant and the fair,
The Prieſt *Montano*'s onely Son and Heir?
'Tis he. *Mir.* O happy youth, whoſe joy appears
So ripe for harveſt in his ſpring of yeers!
Pardon me gentle ſwain, I envie not
Thy happineſſe, but mourn my own hard lot.
Erg. Indeed there is no reaſon to envy,
Rather to pity him. *Mirt.* To pity? Why?
Erg. Becauſe he loves her not. *Mirt.* And hath he wit?
Hath he a heart? Is he not blind? —And yet
When I conſider with what full aſpect
Her ſtarry eyes their influence direct
Into my breſt, ſhe cannot have a dart
Left in her quiver for another heart.
But why do they a gemme ſo precious throw
To one that knows it not, and ſcorns it ſo?
Erg. Becauſe the Heav'ns did through this Marriage
Unto Arcadia long ago preſage
Deliverance. Haſt not thou heard that here
Is paid to the great Goddeſſe ev'ry yeer
Of a Nymph's guiltleſſe bloud a cruell and
Unconſcionable tribute by this Land?
Mirt. 'Tis news to me; nor let that ſtrange appear,
Since I my ſelf am but a ſtranger here,
And ſince I came (by Fate's decree and Love's)
Almoſt a conſtant Burgeſſe of the Groves.

But

But what ſtrange crime deſerv'd ſo ſharp a doom?
How could ſuch monſtrous cruelty finde room
In a Celeſtiall minde? *Erg.* Of me then know
From the firſt head the torrent of our wo:
A Story that would tears of pitie wreſt
From heart of oak, much more from humane breſt.
Whileſt yet the Prieſthood was not ty'd to age,
A youthfull ſwain of noble Parentage,
Then *Dian*'s Prieſt (*Aminta* was his name)
The Nymph *Lucrina* did with love enflame.
All creatures of her ſex exceeded ſhee
As much in beauty as unconſtancie.
She long requited, or at leaſt to ſight
(If looks and eyes have tongues) ſhe did requite
The pure affection of the Love-ſick lad,
And fed his hopes whilſt he no Rivall had.
But when a ruſtick ſwain her favour ſought,
(See now a perfect woman!) in a thought,
She left the former, with one ſigh was ſhook,
With the faint batt'ry of one amorous look:
Her hearts new gueſt now takes up all the room,
Diſlodg'd *Aminta* ere he knew for whom.
Hapleſſe *Aminta!* who from that day forth
Was ſo abhorr'd, held of ſo little worth,
By that ungrate whom he did ſtill adore,
That ſhe would neither hear nor ſee him more.
If this unkindneſſe cut the wretch to th' heart,
If he ſigh'd, wept, and rav'd, to thee who art

Acquainted with Love's pangs, I leave to gheſſe,
Mir. O, 'Twas a torment no man can expreſſe!
Erg. When then his tears and prayers he had caſt
After his heart, to *Diana* turn'd at laſt;
If ever with pure heart Goddeſſe (quoth he)
And guiltleſſe hand I kindled flame to thee,
Revenge my faith, which a perfidious Maid
Under ſafe conduct of her ſmiles betraid.
The Goddeſſe (gentler then the Nymph was) hears
The faithfull Lover's and her ſervant's tears
And prayr's: and pity kindling her juſt ire,
By oppoſition did augment the fire.
Her pow'rfull bow into her hand ſhe took,
And in Arcadia's wretched boſome ſtuck
Arrows of death and catching Peſtilence
Inviſible, and therefore without fence.
Without remorſe they execute her rage
Without reſpect on every ſex and age.
Nor Antidotes nor Med'cines here avail'd,
Nor flying now; weak Art her Maſter fail'd:
And oft, whilſt he the remedy apply'd,
Before the Patient the Phyſitian dy'd.
The onely hope that's left is from the skie,
So to the neereſt Oracle they flie,
Which ſoon return'd an anſwer cleer enough,
But above meaſure terrible and rough;
That Cinthia *was incenſt, but that the Land*
Might be reliev'd, if by Aminta's *hand*

That

That faithleſſe Nymph Lucrina, *or ſome one*
For her, of the Arcadian Nation
Were as an offring to Diana *ſlain.*
So ſhe, when long ſh' had pray'd, long wept in vain,
And long expected her new Lovers ayd,
To th' holy Altars like a Bride array'd,
And with what pomp Religion could deviſe,
Was led a miſerable Sacrifice.
Where at thoſe feet from which hers fled ſo faſt,
(The feet of her Idolater) at laſt
Bending her trembling knees, ſhe did attend
From the offended youth a cruell end.
The ſacred knife he boldly did unſheathe,
Rage and revenge his noſtrils ſeem'd to breathe,
His eyes to ſparkle; turning then to her,
Said with a ſigh (death's hollow meſſenger,)
Whom thou haſt left *Lucrina*, and whom took,
Learn by this blow: And with that word he ſtrook
Himſelf, and plung'd the knife in his own breſt
To th' haft: In one both Sacrifice and Prieſt
Fell bleeding at her feet, whilſt ſhe (amaz'd
To ſee that dire unlookt for object) gaz'd
As one 'twixt life and death, nor yet did know
If grief had ſtab'd her, or the threatned blow.
But when ſhe found her tongue again, and knew
Diſtinctly what was acted there, O true,
O brave *Aminta*, (bathing in a flood
Of tears) ſhe ſaid! O Lover, underſtood!

Too

Too late! who by thy death doſt give to me
Both life and death. If in forſaking thee
I ſinn'd; lo, I redeem that ſin of mine,
Wedding my ſoul eternally to thine.
This ſaid, that knife freſh reeking with the gore
Of the now lov'd in death, and purpled ore,
She drew from his pale breſt, and in her own
Sheath'd it again; then willingly ſunk down
Into *Aminta*'s arms, who yet had breath,
And felt perchance that lightning before death.
Such was this pair of Lovers tragick fall,
'Cauſe he kept too much faith, ſhe none at all.

Mir. O hapleſſe twain, yet happy in his Love,
Having ſo rich occaſion to approve
His ſpotleſſe faith, and dying to revive
That ſpark in her he could not being alive!
But what became then of the poor diſeas'd?
Did the plague ceaſe? was *Cinthia*'s wrath appeas'd?

Erg. It did relent, but was not quite put out:
For the ſame month (the yeer being wheel'd about)
It burſt out with more fury, and did make
A dire relapſe: This forc'd us to betake
Our ſelves unto the Oracle agen;
Which utterd now a ſadder doom; *That then*
And yeerly, we to Nights offended Queen
A Maid or Wife ſhould offer, paſt fifteen
And ſhort of twenty; by which means the rage
Which ſwallow'd thouſands, one death ſhould aſſwage.

Moreover

Moreover a hard law, and weighing well
The nature of that ſex, impoſſible
To keep; a law in bloudy letters writ
On wretched women was impos'd by it;
That whatſoever Maid or Wife ſhould prove
In any ſort a changeling in her love,
Unleſſe ſome friend would pay the penalty
In ſtead of her, ſhould without mercy die.
This dire, this nationall Calamitie
The good old man hath hope to remedie
By means of this deſired Match; becauſe
The Oracle after ſome little pawſe
Being ask'd again, what end our woe ſhould have,
To our demand this punctuall anſwer gave;
Your woe ſhall end when two of Race Divine
Love ſhall combine:
And for a faithleſſe Nymphs apoſtate ſtate
A faithfull Shepherd ſupererogate.
Now there are left in all Arcadia
Of heavenly Stock no other ſlips this day
But *Silvio* and *Amarillis*; She
From *Pan* deſcended, from *Alcides* He.
Nor had there ever (to our much regret)
Of thoſe two Lines a Male and Female met,
As now there do: whence the believing Father
Great hopes of good not without cauſe doth gather.
For though the things foretold by th' Oracle
Be not fulfill'd yet in each particle,

This

This is the fundamentall point; the reſt
Is ſtill reſerv'd in Fates own ſecret breſt,
And of the Marriage one day ſhall enſue.
Mir. And all this do *Mirtillo* to undoe?
What a long ſwing is fetcht! what armies band
Againſt one heart half murtherd to their hand!
Is't not enough that cruell Love's my foe,
Unleſſe Fate too conſpire my overthrow?
Erg. Alas, *Mirtillo!* grieving does no good,
" Tears quench not Love, but are his milk and food.
'T ſhall ſcape me hard, but ere the Sun deſcend
This cruell one ſhall hear thee, Courage friend:
" Theſe ſighs refreſh not (as thou doſt ſuppoſe)
" Thy burning heart; but rather are like thoſe
" Impetuous winds, which in a Town on fire
" The bellows are to blow and fan it higher:
" Love's whirlwinds, bringing to poor Lovers ever
" Black clouds of grief, which ſhowrs of tears deliver.

Scena tertia.

CORISCA.

WHo ever ſaw, what heart did ever prove
So ſtrange, fond, impotent a Paſſion? Love,
And cold Diſdain (a miracle to me
Two contraries ſhould in one ſubject be

Both

Both in extremes! I know not how, each other
Deſtroy, and generate; enflame, and ſmother.
When I behold *Mirtillo*'s every grace,
From his neat foot to his bewitching face,
His unaffected carriage, ſweet aſpect,
Words, actions, looks, and manners, they eject
Such flames of love, that every paſſion
Beſides ſeems to be conquerd by this one.
But when I think how dotingly he prizes
Another woman, and for her deſpiſes
My almoſt peerleſſe face (although I ſay't)
On which a thouſand eyes for alms do wait,
Then do I ſcorn, abhor, and loath him more
Then ever I did value him before,
And ſcarce can think it poſſible that he
Had ever any intereſt in me.
O if my ſweet *Mirtillo* were mine own,
So that I had him to my ſelf alone!
(Theſe are my thoughts ſometimes) no mortall wight
More bliſſe could boaſt of then *Coriſca* might!
And then I feel ſuch kindly flames, ſo ſweet
A vapour riſe, that I could almoſt meet
His love half way; yea, follow him, adore
His very ſteps, and aid from him implore:
Nay, I do love him ſo, I could expire
His ſacrifice in ſuch a pleaſing fire.
Then I'm my ſelf again: And what (ſay I)
A proud diſdainfull boy! one that doth fly

From me, and love another that can look
Upon this face of mine, and not be ſtrook?
But guard himſelf ſo well as not to dye
For love! Shall I, that ſhould behold him lye
Trembling and weeping at theſe feet of mine
(As many better men have done) incline
Trembling and weeping at his feet? O no!
And with this thought into ſuch rage I grow
Againſt my ſelf, and him, that ſounding ſtraight
Unto my eyes and fancy a retreat,
Mirtillo's name worſer then death I ſeem
To hate, and mine own ſelf for loving him;
Whom I would ſee the miſerableſt ſwain,
The moſt deſpiſed thing that doth remain
Upon the earth; and if I had my will,
With mine own hands I could the villain kill.
Thus like two ſeas encountring, Hate and Love,
Deſire and Scorn in me dire battell move:
And I (the flame of thouſand hearts, the rack
Of thouſand ſouls) languiſh, and burn, and lack
That pitie I deny'd to others. I
Who have in Cities oft been courted by
Gallants and wits, to whom great Lords have bent,
And yet withſtood vollies of complement,
Squadrons of Lovers, jeer'd their idle fires,
And with falſe hopes deluded their deſires;
And now enforc'd t'a ruſtick ſwain to yeild
In ſingle fight t'a fellow that's unskill'd!

O thou moſt wretched of all womankind
Coriſca! Where couldſt thou diverſion find
Hadſt thou no other Lover? how aſſwage,
Or by what means deceive thy amorous rage?
Learn women all from me this houſewifery,
Make you conſerve of Lovers to keep by.
Had I no Sweet-heart but this ſullen Boy,
Were I not well provided of a joy?
"To extreme want how likely to be hurl'd
"Is that ill houſwife, who in all the world
"But one Love onely, but one Servant hath?
Coriſca will be no ſuch fool. "What's faith?
"What's conſtancy? Tales which the jealous feign
"To awe fond girls: names as abſurd as vain.
"Faith in a woman (if at leaſt there be
Faith in a woman unreveal'd to me)
"Is not a vertue, not a heavenly grace,
"But the ſad penance of a ruin'd face,
"That's pleas'd with one, cauſe it can pleaſe no more.
"A handſome woman ſought unto by ſtore
"Of gallant youths, if pleas'd with one alone
No woman is, or is a foolish one.
"What's beauty (tell me) if not view'd? or view'd,
"If not purſu'd? or if purſu'd, purſu'd
"By one alone? Where Lovers frequent are,
"It is a ſigne the partie lov'd is rare,
"Glorious and bright. A womans honour is
"T'have many Servants: Courtly Dames know this,

Who live in Towns, and those most practise it
Who have most wealth, most beauty, and most wit.
'Tis clowniſhneſſe (ſay they) to reject any,
And folly too, ſince that's perform'd by many,
One cannot do; One Officer to wait,
A ſecond to preſent, a third to prate,
A fourth for ſomewhat elſe; ſo it doth fall
Out oft, that favours being generall
No favours ſeem; or jealouſie thus throwne
To whet them, all are eaſier kept then one.
This merry life in my great Ladies led
In Towns, and 'twas my fortune to be bred
With one of them; by whoſe example firſt,
Next by her rules, I in Loves art was nurſt
Up from my childhood: ſhe would often ſay,
"*Coriſca*, thou muſt uſe another day
"Thy Lovers like thy garments, put on one,
"Have many, often ſhift, and wear out none.
"For daily converſation breeds diſtaſt,
"Diſtaſt contempt, and loathing at the laſt.
Then get the ſtart, let not the ſervant ſay,
H'as turnd his Miſtreſſe, not ſhe him, away.
And I have kept her rules: I've choice, and ſtrive
To pleaſe them all: to this my hand I give,
And wink on him; the handſom'ſt I admit
Into my boſome; but not one ſhall get
Into my heart: and yet I know not how
(Ay me!) *Mirtillo*'s crept too neer it now.

He

He made me ſigh, not ſigh as heretofore
To give falſe fire, but true flames to deplore;
Robbing my limbs of reſt, my eyes of ſleep,
Ev'n I can watch till the gray morning peep
(The diſcontented Lovers truce); ev'n I
(Strange change!) to melancholy walks can fly;
And through the gloomy horrors of this grove
Trace the ſweet footſteps of my hated Love.
What wilt thou do, *Coriſca*? ſue? my hate
Permits not this, nor ſtands it with my State.
Wilt thou then fly him? That would ſhew more brains,
But Love ſayes no to that: What then remains?
Firſt I will try allurements, and diſcover
The love to him, but will conceal the Lover;
I'll uſe deceipts, if that avail me not;
And if thoſe fail me too, my brain ſhall plot
A brave revenge: *Mintillo* ſhall partake
Hate, if he ſpurn at Love; and I will make
His *Amarillis* rue, that ſhe was ere
A Rivall unto me, to him ſo deer.
Laſt I will teach you both what 'tis to move
A woman to abhor where ſhe did love.

Scena

Scena quarta.

TITIRO, MONTANO, DAMETAS.

Tit. I Speak *Montano* what I know is true,
And ſpeak to one who knows more then I do.
" Your Oracles are ſtill obſcurer farre
" Then we imagine: and their anſwers are
" Like knives, which if they warily be caught
" By that ſafe part which for the hand was wrought,
" Are uſefull; but if raſhly they be tane
" By th'edge or point, one may be hurt or ſlain.
That *Amarillis* (as thou argu'ſt) ſhould
By Heav'n be deſtin'd for the gen'rall good
And ſafety of Arcadia, who ſhould rather
Deſire and joy, then I who am her Father?
But when I mark the words of th' Oracle,
Me thinks with thoſe the ſignes agree not well.
If Love muſt joyn them, and the one doth fly,
How can that be? How can the ſtrings which tie
The true-Love's knot be hatred and diſdain?
" That cannot be oppos'd which Heav'ns ordain:
Since then we ſee ſuch oppoſition here,
That Heav'ns did not ordain it, is moſt cleer.
Had they been pleas'd that *Silvio* ſhould have had
My *Amarillis*, they would him have made

A Lover, not a Huntſman. *Mont.* Doſt not ſee,
He's young, not yet ſeventeen? In time ev'n he
Will feel the dart of Love. *Tit.* A dog hath got
His love: I know not why a Nymph ſhould not.
Mont. "Youths are inclined more to recreation.
Tit. "And is not love a nat'rall inclination?
Mont. "Before the time 'tis an unnat'rall thing.
Tit. "Love is a bloſſome which adorns our ſpring.
Mont. "Your forward bloſſoms ſeldom come to good.
Tit. "They ſeldom fail where froſts nip not the bud.
But came I hither to diſpute with thee,
Montano? I nor can, nor fits it me.
Yet I 'm a Father too of a moſt deer
And onely child; and (if Love do not blear
My eyes) a worthy one; ſuch (under favour)
That many woo'd me, and ſtill do to have her.
Mont. Were not this Marriage made in heav'n by Fate,
'Tis made in earth by Faith, to violate
Which (*Titiro*) were raſhly to prophane
The godhead of great *Cynthia*, in whoſe Fane
The ſolemn oath was taken. Now how ready
She is to wrath, and how incens'd already
Againſt this Country, thou art not to learn.
But I profeſſe, as far as I diſcern,
And a Prieſt's mind rapt up above the skie
Into th' eternall counſels there can prie,
This knot by th' hand of Deſtiny was knit,
And all thoſe ſignes which ſhould accompan' it

(Have

(Have thou but Faith) will fall out jump and right
In their due time. I'll tell thee more; this night
I in my dream a certain thing have view'd,
Which my old hopes hath more then ere renew'd. (view?
Tit. "Dreams are but dreams: but well, what didst thou
Mont. Thou dost remember, I presume (for who
Amongst us all is such a stupid wight
As to forget?) that lamentable night
When swelling Ladon (weary of his yoke)
The banks with his rebellious waters broke;
So that where birds were wont to build their nests,
Usurping fishes swam, and men, and beasts,
And flocks, and herds promiscuously tane
Th' impartiall deluge swept into the Main.
That very night (O bitter memory!)
I lost my heart, or rather that which I
More dearly priz'd, a child, a tender one
In swathing bands, and then my onely son.
Both then and since (though he be dead) as deer
To me, as if my onely son he were:
The cruel torrent ravish'd him away
Before the people of the house (who lay
In darkness, fear and sleep buri'd alive)
With any timely succour could arrive:
We could not find the empty cradle neither,
But (as I ghesse) that and the child together
Were swallow'd by the flood. *Tit.* What else can be
Suppos'd? I think I've heard (perchance from thee)

This

This loſſe of thine before, in very truth
A miſerable one, and full of ruth;
And I may ſay, of thy two ſons the Floods
Have ſwallow'd one, the other's loſt i'th' Woods.
Mont. Perhaps kind Heav'ns in the ſurviving brother
Will make me rich amends yet for the other:
"'Tis alwayes good to hope. Now liſt me out:
'Twas at the dawning of the morn, about
That mungrell hour which gotten betwixt night
And day, is half an Ethiop and half white,
When having watcht out all the night almoſt,
With various fancies of this Marriage toſt,
Quite overcome at length with wearineſſe,
A gentle ſlumber did mine eyes oppreſſe,
Which with it ſuch a lively viſion brought,
That though I ſlept, I was awake. Methought,
On fam'd Alfeo's bank I angling ſate
Under a ſhady Beech, there came up ſtraight
A grave old man, down to the middle bare,
His chin all dropping, and his griſled hair;
Who with both hands, and countenance beni'ne
Put a nak'd weeping infant into mine,
Saying, *Lo here thy Son, and take good heed*
Thou kill him not; then div'd into the reed.
With that, black clouds obſcur'd the Heavens round,
And threatning me with a dire tempeſt, frown'd.
I to my boſome clapt the babe for fear,
And cry'd, Shall then one hour both give and bear

Away my joy? Straight all the welkin turn'd
Serene, and thunderbolts to aſhes burn'd
Fell hiſſing in the River, with bows broken
And ſhafts by thouſands, ſignes which did betoken
Extinguiſht vengeance; then a ſhrill voice brake
From the riv'd Beech, which in his tongue thus ſpake,
Believe Montano, *and thy hope ſtill nouriſh,*
Thy fair Arcadia once again ſhall flouriſh.
So ever ſince in my eyes, mind, and breſt
The pleaſing figure of this dream 's impreſt,
Standing before me ſtill in every place;
But above all, the courteous meen and face
Of that old man (me thinks I ſee him wet)
Which made me coming now, when thee I met,
Directly to the Temple, there with pure
And holy Sacrifice my Dream t'inſure.

Tit. "Truely *Montano*, Dreams are Hiſtories
"Of what is paſt, rather then Prophecies
"Of what's to come: Meer fragments of ſome ſight,
"Or thought of the paſt day, which prints at night
"A vain reflection of it ſelf, like thoſe
"Which in a cloud the Sunne oppoſed ſhows.

Mont. "Not alwayes with the ſenſes ſleeps the ſoul:
"Rather when ſhe is free from all controll
"Of couſening forms, which do the ſenſes blinde,
"Whilſt they're aſleep, more wakefull is the minde.

Tit. In ſhort: how Heav'ns have deſtin'd to diſpoſe
Of our two children, neither of us knows.

But

But this is cleer to both of us, thine flyes,
And againſt *Nature's* law, doth *Love's* deſpiſe.
And mine (as't proves) is ty'd; her ſelf yet hath
No benefit of her engaged faith.
Nor do I know whether ſhe love or no:
That ſhe makes others love, full well I know;
And can I think it probable that ſhee
Should others wound, and go her ſelf ſtill free?
Mee thinks of late ſhe's alter'd in her cheer,
Who us'd all Mirth and Jollity t' appear.
" But to put Maids in mind of marrying,
" And then not marry them, is an ill thing.
" As in a curious garden a fair Roſe,
" Which (cloyſtred up in leaves) did late repoſe
" Under the ſable canopie of night
" Upon its mother-ſtalk, with the firſt light
" Raiſes its head, then opes its tender eye,
" Whence whiſpring Bees ſuck Nectar as they fly;
" Then to the Sun which on its form doth gaze,
" Its purple and perfumed breſt diſplayes:
" But if it be not gatherd then, and ſtay
" Till it be kiſt by the Meridian Ray,
" Before the Sun to th' other world be fled,
" Upon its mourning ſtalk it hangs the head;
" So pale, ſo ſhrunk, ſo without life it ſhowes,
" That one can hardly ſay, This was a Roſe.
" So a young Virgin, whilſt her Mothers care
" Shuts and preſerves her from the blaſting air,

" Shuts her own boſom too againſt deſire:
" But if ſhe find ſome amorous youth to eye her,
" And hears him ſigh, ſhe opes him ſtraight her heart,
" And in her tender breſt receives Love's dart.
" Then if by fear, or elſe by maiden ſhame,
" She be withheld from ſhewing of her flame,
" (Poor ſoul!) Concealment like a worm i'th' bud,
" Lies in her Damask cheek ſucking the bloud:
" So all her beauty's gone, if that fire laſt,
" And all her Lovers when her Beauty's paſt.

Mont. Take courage *Titiro*; do not embaſe
Thy ſoul with mortall fears, but nobly place
Thy hopes above; " Heav'n favours a ſtrong faith,
" And a faint pray'r nere clomb that arduous path.
" And if all men ſhould pray to Heav'n at need,
" And pray with hope, much more ſhould Heav'ns own ſeed.
Our childrens Pedigree it is Divine,
" And Heav'n that ſhines on all, will ſurely ſhine
" On its own Progenie. Come *Titiro*,
Together to the Temple let us go,
Together offer, thou a hee-goat there,
To PAN, and I to HERCULES a Steer.
" The Gods who bleſſe the herds, will bleſſe no leſſe
" Them, who the Gods do with thoſe bleſſings bleſſe.
Truſty *Dametas* go, and quickly cull
From my fair herd the beſt and gentleſt Bull,
And bring him to me to the Temple ſtraight;
Come by the hill, the neereſt way is that.

Tit.

Tit. And good *Daretas*, from my herd bring one
Of the beſt Goats. *Dam.* Both ſhall with ſpeed be done.
May the high Gods pleas'd in their goodneſſe be
To bleſſe (*Montano*) this thy Dream to thee,
Ev'n to thy utmoſt wiſh: this memory
Of thy loſt ſon is a good augury.

Scena quinta.

SATYR.

" AS froſts to Plants, to ripened Ears a ſtorm,
" To Flowrs the mid-day ſun, to Seed the worm,
" To Stags the toyls, to Birds the lime-twig; ſo
" Is Love to man an everlaſting Foe.
And he that call'd it fire pierc'd well into
Its treach'rous nature; for if fire thou view,
How bright and beautifull it is? Approacht,
How warm and comfortable? But then toucht,
O how it burns! The monſter-bearing earth
Did never teem ſuch a prodigious birth:
It cuts like razors, like wild beaſts devours,
And through a wood like winged lightning ſcowrs.
Where-ere it fixes its imperious foot,
Cottage and Pallace, all muſt yeeld unto 't:
So Love, if thou behold it in a pair
Of ſtarry eyes, in a bright treſſe of hair,

How

How temptingly it looks! what kindly flames
In it breathes! what peace, what pardons it proclaims!
But in thy boſome if thou do it keep,
So that it gather ſtrength, and 'gin to creep,
No Tygreſſe in Hircanian mountains nurſt,
No Lybian Lioneſſe is half ſo curſt,
Nor frozen Snake foſtred with humane breath.
His flames are hot as hell, bonds ſtrong as death;
He is Wrath's hangman, Pitie's enemy,
And to conclude, Love void of love. But why
Accuſe I him? Is he the Authour then
Of all thoſe pranks which mortal wights, not when
They are in love, but out of their wits, do?
Women, perfidious women, 'tis to you
That I impute Love's rancour; all that's naught
In him from you is by infection caught.
He of himſelf is good, meek as the Dove
That draws the chariot of the Queen of Love:
But you have made him wild; for though ye joy
With your own hands to feed the winged Boy,
Yet do you ſhut each pore ſo of your breſt,
That in your hearts He cannot build his neſt.
And all your care, pride, pleaſure ye do place
In the meer outſide of a ſimpring face.
Nor is 't your ſtudy how to pay true love,
And wager whether ſhall more conſtant prove;
To bind two ſouls in one, and of one heart
To make the other but the counter-part;

But

But how your ſilver hair with gold to match,
Then purſe it up into a net, to catch
Poor ſouls withall, and like gold valence let
Some curles hang dangling ore your brows of jet.
How much againſt my ſtomack doth it go
To ſee you paint your cheeks, to cover ſo
The faults of Time and Nature! How ye make
Pale Feuſemort a pure Vermilian take,
Fill up the wrincles, die black white, a ſpot
With a ſpot hide, where 'tis, make 't where 'tis not.
You tie a thred acroſſe, whereof one end
Held in your teeth, the other is ſuſtein'd
By your left hand, whilſt of the running knot
Your right hand makes a nooſe to ope and ſhut
Like ſhaving tongs: This inſtrument you fit
To your rough downy forheads, and with it
Shave all the down, and the wild hairs which ſhoot
Above their fellows, pull up by the root;
And all the while ſuch torment you are in,
That 'tis at once a penance and a ſin.
Nor is this all; your qualities are much
After your faces, and your faith is ſuch
As are your works. For what is there in you
That is not counterfeit and painted too?
Do your lips ope? before ye ſpeak ye lye;
And if ye ſigh, ye lye moſt damnably.
Falſe lights your eyes are, and falſe weights your ears;
Your hearts falſe meaſures, and falſe pearl your tears:

So

So talk, or look, or think, or laugh, or cry,
Seem or ſeem not, walk, ſtand, or ſit, ye lye.
Nay, there's more yet, your couſening thoſe
Moſt who on you do moſt repoſe;
Your loving moſt thoſe who do leaſt love you,
And chuſing to die rather then be true;
Theſe are the arts, theſe are the wayes
That make Love hatefull in our dayes.
All his faults then we may moſt juſtly lay
On you; or rather on our ſelves: for they
Sin that believe you. Then the fault 's in me
(Perjur'd *Coriſca*) who did credit thee;
Come hither onely for my bane (I think)
From Argos wicked ſtreets, of vice the ſink.
Yet th'art ſo ſly, and play'ſt ſo well the Scout,
To keep thy deeds and thoughts from tracing out,
That 'mongſt the chaſteſt Dames thou jettſt it now,
With honeſty ſtampt on thy haughty brow:
What ſcorns have I receiv'd, what diſcontent
From this ungratefull woman! I repent,
Yea, bluſh I was ſo fond. Example take
By me, unskilfull Lovers, how ye make
" An Idol of a face, and take't for granted,
" There's no ſuch divell as a woman ſainted.
" She thinks her wit and beauty without peer,
" And o're thy ſlaviſh ſoul doth domineer
" Like ſome great Goddeſſe, counting thou wert born
" (As a thing mortall) onely for her ſcorn;

Takes

" Takes all that praiſe as tribute of her mèrit
" Which is the flattry of thy abject ſpirit.
Why ſo much ſerving? ſo much admirations?
Such ſighs, ſuch tears, ſuch humble ſupplications?
Theſe are the woman's arms: Let us expreſſe
Ev'n in our Loves valour and manlineſſe.
Time was when I (as luſty as I am)
Thought tears and ſighs could womans heart enflame.
But now I find I err'd; for if ſhe bears
A ſtony heart, in vain are ſighs and tears.
We muſt ſtrike fire out of her breſt by dint
Of ſteel: what fool us'd bellows to a flint?
Leave, leave thy tears and ſighs, if thou wouldſt make
A conqueſt of thy Dame; and if thou bake
Indeed with unextinguiſhable fire,
In thy hearts center ſmother thy deſire
The beſt thou canſt, and watch thy time to doe
That which both Love and Nature prompt thee to,
" For Modeſtie's the charter of the woman,
" Who wil not have her priviledge made common;
" Nor though ſhe uſes it her ſelf with men,
" Would ſhe have them to uſe't with her agen:
" Being a vertue for the admiration
" Of them that court her, not their imitation.
This is the plain and naturall way of Love,
Indeed the onely one that I approve.
My coy *Coriſca* ſhall not finde of me
A baſhfull Lover (as I us'd to be)

But a bold Foe, and ſhe ſhall feel I can
Aſſault her with the weapons of a man,
Aſwell as with the womans arms. Twice now
I've caught this Eel, and yet I know not how
She hath ſlipt through my hands; but if ſhe come
A third time neer my boat, I'le ſtrike ſo home
Through both her gils, that I ſhall marre her flight.
Here ſhe comes forth to Relief ev'ry night,
And I like a good hound ſhuffe round about
To find her track: If I do ſent her out,
Have at her coat; O how I mean to be
Reveng'd upon her! I will make her ſee
That Love ſometimes (though he appear ſtark blind)
Can from his eyes the hand-kerchief unbind:
And that no woman (though ſhe may awhile)
Can glory long in perjury and guile.

CHORUS.

O Powerfull Law! which Heaven or Nature,
Writ in the Heart of every Creature.
Whoſe amiable violence,
And pleaſing rapture of the ſenſe
Doth byas all things to that good
Which we deſire not underſtood.
Nor the exteriour bark alone
Subject to th' ſenſe of every one,

Whoſe

Whoſe frail materials quickly muſt
Reſolve again into their duſt;
But the hid ſeeds and inward cauſe,
Whoſe ſubſtance is eternall, moves and draws.
And if the ever-teeming world bring forth
So many things of admirable worth,
If whatſoever Heaven's great eyes
The Sun and Moon, or his ſmall ſpies
The Starres behold, doth own a ſoul
Whoſe active pow'r informs the whole;
If thence all humane ſeed have birth,
All plants and Animals; if th' earth
Be green, or on her wrinckled brow it ſnows,
From that immortall and pure Spring it flows.
Nor this alone: On mortall Crown
What-ever reſtleſſe Spheers rowl down;
Whence all our actions guided are
By a happy or unhappy Starre;
Whence our frail lives their Qu receive
This Stage to enter, and to leave.
What-ever thwarts, what-ever ſtils
Our froward, and our childiſh wils
(Which ſeeming to be Fortune's Play
To give, and take our things away,
The world aſcribes to her) hath All
From that high vertue its originall.
Soul of the World: if it were thou didſt ſay
Arcadia ſhould have reſt and peace one day,

And like a ſnake renew her youth,
What man dares queſtion ſo divine a truth?
If what the famous Oracle
Of two whom Fate ſhould couple did foretell,
It ſpake but as thy mouth, if fixt it be
In the eternall depth of thy Decree,
And if the Tripods do not falſhoods vent,
Ah! who retards thy wils accompliſhment?
Behold, a ſcornfull boy, a foe
To Love and Beauty: Hee (although
Extract from Heav'n) with Heav'n contends!
Behold another youth offends
In love as much, (in vain deſerving
To be preferr'd for humbly ſerving)
And with his flame thwarts thy Decree!
And the leſſe hope he hath to ſee
His ſervice and his true loves hire,
The cleerer burns his faith and fire;
And he now for that Beauty dyes,
Which t'other (whom 'tis kept for) doth deſpiſe.
Is Jove divided then about his doom?
Hath doubtfull Fate twins ſtrugling in her womb?
Or doth man's mountain-hope, unleveld yet,
New impious Giants in rebellion ſet
On both ſides to aſſault the Towr of Jove,
By loving, and by ſhunning Love?
Have we ſuch ſtrength? and ore the Powrs above
Shall two blind Powrs triumph, Diſdain, and Love?

But

But thou high Mover of the Orb, that rid'ſt
The Starrs and Fate, and with thy Wiſdom guid'ſt
Their courſe, look down upon our tott'ring State,
And reconcile Diſdain and Love with Fate.
That ice, this flame, thaw, quench with heavenly dew,
Make one not flye, another not purſue.
Ah! let not two mens obſtinacy ſtand
Betwixt thy promis'd mercy and a Land.
And yet who knowes? what we imagine is
Our greateſt croſſe, may prove our greateſt bliſſe.
" *It on the Sunne no humane eye can gaze,*
" *Who then can pierce into Jove's hidden wayes?*

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Scena Prima.

ERGASTO, MIRTILLO.

Erg. O What a walk have I had! At the Race,
The Mead, Hill, River, Fountain, wraſtling Place
I've been to ſeek thee: Heav'n be prais'd, at laſt
I've found thee here. *Mir.* What news requires ſuch haſte?
Bringſt thou me life or death? *Erg.* The laſt's a thing,
Which if I had for thee, I would not bring:
The former, though I have not for thee yet,
I hope to bring. But why art thou ore-ſet
With thy own ſighs? If thou wouldſt overcome
Another, overcome thy ſelf at home:
Breathe, and revy't again——. But to proceed
To that which made me ſeek thee with ſuch ſpeed;
The matter's this: Knowſt thou (who doth not know?)
Ormino's Siſter? rather tall then low
She is of ſtature, cherry-cheekt, her hair
Inclin'd to red, and of a ſprightly ayr.

Mirt.

Mirt. What is her name? *Erg. Coriſca.* *Mir.* Yes, I do
Know her, and have converſed with her too.
Erg. Know then that ſhe (ſee the good luck on't! What
hath been the means to work it I know not,
Or on whoſe ſcore it comes) is grown of late
With *Amarillis* very intimate.
Which I perceiving, a relation made
Of thy affection unto her, and praid
Both her aſſiſtance and her ſecrecie
Therein, which ſhe accorded readily.
Mirt. O bleſt a thouſand thouſand times and more
Then all (*Mirtillo*) that ere lov'd before,
If this be true: But prethee, did ſhe ſay
Nothing at all unto thee of the way?
Erg. Nothing as yet, and I will tell thee why:
Coriſca ſaid, ſhee could not certainly
Determine of the way till ſhe might know
Some circumſtances of thy love, that ſo
She might be better able to diſcern
The inclination of the Nymph; and learn
How to addreſſe her ſelfe, with ſubtilty,
Or with intreaties; what t'were beſt to try,
Or what to leave: This was the cauſe made mee
To come ſo haſtily in ſearch of thee.
Therefore from firſt to laſt thou ſhalt doe well
Thy Love's whole ſtory unto me to tell.
Mirt. I'le do it. But know Friend, to ſtir again
The bitter memory of Love in vain,

Is like the toſſing of a torch about
One's head i'th air, thinking to ſhake it out,
When agitation kindles it, and makes
The flame cling faſter to the melting wax.
Or like the tugging of a deep-fixt dart,
By which the wound's made greater, and the ſmart.
Moſt true it is, I ſhall a tale relate
Which will demonſtrate the unſure eſtate
Of Lovers hopes, and that how-ere the root
Of Love be ſweet, it bears a bitter fruit.
In that fair ſeaſon when Day's wheels out-run
The Night's ('twas juſt a twelvemonth ſince) this Sun
Of Beauty, this fair Pilgrim came to bring
With her approach as 'twere a ſecond Spring
To my then only rich and happy neſt,
Elis and Piſa with her preſence bleſt;
Brought by her Mother in thoſe ſolemn dayes
When Sacrifices and Olympick Playes
Through all the world ſo famous are kept there
In honour of the mighty Thunderer.
Shows worthy ſure of thoſe fair eyes; But thoſe
Fair eyes themſelves were farre the worthier ſhows.
Whence I, who till that inſtant never knew
What flames of Love did mean, at the firſt view
Of thoſe bright lamps, yeelded, and never fought
One ſtroke againſt her; for I felt (me thought)
Two fiery balls fly whizzing through my liver
And Beauty (a bold thief) cry'd *Stand, Deliver*

Thy

Thy heart, *Mirtillo*. *Erg.* O Love's piercing ſteel,
Which they alone can underſtand that feel!
Mir. But now to ſee what cunning Love ſuggeſts
Ev'n to the youngeſt and the ſimpleſt breſts!
I made a deer young Siſter of mine own
(Who was my cruell Nymph's companion
Whilſt ſhe in Elis and in Piſa ſtaid)
Acquainted with my pain. This ſilly maid
Was all the councell Love allotted me
For managing my amorous buſ'neſſe: ſhe
With her own garments decks me in great order,
And imps my ſhort hair with a borrow'd border,
Then braids it all with flowrs, hanging a bow
And Quiver by my ſide, and laſt doth ſhow
How I ſhould frame my words and count'nance, where
No footſteps of a beard did then appear.
The hour approached, ſhe conducted me
Where my Nymph us'd to play; and there found we
Some Noble Megarenſian Maids, whom Blood
And Love linkt to her, as I underſtood.
'Mongſt them was ſhe like Royall Roſe 'mongſt low-
Born Violets: And when as they had ſo
For a good ſpace without more paſtime ſtaid,
A Megarenſian Virgin roſe, and ſaid;
What, a time for Paſtime ſo renown'd
Shall we without our ſports beſide found?
And have not (Siſters) we our weapons then
To make mock-fights withall as well as men?

By my advice wee'll practice our arms now
Against our selves in jest, as we must do
In earnest one day against men: Let's kisse,
And wage a kissing warre; and she that gi's
The best and sav'rest one, shall have for meed
This curious wreath. All laught, and cry'd *Agreed.*
Forthwith, not staying for the word or signe,
These eager Amazons in battell joyn:
No ranks they kept, no colours knew, nor side,
But all confused, and each each defy'd.
The Megarensian this perceiving, straight
To the disordered Troops sounds a retrait;
And after saith; Let her deservedly
The Judge of all our kisses be
Whose mouth is fairest. With one voice
Of peerlesse *Amarillis* they made choice.
She sweetly bending her fair eyes,
Her cheeks in modest blushes dyes;
To shew through her transparent skin
That she is no lesse fair within
Then shee's without; or else her countenance
Envying the honour done her mouth perchance,
Puts on her scarlet robes, as who
Should say, And am not I fair too?

Erg. Blest man to be transform'd at such a time,
As if this accident thou couldst divine!

Mirt. The fair Judge takes her seat, and now renews
The amorous fights, according to the use

Of war; by lots they march up one by one,
To try their mouthes by hers (the Paragon
Of ſweetneſſe) or (as I may term it well)
Of orient pearls a perfum'd Indian ſhell,
And the two lips a two-leav'd Coral door
With honyed lock, to ope and ſhut with more
Facility upon the pearly treaſure.
O my *Ergaſt'* that I could tell the pleaſure
Of thoſe ſweet kiſſes! But do thou hence gheſſe it,
That mouth which taſted it, cannot expreſſe it.
Extract then all the ſweetneſſe which remains
In Hybla-combs, in Cyprian Sugar-canes,
It will be nothing to that world of bliſſes
I ſuckt from thence. *Erg.* O happy theft! ſweet kiſſes!
Mirt. Sweet, but yet lame; the better half was miſſing,
The ſoul which gives perfection to kiſſing:
For though Love gave them, Love reſtor'd them not.
Erg. But hadſt thou not ſome fear when 'twas thy lot
To kiſſe? *Mirt.* My heart (*Ergaſto*) to ſay true,
Was at my mouth, and my ſoul ſhrunk into
A narrow volume; 'twas one kiſſe, whence all
My limbs ſtood tott'ring like an ill propt wall.
And when I came under the battery,
And within aim of her ſure killing eye,
I fear'd the Majeſty of that bright look,
Leſt in the very act I ſhould be took
Of theft and guile which I was then about.
But ſtraight her count'nance clearing me that doubt

By a serene and unsuspecting smile,
I ventur'd boldly on. Love stood the while
(Ergasto) like a Bee hid in the leaves
Of her lips Roses; and whilst she receives
The kisses of my mouth with hers unmov'd
And passive, I the honey onely prov'd:
But when she active likewise growes,
And thrusts out this and t'other rose,
(Whether her gayety of heart it was,
Or my good luck, for 'twas not love alas)
When our two mouthes snapt like a bone well set,
And like two tallies that are brothers met,
(O my deer sweet and num'rous treasure!
Do I outlive so great a pleasure?)
Then, then I felt the sharp sweet dart,
The amorous sting piercing my heart,
Which was (it seems) restor'd me then,
That I might have it hurt agen.
I then, as soon as I had found
Her lips had giv'n me my deaths wound,
Was ready, like some desperate gasping wight,
The weapon which had wounded me to bite:
When suddenly her sweet breath, like the blast
Of an inspiring Deity, did cast
An holy damp upon my sawey blood,
Which all immodest and wild heat withstood.

Erg. O Modesty, the block and Remora
Which ever lies in the true Lovers way!

Mirt.

Mirt. Now all of them had had their turns, and come
With thoughts ſuſpended to attend the doom,
When *Amarillis* judging mine t' exceed
All th'others kiſſes, plac'd the Victors meed
(That curious wreath) with her own ſnowy hand
Upon my head. But O! no Lybian ſand
Beneath the Syrian dog ere broyl'd ſo much,
When he both barks and bites; his rage is ſuch,
As my whole heart was then on fire
Betwixt fruition and deſire.
And (being never conquerd half ſo much
As when I was a Conqu'ror) ſuch
My boldneſſe was, that from my head
I reacht the wreath to her, and ſed,
This is thy due, for thee 'tis meet,
Who with thy mouth haſt made my kiſſes ſweet.
And ſhe moſt courteouſly accepting it,
For her fair hair made it a Coronet,
And crown'd mine with another, which before
Upon her own divine temples ſhe wore:
Which is the ſame I now do bear, and ſhall
(Heav'n willing) to my Funerall,
Wither'd as 'tis, to keep in memory
That happy day; but moſt to ſignifie
My wither'd hopes.

Erg. Thy caſe doth pity, and not envie claim,
Mirtillo: or hereafter let thy name
" Be *Tantalus*, for he that jeſts with Love,

" Or

"Or playes with fire, shall pain in earnest prove.
Poor youth! thou took'st up transitory treasure
At too much use, and of thy theft the pleasure
And punishment together didst receive.
But did she never the deceit perceive?
Mirt. I know not that, *Ergasto*; this I do,
Whilst shee thought Elis worthy of her view,
She was still bounteous to me of her eye,
And gracious smiles. But my hard destinie
Snatching her thence, unwares to me almost,
I straight came flying hither, where thou knowst
My Father, though he sojourn'd long abroad,
Yet still retains his wonted poor aboad.
I came and saw (O sight!) my day begun
In such a fair and smiling morn, now run
To its long West. When I appear'd in place
The lightning of disdain flash'd in her face;
Then did she bend her eyes, and turn'd away.
These Meteors boad my death, then did I lay.
Mean while, that I should so by stealth depart,
My tender Father took deeply to heart;
And with the grief on't an infirmity
So terrible, that he was like to die.
This forc'd me back, which prov'd (alas) in one
Health to the Father, sickness to the Son.
For half a yeer of a Love-caused feaver
I languisht, and I think had languisht ever,
If my indulgent Father had not sought

In time the Tripods Counſell; whence he brought
This Anſwer, *That th' Arcadian air alone*
Could make mee well again. I thereupon
Return'd *(Ergaſto)* to reviſite her
(O fallacy of that grand Sophiſter,
The Oracle!) who made my body whole
To cauſe eternall ſickneſſe in my ſoule.
Erg. Thou haſt related a ſtrange tale in truth,
Mirtillo, a caſe worthy of much ruth
Without all doubt. "But oft a deſperate ſtate
"Hath prov'd the cauſe that cures as deſperate
"Have ſav'd the ſick. And now 'tis time I goe
To tell *Coriſca* what from thee I know;
Expect me at the Fountain, there will I
Ere long be with thee. *Mirt.* Go on proſperouſly:
And Heav'n at n[illegible] that pity ſhew to thee
(Courteous *Ergaſto*) which thou ſhewſt to me.

Scena ſecunda.

DORINDA, LUPINO, SILVIO.
She bringing in Silvio's *Dog.*

Dor. FAithfull and fortunate, delight and care
Of my fair *Silvio*, and as proud as fair.
Thrice fortunate *Melampo*; that I were
Unto thy cruell Maſter halfſo deer!

With

With that white hand with which he gripes my heart,
He ſtroaks and he feeds thee? He doth not part
From thee by night, nor part from thee by day;
Whilſt I that ſo much love him, in vain pray,
And ſigh in vain. And that which worſe I bear
Then all the reſt, he gives to thee ſuch deer
And luſhious kiſſes, one of which would make
Me rich, and I too kiſſe thee for his ſake
Happy *Melamp'*; O dog ſent from above
To ſteer the erring footſteps of blind Love!
Lead on, ſure guide, whither Affection mee,
But Nature onely, and Inſtinct drawes thee.
But liſt a little, doth not a horn blow
In this neer thicket? *Sil.* Sogh *Melampo*, Sogh!
Dor. That is (if Love delude me not) the ſound
Of *Silvio*'s voice, who ſeems to call his hound
About theſe woods. *Sil. Melampo*, Sogh, hogh, hogh.
Dor. It is the very voice of *Silvio*.
Happy *Dorinda*, to whom Heav'n hath ſent
The ſelf ſame thing in ſearch whereof I went!
I'll hide the dog; with that he holds ſo deer
I may chance buy his love. *Lupino!* *Lup.* Here.
Dor. Go take this dog, and hide thee hereabout:
Conceiv'ſt thou me? *Lup.* I do. *Dor.* But come not out
Untill I call. *Lup.* I wo'n't. *Dor.* Nay, quickly man.
Lup. And do thou quickly take ſome order than,
That if the dog ſhould have a hungry fit,
He may not ſwallow me up at a bit.

Dor.

Dor. A Coward? Hence. *Sil.* O whither ſhall I ſteer
My wretched ſteps to follow thee my deer
Faithfull *Melampo?* over hill and plain
Till I am tir'd and foundred I in vain
Have hunted for thee. Curſed be the Doe
Thou follow'dſt. But behold, a Nymph may know
Some news of him! O vile encounter! This
Is ſhe, who with her importunities
Torments me ſtill: but there's no remedy
Save patience now. Fair Nymph, didſt thou ſee my
Faithfull *Melampo*, whom I ſlipt while-ere
After a Doe? *Dor.* I (*Silvio*) fair? I fair?
Why doſt thou call me fair, if that I be
Not fair in thy eyes? *Sil.* Fair or fowl, didſt ſee
My dog? Anſwer me that: if not, I go.
Dor. So harſh to her adores thee, *Silvio?*
Who would beleeve in that ſweet ſhape could neſt
So ſowr a ſoul? Thou follow'ſt a wild beaſt
That flyes thee, over rocks; and for a curre
Vexeſt thy body and thy minde: but her
That follows thee, and thy content doth prize
Above the world, thou fly'ſt and doſt deſpiſe.
Ah! do not follow a wild flying Doe,
Let not a tame one (caught already) goe.
Do not unbind her. *Sil.* Nymph, I came in ſearch
Of my *Melampo*, not to hear thee preach.
Adieu. *Dor.* O fly not, cruell *Silvio*:
I'll tell thee news of thy *Melampo*. *Sil.* Goe,

Thou mock'ſt, *Dorinda*. *Dor.* By that love I bear
That makes me *Silvio*'s ſervant, I know where
He is. Thou ſayſt he did a Doe purſue?
Sil. He did: and ſtraight I loſt them both from view.
Dor. The Dog and Doe then at this preſent time
Are in my pow'r. *Sil.* In thy pow'r? *Dor.* Yes, in mine.
'Twas that I ſaid: Doſt thou think much that ſhee
Should love thy Dog (ungrateſull) who loves thee?
Sil. My deer *Dorinda*, give 'em to me ſtraight.
Dor. Out Shittle-cock, I'm come to a fine ſtate
When beaſts endeer me to thee. But indeed
(My heart) thou gett'ſt them not without ſome meed.
Sil. And reaſon good, I'll give thee; Let me ſee —
(I'll couſen her). *Dor.* What wilt thou give to me?
Sil. Two fair Queen-apples I will give to thee,
Which my own fairer Mother gave to me
The other day. *Dor.* For apples, I want none:
I could give thee two fairer of my own,
And ſweeter too, but that thou careſt not
For what I give. *Sil.* Then wouldſt thou have a goat?
Or Lambkin? (but my Father will not let
Me make ſo bold with what is his as yet.)
Dor. Nor Goat, nor Lambkin do I care to have:
Thee onely, *Silvio*, and thy love I crave.
Sil. My love? No more? *Dor.* No more. *Sil.* I g'it thee: ſo,
Give me my Dog (deer Nymph) now, and my Doe.
Dor. Ah, that thou knewſt the worth of what thou art
So bounteous of, and ſpak'ſt now from thy heart!

Sil.

Sil. Nymph, mark my words: I finde thou talkſt to me
Still of a thing call'd Love; what this ſhould be
I know not: thou wouldſt have me love thee; and
I doe (as farre as I can underſtand)
With all my heart: thou call'ſt me cruell; I
Am ignorant of what is crueltie.
How ſhould I pleaſe thee? *Dor.* In whom hop'ſt thou, poor
Dorinda? whence doſt thou expect thy cure?
From ſuch a Beauty as hath felt as yet
No ſpark of that which doth all Lovers fet
On fire? Art thou my flame, and art not hot?
Doſt thou breath Love, and what it is knowſt not?
That gentle Goddeſſe whom the Cyprians honour
Took a moſt beauteous humane ſhape upon her
To bring thee forth: Fire-brands thou haſt and dart,
Witneſſe my flaming and my bleeding heart.
Add wings, another *Cupid* thou wilt prove,
At leaſt want nothing to be Love, but love.
Sil. What is this Love? *Dor.* When I behold thy eyes,
It is the light of Paradiſe.
But mine own heart conſider'd well,
It is the very fire of Hell.
Sil. Nymph, what a prating is here with thee?
Give me my Dog and Doe, now prithee.
Dor. Give me the love firſt that I bargain'd for.
Sil. Have I not giv'n it thee? Fie, what a ſtir
There is to pleaſe this woman! Take it: do
What thou wilt with it. Who forbids thee? who

Withholds it? On what trifles doſt thou ſtand?
Dor. Wretched *Dorinda*, thou doſt ſow the ſand,
And fondly undertak'ſt labour in vain.
Sil. What dream'ſt thou of? why holdſt thou me in pain?
Dor. When thy deſire's once granted, thou wilt go
And leave me ſtraight, perfidious *Silvio*. *Sil.* No
Indeed, fair Nymph. *Dor.* Give mee a pawne then.
Sil. Name
The pawn. *Dor.* Alas! I dare not. *Silv.* Why?
Dor. For ſhame.
Sil. But how then can I give it thee? *Dor.* I would
Fain without naming it be underſtood.
Sil. If th'art aſham'd to name it, thou maiſt be
Aſham'd to take it. *Dor.* Promiſe it to me,
And I will name it. *Sil.* I do promiſe it:
But thou muſt name it firſt. *Dor.* Canſt thou not hit
My thoughts then? I ſhould have conceiv'd thee
If thou hadſt ſaid but half ſo much to me.
Sil. Thou haſt more wit then I, *Dorinda*. *Dor.* I
Have more Love, *Silvio*, and leſſe Cruelty.
Sil. Truth is, I am no witch: if thou'dſt have me
To underſtand thee, ſpeak. *Dor.* O miſery!
That which I beg of thee is one of thoſe
Things thy kind mother upon thee beſtowes.
Sil. A box o'th' ear? *Dor.* To ones that loves thee ſo?
Sil. Thoſe things my mother doth on me beſtow.
Dor. Nay, that's not ſo: But doth not ſhe give thee
A Kiſſe ſometimes? *Sil.* She neither kiſſes me,

Nor

Nor would have others kiſſe me. Is't a Kiſſe
Thou doſt deſire of me? It is, it is:
Thy bluſh betrayes thee. Come, I'le give it thee:
But firſt my Dog and Doe. *Dor.* Doſt promiſe me?
Sil. I promiſe thee. *Dor.* And with me wilt thou ſtay?
Sil. Why doſt thou vex me thus? Did I not ſay
I would? *Dor.* Come forth *Lupino*, doſt not hear?
Lupino. Lup. Ogh! ogh! what a brawling's there?
Who calls me? OI am come. It was not I
That ſlept, it was the Dog ſlept verily.
Dor. Look *Silvio*, there's thy Dog, that might to thee
Have read a lecture of Humanitie.
Sil. How over-joy'd am I? *Dor.* Upon this breſt
Which thou deſpiſeſt ſo he came to reſt.
Sil. (O my ſweet true *Melampo.*) *Dor.* Setting by
My ſighs and kiſſes. *Sil.* (I will certainly
Kiſſe thee a thouſand times, poor Cur! But haſt
Thou got no harm at all, thou ran'ſt ſo faſt?)
Dor. Fortunate Dog, that I might change (alas!)
Eſtates with thee; I'm come to a fine paſſe
To envie a Dogs life. Bend thou thy gate
Homewards *Lupino*, I will follow ſtraight.
Lup. Miſtreſſe, I goe.

Scena

Scena tertia.

Manent SILVIO, DORINDA.

Sil. (In fine, th'ast got no harm.) Now let me see.
Where is this Doe which thou hast promis'd me.
Dor. Alive or dead would'st have her? *Sil.* Strange demand!
Alive after the Dog hath kil'd her? *Dor.* And
If the Dog kild her not? *Sil.* Alive is she?
Dor. Alive. *Sil.* The deever then the prey to me:
And had my deer *Melampo* so much art
As not to hurt her? *Dor.* Onely in the heart
She had a little prick. *Sil.* Either th'art mad,
Dorinda, or dost mock me. If shee had
A prick i'th' heart, how can she live? *Dor.* The Doe
I speak of, I am, cruell *Silvio*:
Hurt by thee, without being hunted; Take me,
I am alive; but dead, if thou forsake me.
Sil. Is this that Doe? that prey? *Dor.* Ev'n this: why now
Art thou so discontented? Dost not thou
Love a Nymph better then a beast? *Sil.* My hate
Thou art, brute, lyar, vile, importunate.
Dor. Is this the guerdon, cruell *Silvio*?

Is

Is this the meed thou doſt on me beſtow,
Ungratefull youth? Take thy *Melampo* free,
And me and all, ſo thou come back to me:
The reſt I do remit. Let me be plac't
But in the ſun-ſhine thy fair eyes do caſt.
Truer then thy *Melampo* I will trace
Thy ſteps, and when th'art wearied with the chaſe
I'le wipe thy ſweating brow, and on this breſt
(Which cannot reſt for thee) thy head ſhall reſt:
I'le bear thy arrowes, and thy quiver bear
Through theſe rough woods; and if there want game there,
Shoot at *Dorinda*'s boſome. At this white
Set thy good bow, when ere it ſhoots not right.
For I'le be both the prey (if thou think fit)
To keep in ure, and drudge to carry it;
Thy arrows, quiver, and their Buts to hit.
But to whom do I talk? Alas! to thee
That hear'ſt me not, and fly'ſt away from me?
But whereſoe're thou fly (curs'd *Silvio*)
Dorinda will fly after thee: although
To hell it ſelf, if any hell there be
Worſe then my Love is, and thy Cruelty.

Scena

Scena quarta.

CORISCA.

FOrtune beyond my wiſh hath favoured me:
" And fit it is that they ſhould favour'd be
" Who not with wiſhings onely ſeek her favour.
" Pow'rfull ſhe is; and men with reaſon have her
" In reputation of a Goddeſſe. But
" We muſt go meet her then, wait a foot
" To finde her humours; and muſt uſe our own
" Judgement in playing of our game: a drone
" Seldome or never doth prove fortunate.
Had not my induſtry made me the Mate
Of her by whom under the name of friend
I have fit means and ſafe to work my end,
Where had I been? Some fool would now be ſhie,
And view her Rivall with a jealous eye,
Bearing the open tokens of ill will
Writ in her forehead; and ſhe would do ill:
" For open foes are eaſier to evade
" Then ambuſhes that are in friendſhip laid.
" Wiſe Mariners by rocks hid in the ſea
" Are oft deceiv'd: She knowes not how to be
" An enemy, that knows not how to ſeem
" A friend. *Coriſca*'s skill ſhall now be ſeen

In

In both: Nor am I yet ſo ſimply dull
To think ſhe doth not love. Well may ſhe gull
Others with this, not me; who am gone out
A Miſtreſſe in the Art. A tender ſprout
New peept out of the bark, within whoſe breſt
There's built for Love already a ſoft neſt,
Long woo'd, and woo'd by ſo compleat a Lover,
And (which is worſt) kiſt too over and over,
And yet hold tyte? Believe't (for me) that liſt.
But my good *Genius* doth me aſſiſt;
For look if *Amarillis* come not here
As ſent? I'le walk as if I did not ſee her.

Scena quinta.

AMARILLIS, CORISCA.

Am. DEar happy Groves, and you ye ſollitary
And ſilent horrors where true peace doth tarry,
With how much joy do I review you? And
Had my ſtars pleas'd to give me the command
Over my ſelf, that I might chuſe my lot,
And my own way of life, then would I not
For the Eliſian groves, about which range
The happy ſhades, your happy ſhades exchange.
" For what we fooliſh mortals *Goods* do call
" If rightly underſtood, are Evils all.

" He that hath moſt of them, in truth hath leaſt,
" Nor is ſo much poſſeſſor, as poſſeſt;
" Not riches, no, but of our freedome ſnares.
" What boots it in the ſpring-time of one's yeers
" To have the Attributes of Fair and Good,
" In mortall veins to lock celeſtiall blood,
" Graces of body and of mind, here fair
" And laughing fields of corn, rich meadows there,
" In fruitfull paſture-grounds more fruitfull flocks,
" If with all theſe the heart contentment lacks?
Happy that ſhepherdeſſe whom ſome courſe ſtuffe
Obſcurely cloaths, yet clean and juſt enough!
Rich onely in her ſelf, and bravely dreſt
With Nature's ornaments which are the beſt;
Who in ſweet poverty no want doth know,
Nor the diſtractions which from riches grow:
Yet whatſoever may ſuffice the mind,
In that eſtate abundantly doth finde:
Poor, but content! with Nature's gifts retrives
The gifts of Nature, Milk with milk revives,
And with the ſweet which from the Bee ſhe gets,
Seaſons the honey of her native ſweets:
One fountain is her looking-glaſſe, her drink
Her bath; and if ſhe's pleas'd, what others think
It matters not; ſhe heeds not blazing ſtarres
That threaten mighty ones: warres or no warres,
It is all one to her; her battlemone
And ſhield is that ſhe's poor: *Poor, but content &*

One

One onely care ('tis a ſweet care) doth keep
Her heart awake; ſhe feeds her Maſters ſheep
With pearled graſſe, and with her lovely eyes
Some honeſt ſwain, that for her beauty dies:
Not ſuch as men or Gods chuſe to her hand,
But ſuch as Love did to her choice commend;
And in ſome favour'd ſhady Mirtle grove
Deſires, and is deſir'd: Not feels of Love
One ſpark which unto him ſhe doth not ſhow,
Nor ſhows one ſpark with which he doth not glow.
Poor, but content! True life! which till the breath
Forſakes the body, knowſt not what is death.
Would Heaven had made me ſuch a one! — But ſee,
Coriſca! Sweet *Coriſca.* *Cor.* Who calls me?
My *Amarillis?* dearer then mine owne
Eyes, or life to me, whither ſo alone?
Am. No farther then thou ſeeſt; nor any where
Could I be better, ſince I weet thee here.
Cor. Thou haſt met her that never parts from thee,
Sweet *Amarillis*; and now, credit me,
Was thinking of thee, ſaying in my heart,
If I'm her ſoul, how can ſhe live apart
From me? When ſtraight I ſaw thee here: — but go,
Thou car'ſt not for *Coriſca* now. *Am.* Why ſo?
Cor. Why? Doſt thou ask the queſtion? thou doſt wed
To day. *Am.* I wed? *Cor.* Yes: and thou keepſt it hid
From me. *Am.* How can I tell thee that which I
Am ignorant my ſelf of? *Cor.* Do, deny,

And wear a maſk to me. *Am.* Still jeſt with me
Coriſca. *Cor.* I am jeſted with by thee.
Am. But ſpeakſt thou this for truth? *Cor.* I'le ſwear 'tis ſo.
And knowſt thou nothing of't indeed? *Am.* I know
I'm promis'd: but that I ſhould be a wife
So ſoon, is news to me upon my life.
But from whom knowſt it thou? *Cor.* From my own Brother
Ormino: and he ſayes, there is no other
Diſcourſe abroad. — Thou ſeem'ſt perplext: is this
News to perplex one? *Am.* O *Coriſca!* 'Tis
A hideous gulfe: I've heard my mother ſay,
W'are then new born. *Cor.* Moſt true: 'tis our birth day
T'a better life, therefore rejoyce. Doſt fetch
A ſigh? leave ſighing to that wretch. *Am.* What wretch?
Cor. *Mirtillo:* who was preſent caſually
At what my brother told mee, and was nigh
Strook dead with grief; and doubtleſſe he had dy'd,
If a good cordiall I had not apply'd,
By promiſing to break this Match. Which though
I ſaid, onely to comfort him, I know
(If need were) how to do't. *Am.* Canſt thou tell
How to break this Match? *Cor.* Yes very well.
Am. I prethee how? *Cor.* With eaſe, if thou wert but
Conſenting likewiſe, and aſſiſting to't.
Am. Could I ſuppoſe this poſſible, and thou
Wouldſt not reveal it, I would tell thee now
A ſecret that hath long burnt in my heart.
Cor. Who, I reveal it? Let the earth firſt part

And

And ſwallow me alive miraculouſly.

Am. Know then *Coriſca*, when I think that I
Muſt all my life be ſubject to a Boy
That hates and flyes me, and doth take no joy
But in the woods, preferring hunting farre
Before the love of all the Nymphs that are,
It makes me male content, and deſperate
Indeed almoſt, although I dare not ſay 't,
Becauſe my faith I have already given
Unto my Father, and (what's worſe) to Heav'n,
And break with them I neither will nor may.
But if thy induſtry can finde a way
(Alwayes provided, that my Honeſtie,
My Faith, my Life, and my Religion be
Preſerv'd) t' untie this knot that galls me ſo;
To thee my life and ſafety I ſhall owe.

Cor. If this were it that caus'd thy ſighing, thou
Hadſt great cauſe for it *Amarillis*. How
Oft have I ſaid? What pity 'tis to throw
So rich a thing to one that ſcorns it ſo!
A pearl t' a ſwine! why ſpeak'ſt not to thy Father?

Am. Shame ſtops my mouth. *Cor.* There's a diſeaſe! I'd rather
For my part have a Fiſtula, or Feaver.
"But 'twill be cur'd; Orecome it once, 'twill never
"Return again. *Am.* That cannot be orecome
"That's naturall: For if I drive it from
"My heart, it flies into my face. *Cor.* Alas,
(My *Amarillis*) oft it comes to paſſe,

"She

" She that through too much wiſdom holds her tongue,
" Roars out at laſt like mad, being throughly ſtung.
Hadſt thou before been willing to diſcover
Thy mind to me, this trouble had been over:
And now thou haſt, *Coriſca's* power this day
In all its colours ſhall it ſelf diſplay.
Into more skilfull hands, more faithfull then
Mine are, thou never couldſt have faln. But when
From an ill Husband thou art freed by mee,
Shall not an honeſt Suitor welcom be?
Am. Wee'l think of that at leaſure. *Cor.* That good youth
Mirtillo muſt not be forgot in ſooth:
For parts, for ſpotleſſe faith, for ſhape thou knowſt
Of all men living hee deſerves thee moſt:
And canſt thou let him dye? O cruelty!
Nor wilt ſo much as hear him ſay, *I dye?*
Hear him but once. *Am.* 'Twere better he would reſt
In peace, and root a love out of his breſt
That's vain. *Cor.* That comfort give him ere he dye.
Am. 'Twould rather double his perplexity.
Cor. If it do ſo, the ſecking is his own.
Am. And what muſt I expect, ſhould it be known?
Cor. How cowardly thou art? *Am.* And let me ſtill
Be cowardly in any thing that's ill.
Cor. If thou mayſt fail me in this ſmall requeſt,
Then may I fail thee likewiſe in the reſt
Moſt juſtly, *Amarillis.* So God bu'y.
Am. Nay, ſtay *Coriſca*, hear. *Cor.* Not a word I,
Unleſſe

Unleſſe thou promiſe me. *Am.* I promiſe thee
To hear him ſpeak, provided this may be
For all. *Cor.* It ſhall. *Am.* And that he may not know
I was acquainted with 't. *Cor.* I'le make as though
Ye met by accident. *Am.* And that I may
At my own pleaſure freely go away.
Cor. Thou ſhalt, when thou haſt heard him. *Am.* And that hee
Shall briefly ſpeak. *Cor.* That too is granted thee.
Am. Nor come within my darts length of me. *Cor.* Fie,
What a ſtir 's here with thy ſimplicitie!
To make it ſure, he ſhall not doe thee wrong,
I'le tie up all his limbs except his tongue.
Wouldſt thou have more? *Am.* 'Tis well. *Cor.* And when wilt thou
Do this? *Am.* When ere thou wilt: Do but allow
Me ſo much time, as to go home to hear
More certain news about this Marriage there.
Cor. Go; but with caution, and before thou'rt gone,
Hear a contrivance I have thought upon
As thou wert ſpeaking: In the afternoon
I would have thee without thy Nymphs to come
Into this ſhady walk, where I will be
Before for this occaſion, and with me
Nerina, *Phillis*, *Celia*, *Aglaura*,
Eliza, *Daphne*, *Silvia*, and *Laura*;
All my no leſſe diſcreet and witty, then
Faithfull and ſecret Mates. There thou with them

Shalt

Shalt play (as thou art wont) at Blind-man-buffe,
So that *Mirtillo* will with eaſe enough
Be made believe, that for thy own paſſe-time
Thou thither cam'ſt, and not to meet with him.
Am. I like it wondrous well. But doſt thou hear?
I would not any of thoſe Nymphs were there
The while *Mirtillo* ſpeaks. *Cor.* I doe conceive
'Twas thought upon with good diſcretion. Leave
The getting them away to my endeavour.
Go: and remember one thing, — to love ever
Thy faithfulleſt *Coriſca*. *Am.* In her hand
Since I have put my heart, ſhe may command
As much love as ſhe pleaſes.
Cor. Is ſhe not ſtiffe? We muſt aſſault this rock
With greater force; though ſhe reſiſt my ſhock,
Againſt *Mirtillo's* ſhe will finde no fence
I'm ſure: I know by ſelf-experience
The power of Lovers prayers when they invade
The tender heart of an inclining maid.
If ſhee do yeeld, I'le make her ſmart ſo for't,
That ſhee ſhall finde her ſport was not in ſport.
Through her dark'ſt words her heart ſhall be to me
As viſible as in a 'natomie.
I'le ranſack all her veins: that done, and I
Made Miſtreſſe of her ſecret, eaſily
I'le winde her ſo, and lead her by the noſe
To what I'de have, that ſhe ſhall ne're ſuppoſe
(Much leſſe ſhall others) that it was my skill
That drew her to't, but her unbridled will.

Scena

Scena sexta.

CORISCA, SATYR.

Cor. O I'm dead. *Sat.* But I was *quick*.
There 's a trick now for your trick.
Cor. My *Amarillis*, I am caught.
O come back. *Sat.* She hears thee not.
'Twill now behove thee to be ſtrong.
Cor. O me, my hair! *Sat.* I have ſo long
Stood angling for thee in my boat,
At laſt th' art ſtrook. 'Tis not thy coat,
'Tis thy hair (Siſter) this. *Cor.* To mee
This uſage (*Satyr?*) *Sat.* Yes, to thee
Coriſca, or I am miſtaken:
That Miſtreſſe in the art of making
The fine-ſpun lyes, that ſels ſo deer
Falſe words, falſe hopes, and a falſe leer?
Shee that ſo often hath betraid me;
Shee that ſo many fools hath made me
At every turn: the ſorcereſſe,
The cheat *Coriſca?* *Cor.* I confeſſe,
I am *Coriſca*; but not ſhee
Now, that was once ſo lov'd by thee,
My gentile *Satyr*. *Sat.* Pray ſince when
Am I *gentile?* I was not then

When me for *Coridon* thou didst change.
Cor. Thee for another? *Sat.* See how strange
She makes it now! I warrant then
This is great news to thee; and when
Thou mad'st me *Silvia*'s Buskins steal,
The Bow of *Lilla*, *Cloris* Veile,
And *Daphne*'s Gown, that were to be
The price of love, which promis'd me,
Thou gav'st another: and when that
Fair wreathe I on thy head did plat,
Thou upon *Niso* didst bestow;
And when thou mad'st me (cold as snow)
Watch many a night out at the Fountain,
The Cave, Wood-side, and foot o'th' Mountain,
And for my pains didst laugh at me,
Did I then seem *gentile* to thee?
Ah thief! But now as I am here,
Ple make thee pay thy whole arrear.
Cor. O me! Thou dragg'st me like a beast.
Sat. I drag thee like thy self then. Wrest
Thy neck out of the collar now;
Give me the slip if thou knowst how.
Fox, though thy craft the time before
Did save thee, it shall do't no more.
For this I'm sure thou canst not scape,
Unless thou leave thy head i'th trap.
Cor. Yet give me so much time I pray,
As for my self to answer. *Sat.* Say.

Cor. How

Cor. How can I if thou hold me ſo?
Sat. 'Tis likely I ſhould let thee go.
Cor. I'le gage my faith not to go hence.
Sat. What faith? Haſt thou the impudence
(Perfidious woman) to name faith
To me? I'le bear thee where there hath
No Sun, much leſſe the feet of men
Approacht, unto the horrid'ſt den
Of all this Mountain: there— (but I
Will act the reſt) to mine own joy
And thy diſhonour, I will kerve
Such vengeance as thy faults deſerve.
Cor. Canſt thou then (cruell) to this hair (which has
Ty'd faſt thy heart), unto this face (which was
Once thy delight), to this *Coriſca* (then
More dear to thee then thine own life was when
Thou ſwar'ſt by that, that thou couldſt finde it ſweet
On her behalf, ev'n death it ſelf to meet),
Canſt thou once think to offer injury,
I ſay, to her? O Heav'ns! O Deſtinie!
Whom have I hop't in? whom can I believe
Again? *Sat.* Ah Syren! thinkſt thou to deceive
Me ſtill? ſtill rock me with thy flatt'ring charms?
Cor. My ſweet deer *Satyr*, do no harm
To her that loves thee. Thou art not a beaſt,
Nor haſt a marble or a flinty breſt:
Behold me at thy feet! O pardon me
If ever I (by chance) offended thee,

My Idol. By thoſe ſinewy and more
Then humane knees, which clasping I adore;
By that rough manly viſage; by that dear
Affection which thou once to me didſt bear;
By the ſweet influence of thoſe eyes which thou
Wert wont to call two ſtars (two fountains now;)
By theſe ſalt tears which trickle down ſo faſt,
Pitie me now, and let me go. *Sat.* Thou haſt
Mov'd me (I muſt confeſſe) and I were gone,
If I ſhould hearken to affection.
But to be ſhort, I doe not credit thee;
Thou art too full of wiles and tricks for me,
And he that takes thy word, believes his ſnares:
Beneath this humble ſhow, beneath theſe prayr's
There's hid *Coriſca*: Thou canſt never be
Another. Struggling ſtill? *Cor.* My head, O me!
Ah cruell! ſtay a little longer yet,
And grant me but one favour. *Sat.* What is it?
Cor. Hear me a little more. *Sat.* Thou hopeſt now
With flatt'ries and ſqueez'd tears to make me bow.
Cor. Ah courteous Satyr! wilt thou ſerve in me
Such cruell vengeance? *Sat.* Come, and thou ſhalt ſee.
Cor. And take no Pity of me? *Sat.* None at all.
Cor. But art thou firm in this? *Sat.* As a braſſe-wall.
Is this charm ended? *Cor.* O thou baſe, and not
To be exampled Rogue; half man, half goat,
And all a beaſt; thou carrion that doth ſtink,
By-blow and bluſh of nature; If thou think

Coriſca

Coriſca loves thee not, thou thinkſt the truth.
What ſhould ſhe love in ſuch a comely youth?
That fair Stags head? that chimney-ſweepers broom?
Goats ears? that grave of rottenneſſe and rheume
Which once had bones in't? *Sat.* This to me,
Thou wicked varlet? *Cor.* Ev'n to thee.
Sat. To me, thou ſcold? *Cor.* To thee, thou Goat.
Sat. And with theſe pincers pull I not
Thy barking tongue out? *Cor.* Would thou durſt
Come neer't, there's that will ſcour their ruſt.
Sat. A paltry woman, and in ſuch
Condition (being in my clutch)
To injure me! and dare mee too!
I will— *Cor.* Baſe ſlave, what wilt thou do?
Sat. Eat thee alive I will. *Cor.* Where be
The teeth to do't? *Sat.* Heav'n, doſt thou ſee
And ſuffer this! But if I doe not
Chaſtiſe thee— Come along. *Cor.* I wo' not.
Sat. Wo' not, my Miſtreſſe Malapert?
Cor. Wo' not in ſpight of thy foul heart.
Sat. That ſhall be ſeen; Come, or I ſwear,
This arm I'le from thy ſhoulder tear.
Cor. Tear my head off, I wo' not go
One foot. *Sat.* Art thou reſolved ſo?
Let's ne're diſpute then any longer,
But put to tryall whether's ſtronger
And faſter on, thy neck-piece, or
My arm. —Thy hands to help too? Nor

Are

Are theſe (perverſe one) enough guard.
Cor. That ſhall be try'd. *Sat.* It ſhall. *Cor.* Pull hard.—
Satyr adieu, Get thy neck ſet. *Sat.* O me!
How I am ſhatter'd! O my head! my knee!
O my back-bone! my thigh! what a vile fall
Was here! to get upon my legs is all
I have the pow'r to do. But can it be
That ſhe ſhould fly, and leave her head with me?
O marvellous! ye Nymphs and Shepherds run,
Flock hither to behold a wonder; one
That runs away without her head, by skill
In Magick. Hah! how light it is! how ill
Peopled with brains! How comes it that I ſee
None of the blood ſpirt forth? But ſtay; let me
Peruſe it better. O thou ſtock! thou ſtone!
Thou haſt no head, if thou think ſhe hath none.
Was ever any man ſo fool'd? See now
If ſhe had not a trick to ſcape, when thou
Thoughtſt her moſt ſure! Thou all made up of wiles,
Was't not enough thy heart, thy face, thy ſmiles,
Thy looks and ſpeeches falſified were,
But thou muſt likewiſe falſifie thy hair?
The glowing Amber, and the flowing Gold,
Which you (mad Poets) ſo extoll, behold!
Bluſh, bluſh now at your errour, and recant
Your thred-bare theam; in ſtead whereof, go paint
The arts of a deform'd and impious Witch
Breaking up Sepulchres by night, from which

She ſteals the hair that upon Death's head growes,
To imp her own, which ſhe ſo neatly does,
That ſhe hath made you praiſe what ye ſhould more
Then dire *Megara*'s ſnakie locks abhor.
Theſe (*Lovers*) are your gyves (I take it) too?
Look on 'em Idiots: and if (as you
Proteſt) your hearts are faſtned to theſe hairs,
Now every one may without ſighs or tears
Come by his owne. But why do I forbear
To publiſh her diſgrace? Surely that hair,
Which ſtuck with ſtarres adorns the azure skye,—
Never ſo famous was as this; and ſhee
Much more that wore it by my tongue ſhall be
Made infamous to all poſterity. — —

CHORUS.

AH! 'Twas a grievous fault in her (the Cauſe
Of all our ſorrows) who, the ſacred Lawes
Of Love offending, by her breach of troth,
Kindled againſt this Land the mortall wrath
Of the immortall Gods, which not a Flood
Of generall tears, nor ſo much guiltleſſe blood
" *Can quench yet or abate; ſo high a price*
" *Unſpotted Faith (Expeller of all vice,*
" *And moſt undoubted Argument to prove*
" *A mind deſcended nobly) bears above.*

" *And*

" *And such a care to plant love in his creature*
" *(By which we deïfie our humane Nature)*
" *Hath the eternall Lover. O those blind*
Mistaken mortals, who addict their mind
To wealth, (for which affection's basely sold)
Watching the carcasse of their coffin'd gold,
Like a pale ghost that walks about his grave!
Or why should beauty our free hearts enslave?
" *These are dead loves; the living and divine*
" *Is where two souls by vertue do combine.*
" *No outward object can with reason move*
" *The heart to love it, 'cause it cannot love:*
" *Onely the soul, 'cause that can love again,*
" *Deserves a Love, deserves a Lovers pain.*
Well may that kisse be sweet that's giv'n t'a sleek
And fragrant rose of a vermilion cheek;
And understanding tasters (as are true
And happy Lovers) will commend that too.
'Tis a dead kisse, say I, and must be poor,
Which the place kist hath no means to restore.
But the sweet ecchoing, and the Dove-like billing
Of two encountring Mouthes, when both are willing;
And when at once both Loves advance their bows,
Their shafts drawn home, at once sound at the loose,
(How sweet is such Revenge!) This is true kissing,
Where there is one for t'other without missing
A minute of the time, or taking more
Then that which in the taking they restore.

Where

Where by an interchange of amorous bliſſes
At the ſame time they ſow and gather kiſſes.
Kiſſe a red ſwelling lip, then kiſſe a wriſt,
A breſt, a forehead, or what elſe thou liſt,
No part of a fair Nymph ſo juſt will be,
Except the lip, to pay this kiſſe to thee.
Thither your ſouls come ſallying forth, and they
Kiſſe too, and by the wandring pow'rs convey
Life into ſmacking Rubies, and transfuſe
Into the live and ſprightly kiſſe their uſe
Of reaſon; ſo that yee diſcourſe together
In kiſſes, which with little noyſe deliver
Much matter; and ſweet ſecrets, which hee ſpels,
Who is a Lover; Gibbriſh to all elſe.
Like life, like mutuall joy they feel, where Love
With equall flames as with two wings doth move.
" *And as where lips kiſſe lips is the beſt Kiſſe:*
" *So where one's lov'd, to love, beſt loving is.*

Actus Tertius.

Scena Prima.

MIRTILLO.

SPring, the yeers youth, fair Mother of new flowrs,
New leaves, new loves, drawn by the winged hours,
Thou art return'd; but the felicity
Thou brought'ſt me laſt is not return'd with thee.
Thou art return'd, but nought returns with thee
Save my loſt joyes regretfull memory.
Thou art the ſelf ſame thing thou wert before,
As fair and jocund: but I am no more
The thing I was, ſo gracious in her ſight
Who is Heav'ns maſter-piece, and Earth's delight,
" O bitter-ſweets of Love! Far worſe it is
" To love, then never to have taſted bliſſe.
" But O how ſweet were Love, if it could not
" Be loſt, or being loſt could be forgot!
Though if my hopes (as mine are wont to be)
Are not of glaſſe, or my love make me ſee

Them

Them through a multiplying glaſſe; If I
Be not deceiv'd both by my ſelf, and by
Another: Here I ſhall that Sun behold
Which I adore, impart her beams of gold
To my bleſt ſight, behold her flying feet
Stop at my ſad notes; here upon the ſweet
Food of that lovely face I ſhall ſuffice
After a tedious faſt my greedy eyes.
Here, here behold that proud one on me turn
Her ſparkling lamps, if not to light, to burn.
And if not fraught with amorous delight,
So kindly cruell as to kill outright.
Yet were't but juſt, that after ſo much pain
As I have hitherto endur'd in vain,
Thou Love at length ſhouldſt make the Sun appear
To this benighted earth ſerene and cleer.
Hither *Ergaſto* did direct me, where
Coriſca and my *Amarillis* were
To play at Blindman-buffe: but I can finde
In this place nothing but my love that's blind,
And ſo deceiv'd, miſ-led by a falſe guide
To ſeek that light which is to me deny'd.
Pray Heav'n my hard and envious fate beneath
This ſugred Pill now have not hid my death.
This tedious ſtay afflicts me: "For to thoſe
"That go to meet their Loves, each moment ſhows
"An age. Perchance I have arriv'd too late,
And made for me too long *Coriſca* wait:

Yet I made haſte. Now woe is me! If I
Have done this fault, I will lie down and dye.

Scena ſecunda.

AMARILLIS, MIRTILLO, *Chorus of Nymphs*, CORISCA.

Am. BEhold *the Buff!* *Mirt.* O ſight! *Am.* Come on,
Mirt. O voice!
That makes my heart both tremble and rejoyce.
Am. What do you do? *Liſetta*, where art thou
That wert ſo eager of this ſport but now?
And thou *Coriſca*, whither gone? *Mir.* I finde
Now it is true indeed, that Love is blinde.
Am. You there that are appointed for my guides
To hand and to ſupport me on both ſides,
Before the reſt of our Companions come,
Out of theſe trees conduct me to field-room:
Then leaving me alone amidſt the plain,
Amongſt our other fellows herd again:
So joyning all together, make a ring
About me round, and let the ſport begin.
Mir. But what ſhall I do? Yet I cannot ſee
Of what advantage this ſhould be to me
In my deſires; nor ſee I my north-ſtarre
Coriſca: Succour me bleſt Heav'n! *Am.* O are

Yee

Yee come at laſt? yee wantons, did you mean
Only to bind my eyes? Begin now then.

Chor. *Love, thou art not blind, I know,*
" But doſt onely appear ſo
" To blinde us: if thy ſight's ſmall,
" Thou haſt, I'm ſure no faith at all.
Blinde or not, thou try'ſt in vain
Mee into thy net to train.
And to keep out of thy pound,
Off I get, and traverſe ground.
Blind as thou art, thou couldſt ſee more
Then Argus *hundred eyes of yore.*
Thou couldſt ſee (blind as thou art)
Well enough to hit my heart.
But I were a fool indeed,
Should I truſt thee now I'm freed.
Sport with thee henceforth that will;
'Tis a ſport with thee to kill.

Am. I, but with too much warineſſe you play:
Yee ſhould ſtrike firſt, and after get away.
Approach me, touch me, and ye ſhall not fly
Me then. *Mir.* O ye high Gods! In heav'n am I?
Or earth? O heav'ns! do your eternall rounds
Move in ſuch order, warble ſuch ſweet ſounds?

Cho. *Well, blind Archer, ſince thou ſtill*
Urgeſt me to play, I will.

Now

Now I elap thy ſhoulder hard:
Now I fly unto my guard:
Strike, and run, and ſtrike again,
And thou wheel'ſt about in vain.
Now I pinch thee, now remove:
And have at thee now blind Love.
Yet thou canſt not light on me;
Why? becauſe my heart is free.

Am. In faith *Licoris*, I had ſurely thought
T'ave caught thee there, and 'twas a tree *I* caught.
I, doſt thou laugh? *Mir.* Would I had been that tree.
But do I not *Coriſca* hidden ſee
Amongſt thoſe brakes? and ſhe makes ſignes as who
Should ſay, that ſomething ſhe would have me do.

Cho. "*A free heart makes a nimble heel.*
Ah traitour! doſt thou tempt me ſtill
With thy flattering falſe delight?
Thus then I renew the fight.
Slaſh, and fly, and turn, and ſhove;
And about again blind Love:
Yet thou canſt not light on me;
Why? becauſe my heart is free.

Am. Would thou wert puld up by the root, baſe tree:
That I ſhould ever thus be catching thee!
Deceived by the dancing of a bough,
I did ſuppoſe I 'd had *Eliza* now.

Mir.

Mir. *Coriſca* ſtill is making ſignes to me,
And looks as ſhee were angry: perhaps ſhe
Would have me mix with thoſe Nymphs. *Am.* Muſt I play
With nothing but with trees then all this day?
Cor. I muſt come forth and ſpeak, or hee 'l not ſtir —.
To her (white liver) and lay hold on her.
Why doſt thou gape? to have her run into
Thy mouth? At leaſt, if that thou dar'ſt not do,
Let her lay hold of thee. Come, give me here
This dart, and go to meet her fool. *Mir.* How neer
To impotence is ſtrong deſire! O Love!
That thou ſhouldſt make a man a coward prove!
Am. Play but once more, for now I weary grow.
Troth, y'are too blame for making me run ſo.

Chor. *That triumphant God ſurvey,*
To whom amorous mortals pay
Impious tribute! See him ſnaffeld!
See him laught at! See him baffeld!
As a hooded Hawke or Owle
With light blinded, when the fowle
With their Armies flock about her,
Some to beat, and ſome to ſtont her;
She in vain doth rowze and peck
This and that way with her beak:
So we baffle and deride
Thee (blind Love) on ev'ry ſide.
One doth pinch thy elbow black;

T'other

T'other hat thee by the back,
And thy baiting does no good,
Nor thy pecking through thy hood,
Nor thy ſtretching out thy clawes.
" *But ſweet meats have ſowr ſawce,*
" *Birds are caught by playing thus:*
" *So do Nymphs grow amorous.*

Scena tertia.

AMARILLIS, CORISCA, MIRTILLO.

Am. I' Faith, *Aglaura*, art thou caught at laſt?
Thou'dſt fain be gone, but I will hold thee faſt.
Cor. Surely, unleſſe at unawares by main
Strength I had thruſt him on her, I in vain
Had tyr'd my ſelf to make him thither go.
Am. Thou wilt not ſpeak now: Art thou ſhe or no?
Cor. I lay his Dart here by him, and unto
My buſh return, t'obſerve what will enſue.
Am. Thou art *Coriſca*, now it is moſt cleer;
I know thee by thy tallneſſe and ſhort hair.
'Twas thee I wiſh'd to catch; that I might uſe thee
Juſt as I liſt, and thus, and thus abuſe thee;
And thus, and thus. Not yet? But ſince 'twas thou
That boundſt me, do thou too unbinde me now:

Quickly

Quickly (my heart) and thou ſhalt have of me
The ſweeteſt kiſſe that ere was given thee.
What doſt thou ſtick at? thy hand trembles: what,
Art thou ſo weary? If thy nails will not,
Let thy teeth do't: come fumbler, let mee ſee;
I can my ſelf untangle without thee.
Fye, how with knots on knots it is perplext?
The beſt on't is, thou muſt be blinded next.
So, now 'tis loos'd: Hah! whom have we here?
Traitor avaunt. I am unſpirited. *Mir.* Dear
Soul, do not ſtrive to goe away. *Am.* Unhand
(Forcer of Nymphs) unhand me, I command.
Ay me! *Aglaura* and *Eliza* tarry,
Betrayers of my innocence, where are ye?—
Unhand me villain. *Mir.* I obey. *Am.* This plot
Coriſca laid: Now tell her what th'aſt got.
Mir. O whither fly'ſt thou Cruell? ere thou go
Banquet thy eyes yet with my death: for lo,
I pierce my boſome with this dart. *Am.* Ay me!
What wilt thou do? *Mir.* That which it troubles thee
Perchance (dire Nymph) that any ſhould be ſed
T' have done, but thou. *Am.* (Ay me! I'm almoſt dead)
Mirt. And if this action to thy hand be due,
Behold the weapon and the breſt! *Am.* 'Tis true,
Thou haſt deſerv'd it of me. What could move
Thy heart to ſuch a high preſumption? *Mir.* Love.
Am. "Love never cauſes rudenes. *Mir.* Then conclude,
"I was in love, becauſe I was not rude:

For if within thy arms thou caughteſt me firſt,
I cannot well with rudeneſſe be aſperſt,
Since with ſo fair an opportunity
To be audacious, and to uſe with thee
The Lawes of Love, I had ſuch power yet over
My ſelf, I ev'n forgot I was a Lover.
Am. Upbraid me not with what I blind did doe.
Mir. I being in Love was blinder of the two.
Am. "Pray'r and ſweet language diſcreet Lovers uſe
"To winne their Loves; not theft and cheats, t'abuſe.
Mir. As a wild beaſt enrag'd with want of food
Ruſhes on travellers out of the wood:
So I, that onely live on thy fair eyes,
Since that lov'd food thy crueltie denyes,
Or elſe my Fate, if like a ravenous Lover
Ruſhing to day upon thee from this Cover,
Where I had long been famiſh't, I did prove
One ſtratagem to ſave my life (which Love
Prompted me to) then blame not, cruell Maid,
Me but thy ſelf; for if (as thou haſt ſaid)
Pray'r and ſweet language onely ſhould be us'd
By diſcret Lovers, which thou haſt refus'd
To hear from me; thou by thy crueltie,
Thou by thy flight mad'ſt me I could not be
A diſcreet Lover. *Am.* If th'adſt gi'n her over
That fled from thee, th'adſt been a diſcreet Lover.
But know, thou perſecuteſt me in vain;
What wouldſt thou have of me? *Mir.* I'd have thee daign

Once

Once 'ere I die to hear me. *Am.* See! as ſoon
As thou haſt askt, thou haſt receiv'd the boon.
Now then be gone. *Mir.* Ah Nymph! I've ſcarcely yet
Powr'd one ſmall drop out to thee of the great
Sea of my tears. If not for Pitie's ſake,
Yet for the Pleaſure thou therein wilt take,
Liſt' to a dying man's laſt accents. *Am.* Well,
To ſhun more trouble, and thy hopes to quell,
To hear thee I'm content. But this before;
Say little, quickly, part, and come no more.
Mir. Thou doſt command me, cruell'ſt Nymph, to bind
In volume too too ſmall that unconfin'd
Deſire, which ſcarcely humane thought (though it
Be as the ſoul that holds it, infinit)
Hath line to fathom.
That I do love thee more then I do love
My life (if thou doubt'ſt, Cruel) ask this Grove,
And that will tell thee; and with it each beaſt,
Each ſtupid ſtock there can the ſame atteſt;
Each ſtone of theſe high mountains, which ſo oft
I with the voice of my complaints made ſoft.
But what need I call any witneſſe elſe
To prove my love, where ſo much beauty dwels?
Behold theſe flow'rs which make low earth ſo proud!
Thoſe Stars which nail Heav'ns pavement! all theſe crowd
Into one ring: A beautie like that ſame
Is the high cauſe and forcer of my flame.
For as by nature Water doth deſcend,

The Fire unto the higher Regions tend
The Air obliquely ſpread it ſelf, the Ground
Lie ſtill, and heav'n about all theſe turn round.
So naturally do I incline to thee,
As to my chiefeſt good; ſo naturally
To thoſe lov'd beauties (as unto her ſole)
With all her wing'd affections flyes my ſoul.
And he that ſhould imagine he had force
Her from her deareſt object to divorce,
Might with as much facility command
The Air, the Fire, the Water and the Land,
The Heavens too from their accuſtom'd track,
And make the Pillars of the world to crack.
But ſince thou bidſt me ſay but little, I
Shall ſay but little, ſaying that *I dye:*
And ſhall doe leſſe in dying, ſince I ſee
How much my death is coveted by thee.
Yet I ſhall doe (alas) all that is left
For me to do, of hopes in love bereft.
But (cruell ſoul) when I am in my grave,
Some pitie then upon my ſuffrings have.
Ah! fair and lov'd, and that wert once the ſweet
Cauſe of my life (whilſt Heaven thought it meet)
Turn thoſe bright lamps upon me, as beni'ne
And pitifull as ere I ſaw them ſhine,
Once ere I dye, that I may dye in peace.
Let thoſe fair amiable eyes releaſe
My life, now bitter, which once ſweetned it;

And

And thoſe bright Starres, which my loves torches li't,
Light too my Funerall tapers, and forerun,
As once my riſing, now my ſetting Sun.
But thou more hard then ere thou wert before,
Feel'ſt yet no ſpark of pity; but art more
Stiffe with my pray'rs. Muſt I then talk alone?
Wretch that I am, diſcourſe I to a ſtone?
Say *Dye*, at leaſt, if nothing elſe thou'lt ſay;
And thou ſhalt ſee me dye. O Love! what way
Canſt thou not plague me? when this Nymph that's nurſt
In cruelty, and for my blood did thirſt,
Finding my death would now a favour be,
Ev'n that ſad favour doth deny to me?
Nor will reply a ſyllable, or daign
One ſtabbing word to put me out of pain?
Am. To anſwer thee if I had promiſed,
As well as hear thee, this were juſtly ſed.
Thou call'ſt me cruell, hoping, that to ſhun
That vice, into the contrary I'le run.
But know, my ears are not ſo tickeled
With that (by me ſo little merited
And leſſe deſired) praiſe thou giv'ſt to me
Of beauty, as to hear my ſelf by thee
"Stil'd Cruell; which to be to any other
"I grant were vice; t'is vertue to a Lover:
"And what thou harſhneſſe call'ſt and crueltie,
"Is in a woman perfect honeſtie.
But ſay, that ev'n t'a Lover 'twere a ſin;

Yet

Yet tell me, when hath *Amarillis* bin
Cruell to thee? was't then when juſtice bad
To uſe no pitie; yet on thee I had
So much, that I from death deliver'd thee?
I mean, when 'mongſt a noble companie
Of modeſt Virgins mingled, thou didſt cover
With a Maid's habit a libidinous Lover:
And, our chaſt ſports polluting, didſt intrude
'Mongſt kiſſes feign'd and innocent thy lewd
And wanton kiſſes (ſuch an act, as yet
I bluſh as oft as I but think on it).
But at that time I knew thee not (Heav'n knows)
And when I did, my indignation roſe.
Thy wantonneſſe I from my mind did keep,
And ſuffred not the amorous plague to creep
To my chaſt heart: on my lips outer skin
The poyſon ſtuck, but none of it got in.
"A mouth that's kiſſ'd perforce,
"If it ſpit out the kiſſe, is ne're the worſe.
But what wouldſt thou by that bold theft have got,
If I had to thoſe Nymphs diſcover'd what
Thou wert? the *Thracian* women never tore
And murther'd *Orpheus* ſo on Hebrus ſhore,
As they had thee, unleſſe her clemencie
Whom thou call'ſt cruell now had reſcu'd thee.
But ſhe is not ſo cruell as ſhe ought
To be: for if when ſhe is cruell thought
Thy boldneſſe is ſo great, what would it be

If ſhe were judged pitifull by thee?
That honeſt pitie which I could, I gave;
Other it is in vain for thee to crave,
Or hope: "for amorous pitie ſhe can ill
"Beſtow, who gave it all to one that will
"Give her none back. If thou my Lover be,
Love my good name, my life, my honeſtie.
Thou ſeek'ſt impoſſibles; I am a ward
To Heav'n, Earth watches me, and my reward
If I tranſgreſſe, is death: but moſt of all,
Vertue defends me with a braſen wall.
"For ſhe that is protected by her honour,
"Scorns there ſhould be a ſafer guard upon her.
Look to thy ſafety then, and do not give
Battell to me, *Mirtillo*: fly, and live,
If thou be wiſe. "For out of ſenſe of ſmart
"T' abandon life, argues but a faint heart.
"And 'tis the part of vertue to abſtain
"From what we love, if it will prove our bane.
Mir. "He that no longer can reſiſt muſt yeeld.
Am. "Where vertue is, all paſſions quit the field.
Mir. "Love triumphs over vertue. *Am.* Let that man
"That cannot what he will, will what he can.
Mir. "Neceſſitie of loving hath no law. (draw.
Am. "Love's woundswill heal, which ſalves of abſence
Mir. "We fly in vain what we about us carry.
Am. "Love drives out love like following billows: Marry.
Mir. Strange levitie in me thou doſt preſume.

If

Am. " If all wayes fail, time will thy love conſume.
Mir. But firſt my love will have conſumed me.
Am. Is there no cure then for thy malady?
Mir. No cure at all but that which death affords.
Am. Death? let me ſpeak then; and be ſure theſe words
Be as a charm unto thee: though I know
" When Lovers talk of dying, it doth ſhow
" An amorous cuſtome rather of the tongue,
" Then a reſolve of minde (continuing long)
" To do't indeed: yet if thou ere ſhouldſt take
So ſtrange a frenzie; know, when thou doſt make
Away thy ſelf, thou murtherſt my fame too:
Live then (if thou doſt love me) and adieu:
I ſhall eſteem thee henceforth moſt diſcreet,
If thou take care we two may never meet.
Mir. Sad doom! without my life how can I live?
Or without death end to my torments give?
Am. *Mirtillo*, 'Tis high time thou wentſt away,
Thou haſt already made too long a ſtay:
Be gone; and take this cordiall along,
" Of hopeleſſe Lovers there's a numerous throng,
" There is no wound but carries with it pain,
And there are others may of love complain.
Mir. I know I'm not the only man hath loſt
His Love; but onely wretched I am toſt
'Twixt life and death; of whom it may be ſed,
That I am neither living, nor yet dead.
Am. Be gone, be gone. *Mir.* O wofull parting! O

End of my dayes! from thee how can I go,
And yet not dye? The pangs of death I'm ſure
I feel, and all that parting ſouls endure.
For mine, 'tis paſt into my griefs: Hence I
Have ceas'd to live, thoſe live immortally.

Scena quarta.

AMARILLIS.

Mirtillo, O *Mirtillo!* couldſt thou ſee
That heart which thou condemn'ſt of cruelty,
(Soul of my ſoul) thou unto it wouldſt ſhow
That pity which thou begg'ſt from it I know.
O ill ſtarr'd Lovers! what avails it me
To have thy love? T'have mine, what boots it thee?
Whom Love hath joyn'd why doſt thou ſeparate,
Malitious Fate! And two divorc'd by Fate
Why joyn'ſt thou perverſe Love? How bleſt are you
Wild beaſts, that are in loving ty'd unto
No lawes but thoſe of Love! whilſt humane lawes
Inhumanely condemn us for that cauſe.
"O why, if this be ſuch a naturall
"And powerfull paſſion, was it capitall!
"Nature too frail, that do'ſt with Law contend!
"Law too ſevere, that Nature do'ſt offend!

"But what? they love but little, who death fear.
Ah, my *Mirtillo!* would to heav'n that were
"The onely penaltie. Vertue, which art
"The bindingſt Law to an ingenuous heart,
This inclination which in me I feel,
Lanc'd with the ſharp point of thy holy ſteel,
To thee I ſacrifice; and pardon (deer
Mirtillo) her, that's onely cruell, where
She muſt not pitie. Pardon thy fierce foe
In looks and words: but in her heart not ſo.
Or if addicted to revenge thou be,
What greater vengeance canſt thou take on me
Then thine own grief? for if thou be my heart.
(As in deſpight of Heaven and Earth thou art)
Thy ſighs my vitall ſpirits are, the flood
Of tears which follows is my vitall blood,
And all theſe pangs, and all theſe groans of thine
Are not thy pangs, are not thy groans, but mine.

Scena quinta.

CORISCA, AMARILLIS.

Cor. SIſter, no more diſſembling. *Am.* Woe is me!
I am diſcovered. *Cor.* I heard all: now ſee,
Was I a Witch? I did believe (my Heart)
Thou wert in love; now I am ſure thou art.

And would'ſt thou keep't from me? thy cloſet? tuſh,
This is a common evill, never bluſh.
Am. Coriſca, I am conquer'd (I confeſſ't)
Cor. No, now I know't, deny it thou wert beſt.
Am. "Alas! I knew a womans heart would prove
"Too ſmall a veſſell for o're-flowing love.
Cor. Cruell to thy *Mirtillo!* but unto
Thy ſelf much more! *Am.* 'Tis cruelty that grew
"From pitie. *Cor.* Poyſon ne're was known to grow
"From wholſom root: What diff'rence canſt thou ſhow
'Twixt ſuch a crueltie as doth offend,
And ſuch a pitie as no help will lend?
Am. Ay mee, *Coriſca!* *Cor.* 'Tis a vanitie
(Siſter) to ſigh, an imbecillitie
Of mind, and taſtes too much of woman. *Am.* Wer't
Not crueller to nouriſh in his heart
A hopeleſſe love? To fly him is a ſigne
I have compaſſion of his caſe and mine.
Cor. But why a hopeleſſe love? *Am.* Do'ſt thou not know
I am contracted unto *Silvio?*
Do'ſt thou not know beſides what the Law ſaith,
'Tis death in any woman that breaks faith?
Cor. O fool! and is this all ſtands in thy way?
Whether is ancienter with us (I pray)
"The Law of *Dian*, or of Love? this laſt
"Is born with us, and it growes up as faſt
"As we do, *Amarillis*; 'tis not writ,
"Nor taught by Maſters, Nature printed it

"In humane hearts with her own powerfull hand:
"Both Gods and men are under Loves command.
Am. But if that Law my life away should take,
Can this of Love a restitution make?
Cor. Thou art too nice; if women all were such,
And on these scruples should insist so much,
Good dayes adieu. I hold them simple souls
Will live obnoxious to such poor comptrolls.
"Lawes are not for the wise: if to be kind
Should merit death, *Jove* help the cruell mind!
But if fools fall into those snares, 'tis fit
They be forbid to steal, who have not wit
"To hide their theft. For honestie is but
"An art, an honest glosse on vice to put.
Think others as they list; thus I conceive.
Am. These rotten grounds, *Coriſca*, will deceive.
"What I can't hold 'tis wisdome soon to quit.
Cor. "And who forbids thee fool? our life doth flit
"Too fast away to lose one jot of it;
"And men so squemish and so curious grown,
"That two of our new Lovers make not one
"O'th' old. We are no longer for their tooth
"(Believ't) then while w' are new. Bate us our youth,
"Bate us out beauty, and like hollow trees
"Which had been stuff'd with honey by the bees,
"If that by licourish hands away be ta'ne,
"Dry and despised trunks we shall remain.
Therefore let them have leave to babble what

They

They pleaſe, as thoſe who know nor reckon not
What the poor woman *Amarillis* bears,
Our caſe alas is differing much from theirs.
" Men in perfection as in age increaſe,
" Wiſdome ſupplies the loſſe of handſomneſſe:
" But when our Youth and Beauty (which alone
" Conquers the ſtrength and wit of men) are gone,
" All's gone with us; nor canſt thou poſſibly
" Say a worſe thing, or to be pardon'd thee
" More hardly, then *Old woman.* Then before
Thou ſplit on that unevitable ſhore,
Know thine own worth, and do not be ſo mad,
As when thou mayſt live merry, to live ſad.
What would the lion's ſtrength boot him, or wit
Avail a man, unleſſe he uſed it?
Our beauty is to us that which to men
Wit is, or ſtrength unto the lion. Then
" *Let us uſe it whilſt wee may;*
" *Snatch thoſe joyes that haſte away.*
" *Earth her winter-coat may caſt,*
" *And renew her beauty paſt;*
" *But, our winter come, in vain*
" *We ſollicite ſpring again:*
" *And when our furrows ſnow ſhall cover,*
" *Love may return, but never Lover.*

Am. Thou ſay'ſt all this only to try me ſure,
Not that thy thoughts are ſuch. But reſt ſecure,

Unleſſe

Unleſſe the way thou unto me ſhalt ſhow
Be a plain way, and warrantable too
To break this Match; I am reſolv'd to die
A thouſand deaths, 'ere ſtain my honeſtie.
Cor. More wilfull woman I did never know.
But ſince thou art ſo reſolved, be it ſo.
Tell me good *Amarillis*, ſeriouſly,
Do'ſt thou ſuppoſe thy *Silvio* ſets by
His faith as much as thou thy honeſtie?
Am. Thou mak'ſt me laugh at this: wherein ſhould he
Expreſſe a faith, who is to love a foe?
Cor. Love's foe? O fool! thou knowſt not *Silvio*.
He is the ſtill ſow, hee. O theſe coy ſouls!
Believe them not: the deep ſtream ſilent rowls.
" No theft in Love ſo ſubtil, ſo ſecure,
" As to hide ſin by ſeeming to be pure.
In ſhort, thy *Silvio* loves: but 'tis not thee
(Siſter) he loves. *Am.* What Goddeſſe may ſhe be?
For certainly ſhe is no mortall Dame
That could the heart of *Silvio* inflame. (ſaid?
Cor. Nor Goddeſſe, nor yet Nymph. *Am.* What haſt thou
Cor. Do'ſt thou know my *Liſetta*? *Am.* Who? the Maid
That tends thy Flocks? *Cor.* The ſame. *Am.* It cannot be
She, I am ſure, *Coriſca*? *Cor.* Very ſhe,
I can aſſure thee, ſhe is all his joy.
Am. A proper choice for one that was ſo coy.
Cor. But wilt thou know how he doth pine away
And languiſh for this Jewell? Every day

He

He feigns to go a hunting. *Am.* Every morn
Soon as it dawns I hear his curſed horn.
Cor. And juſt at noon, when others are i'th' heat
Of all the ſport, he doth by ſtealth retreat
From his Companions, and comes all alone
Unto my garden by a way unknown:
Where underneath a haw-thorn hedges ſhade
(Which doth the garden fence about) the Maid
Hears his hot ſighs, and amorous pray'rs, which ſhe
Comes laughing afterwards and tels to me.
Now hear what I to ſerve thee 've thought upon;
Or rather, what I have already done.
I think thou knowſt, that *the ſame Law which hath*
Enjoyn'd the woman to obſerve her faith
To her betrothed, likewiſe doth enact,
That if the woman catch him in the fact
Of falſhood, ſpight of friends ſhe may deny
To have him, and without diſloyalty
Marry another. *Am.* This I know full well;
And thereof ſome examples too could tell,
Of my own knowledge; *Egle* having found
Licotas falſe, remain'd her ſelf unbound.
Armilla did from falſe *Turingo* ſo,
And *Phillida* from *Ligurino* go.
Cor. Now liſt' to me: My Maid (by me ſet on)
Hath bid her credulous Lover meet anon
In yonder cave with her; whence he remains
The moſt contented of all living ſwains,

And

And waits but th'hour: there thou ſhalt catch him; where
I too will be witneſſe of all to bear:
(For without this our plot would be in vain.)
So without any hazard, or leaſt ſtain
To thine, or to thy fathers honour, thou
Shalt free thy ſelf from this diſtaſtefull vow.
Am. I like it rarely: but the way, the way,
Coriſca? *Cor.* Marry thus (obſerve me pray)
I'th' middle of the cave (which narrow is
And very long) upon the right hand lies
Another leſſer Grot (I know not whether
By nature, or by art, or both together
Made) in the hollow ſtone, whoſe ſlimie wall
Is hid with clinging Ivie, and a ſmall
Hole in the roof lets light in from above,
(Fit receptacles for the thefts of Love,
Yet cheerfull too enough) there thou ſhalt hide
Thy ſelf, and hidden in that place abide
Till the two Lovers come; I mean to ſend
Liſetta firſt, and after her, her friend,
Following his ſteps my ſelf aloof: And when
I ſhall perceive him ſtept into the den,
Ruſh after him will I. But leſt he ſhould
Eſcape from me: when I have laid faſt hold
Upon him, I will uſe *Liſetta*'s aid,
And joyning both (for ſo the plot is laid
Between us two) together we will make
A cry, at which thou too ſhalt come, and take

The penalty o'th' law 'gainſt *Silvio.*
Then my *Liſetta* and we two will go
Before the Prieſt; and ſo thou ſhalt unty
The Nuptiall knot. *Am.* Before his Father? *Cor.* Why?
What matters that? Think'ſt thou *Montano*'s blood
Will ſtand in balance with his Countries good?
Or that his ſacred function hee'l neglect
For any carnall or profane reſpect?
Am. Go to then (ſetting all diſputes aſide)
I wink, and follow thee my faithfull guide.
Cor. Then linger not (my Heart) enter into
The Cave. *Am.* Unto the Temple firſt I'le go
"T'adore the gods: For unleſſe Heaven give
"Succeſſe, no mortall enterpriſe can thrive.
Cor. "To devout hearts all places Temples are:
It will loſe too much time. *Am.* "In uſing pray'r
"To them that made time, time cannot be loſt.
Cor. Go and return then quickly—. So almoſt
I'm paſt the bad way; onely this delay
Gives me ſome cauſe of trouble; yet this may
Be of uſe too. Something there would be done
T' abuſe my honeſt Lover *Coridon.*
I'le ſay, I'le meet him in the Cave, and ſo
Will make him after *Amarillis* go.
This done, by a back way I'le thither ſend
The Prieſt of *Dian* her to apprehend:
Guilty ſhe will be found, and ſentenced
To death without all doubt. My Rivall dead,

Mirtillo is mine own: His cruelty
To me being caus'd by's love to her. But ſee
The man! I'le ſound him till ſhe comes. Now riſe,
Riſe all my Love into my tongue and eyes.

Scena ſexta.

MIRTILLO, CORISCA.

Mir. HEar ye damn'd ſpirits that in hell lament,
Hear a new ſort of pain and puniſhment.
See in a Turtles look a Tigers minde!
She, crueller then death, 'cauſe ſhe did find
One death would not ſuffice her bloody will,
And that to live was to be dying ſtill,
Enjoyns me, not to make my ſelf away,
That I might die a thouſand times a day.
Cor. (I'le make as though I ſaw him not) I hear
A dolefull voice pierce my relenting ear,
Who ſhould it be? *Mirtillo*, is it thou?
Mir. I would it were my ghoſt. *Cor.* Well, well: but how
(And tell me true) thy ſelf now doſt thou find,
Since to thy deareſt Nymph thou brak'ſt thy mind?
Mir. As one who in a feaver caſt,
Forbidden liquor long'd to taſte,

If

If gotten, ſets it to his mouth,
And quenches life, but cannot drouth:
So I, with amorous feaver long
Conſumed, from her eyes and tongue
Sweet poyſon ſuck'd, which leaves me more
Enflamed then I was before.

Cor. "Love upon us no power can have
"But what our ſelves (*Mirtillo*) gave.
"As a Bear doth with her tongue
"Poliſh her miſhapen young
"Which had elſe in vain been born:
"So an Am'riſt giving form
"To a rude and faint deſire
"That would otherwiſe expire,
"Hatches Love; which is at firſt
"Weak and raw, but when 'tis nurſt,
"Fierce and cruell. Take't upon
"My word, an old affection
"Tyrannizes in a breſt,
"And grows a Maſter from a gueſt.
"For when the ſoul ſhall once be brought
"To be fettred to one thought,
"And that, not have the pow'r to move
"A minute from its object, Love
"(Made for delight) will turn to ſadneſs;
"And which is worſe, to death or madneſs.
"Therefore my advice ſhall be,
"To part thy love to two or three.

Mir. Let death or madneſs me betide,
Rather then my Flame divide.
Amarillis (though ſhe be
Cruell and unkind to me)
Is my Life and Reaſon too,
And to her I will be true.

Cor. Fooliſh Swain! that canſt not tell
How to make a bargain well.
What? change love for hatred? I
Rather now then do't would dye.

Mir. "Cruelty doth faith refine,
"As the fire the golden mine:
"Where were the loyaltie of Love,
"If women ſhould not tyrants prove?
In my many ſuffrings this
All my joy and comfort is,
Sorrows, tortures, exile, gall,
Here's a cauſe will ſweeten all.
Let me languiſh, let me burn,
Let me any thing but turn.

Cor. O brave Lover! valiant breſt!
More impetuous then a beaſt!
And yet tamer then a rock
Which endures the Ocean's ſhock!
"In Lovers hearts there cannot be
"A worſe diſeaſe then Conſtancie.
"O moſt unhappy thoſe in whom
"This fooliſh Idol finds a room!

"Which

" Which ſhackles us, when we might prove
" The ſweet variety of Love.
With this dull vertue Conſtancie,
Tell me (ſimple Lover) why
Amarillis ? For her face ?
Whom another muſt embrace ?
Or do'ſt thou affect her mind,
Which to thee is not inclin'd ?
All then thou canſt doat upon
Is thine own deſtruction.
And wilt thou be ſtill ſo mad
To covet that cannot be had ?
Up *Mirtillo*, know thy parts :
Canſt thou want a thouſand hearts ?
Others I dare ſwear there be,
That would ſue as much to thee.
Mir. To be *Amarillis* thrall
Is more then to command them all.
And if ſhe my ſuit deny,
All that's pleaſure I defie.
I to make another choice ?
In another I rejoyce ?
Neither could I if I would,
Neither would I if I could :
But if poſſible to me
Such a will or power be,
Heav'n and Love before that hour
Strip me of all will and pow'r.

Cor.

Cor. Thou art enchanted: otherwiſe
Couldſt thou too thy ſelf deſpiſe?
Mir. I muſt, when I'm deſpis'd by her
(Coriſca). *Cor.* Come *Mirtillo*, ne're
Deceive thy ſelf: perhaps thou doſt ſuppoſe
Shee loves thee in her heart, although ſhee ſhowes
An outward ſcorn. If thou but knewſt what ſhee
Talks oftentimes to me concerning thee.
Mir. All theſe are trophies of my conſtant love,
With which I'le triumph o're the Pow'rs above,
And men below, my torments, and her hate,
O're Fortune and the world, o're Death and Fate.
Cor. (Wonder of Conſtancy! if this man knew
How much hee's lov'd by her, what would hee do?)
Mirtillo, how it pities me to hear
Theſe frantick ſpeeches! Tell me, wert thou 'ere
In love before? *Mir.* Fair *Amarillis* was
My firſt, and ſhall be my laſt Love. *Cor.* Alas!
It ſhould ſeem then that thou didſt never prove
Any but cruell, but diſdainfull Love.
O that 't had been thy chance but once to be
In love with one that's gentle, courteous, free!
Try that a little: try it, and thou'lt finde
How ſweet it is to meet with one that's kinde,
That loves and honours thee as much as thou
Thy ſowre and cruell *Amarillis*; how
Delightfull 'tis to have a joy as great
As is thy love, a happineſſe compleat

As thy own wiſh: to have thy Miſtreſſe twine
About thy neck, and her ſighs eccho thine:
And after ſay, My Joy, all that I have,
All that I am, and thy deſires can crave,
At thy devotion is: If I am fair,
For thee I'm fair; for thee I deck this hair,
This face, this boſome; from this breſt of mine
I turn'd out my own heart to harbour thine.—
But this is a ſmall river to that vaſt
Sweet ſea of pleaſure which love makes us taſte,
And they alone that taſte can well relate.

Mir. A thouſand thouſand times moſt fortunate
Is he that's born under ſo bleſt a ſtar!

Cor. Hear me *Mirtillo:* (ere I was aware
I'd almoſt call'd him mine) a Nymph as fair
As the proud'ſt ſhe that curls or ſpreads to th' air
Her golden treſſes, worthy of thy love
As thou of hers, the honour of this Grove,
Love of all hearts; by every worthier ſwain
In vain ſollicited, ador'd in vain,
Doth love thee onely, and thee onely prize
More then her life, and more then her own eyes.
Mirtillo, ſcorn her not, if wiſe thou be;
For as the ſhadow doth the body, ſhe
Will follow thee through all the world: ſhe will
At thy leaſt word and beck be ready ſtill
As thy obedient hand-maid: night and day
With thee ſhee'll paſſe the tedious hours away.

Ah!

Ah! do not wave (*Mirtillo*) do not wave
So rare a bliſſe; the perfect'ſt joyes we have
Are thoſe which neither ſighs nor tears do coſt,
Nor danger, and on which leaſt time is loſt.
Here thou haſt paſſe-time at thy door, a feaſt
Upon the table alwayes ready dreſt
To pleaſe thy taſte. Ay me! canſt thou receive
A greater gift then this? *Mirtillo*, Leave,
Leave this cold hunting after flying feet,
And her that runs to thy embraces, meet.
Nor do I feed thee with vain hopes; command
Her come, and ſhe that loves thee is at hand,
Now, if thou ſay the word. *Mir.* I prethee reſt
Content, my pallat is not for a feaſt.

Cor. Try but what joy is made of once, and then
Return unto thy wonted grief agen,
That thou maiſt ſay, thou hadſt a taſte of both.

Mir. "Diſtemper'd palats all ſweet things do loath.

Cor. Yet do't in pitie unto her that dyes,
Unleſſe ſh' enjoy the ſun of thy fair eyes.
Uncharitable youth, art not thou poor?
And canſt thou beat a beggar from thy door?
Ah! what thou wouldſt another ſhould extend
To thee, do thou now to another lend.

Mir. What alms can beggers give? In ſhort, I ſwore
Allegeance to that Nymph whom I adore,
Whether ſhe tyrant prov'd, or mercifull.

Cor. O truly blind, and moſt unhappy, dull

Mirtillo!

Mirtillo! who is't thou art conſtant to?
I am unwilling to add woe to woe;
But thou art too much wrong'd i' faith, and I
That love thee am not able to ſtand by
And ſee thee ſo betraid. If thou ſuppoſe
This crueltie of *Amarillis* growes
From zeal to vertue or Religion,
Th'art gull'd: another doth poſſeſſe the throne,
And thou (poor wretch!) whilſt he doth laugh, muſt cry.
What, ſtricken dumb? *Mir.* I'm in an ecſtaſie,
'Twixt life and death ſuſpended, till I know
Whether I ſhould believe thee now or no.
Cor. Do'ſt not believe me then? *Mir.* If I did, I
Had not ſurviv'd it ſure: and I will dye
Yet, if it be a truth. *Cor.* Live (Caitiffe) live
To be reveng'd. *Mir.* But I cannot believe
It is a truth. *Cor.* Wilt thou not yet believe,
But force me to tell that which it will grieve
Thy ſoul to hear? Do'ſt thou ſee yonder cave?
That is thy Miſtreſſe Faith's and Honour's grave:
There laughs ſh'at thee, there makes of thy anoy
A poynant ſawce to thy tir'd Rivals joy.
In ſhort; there oft a baſe-born ſhepherd warms
Thy vertuous *Amarillis* in his arms.
Now go and ſigh, and whine, and conſtant prove
Unto a Nymph that thus rewards thy love.
Mir. Ay me *Coriſca!* do'ſt thou tell me true?
And is it fit I ſhould believe thee too?

Cor. The more thou ſearcheſt, 'twill the worſer be.
Mir. But didſt thou ſee't *Coriſca?* wo is me!
Cor. Truth is, I did not ſee it, but thou mayſt,
And preſently, for ſhe her word hath paſt
To meet him there this very hour: But hide
Thy ſelf beneath that ſhady hedges ſide,
And thou thy ſelf ſhalt ſee her ſtraight deſcend
Into the cave, and after her, her friend.
Mir. So quickly muſt I dye? *Cor.* See! I have ſpi'd
Her coming down already by the ſide
O'th' Temple: mark! how guiltily ſhe moves!
Her ſtealing pace betraying their ſtoln loves.
To mark the ſequell, do thou here remain,
And afterwards we two will meet again.
Mir. Since the diſcovery of the truth's ſo neer,
With my belief I will my death defer.

Scena ſeptima.

ANARILLIS.

" NO mortall work ſucceſsfully is done
" Which with th'immortall gods is not begun.
Full of diſtractions, and with heavie heart
I did from hence unto the Temple part:
Whence (Heaven be prais'd) I come as light as air,
And ſtrangely comforted: for at my pray'r

Pure

Pure and devout, I felt from thence, (me thought)
Another ſoul into my body ſhot,
Which whiſper'd, Fear not *Amarillis*, go
Securely on. I, and I will do ſo,
Heav'n guiding. — Fair Mother of Love, befriend
Her that on thee for ſuccour doth depend:
Thou that as Queen in the third Orb do'ſt ſhine,
If e're thou felt'ſt thy Son's flames, pitie mine.
Bring (courteous Goddeſſe) by a ſecret path
Quickly that youth to whom I've pawn'd my faith.
And thou deer cave, till I have done my work,
Suffer this ſlave of Love in thee to lurk.
But *Amarillis*, all the coaſt is cleer,
None nigh to ſee thee, and none nigh to hear;
Securely enter. O *Mirtillo*, O
Mirtillo, if thou dream'dſt wherefore I go! —

Scena octava.

MIRTILLO.

I Wake, and ſee, what I could wiſh t'have been
Born without eyes, that I might not have ſeen:
Or rather not to have been born. Curſt Fate!
Why haſt thou thus prolonged my lifes date,
To bring me to this killing ſpectacle?
Mirtillo, more tormented then in hell

The blackeſt ſoul is, not to doubt thy grief?
Not to be able to ſuſpend beleif?
Thou, thou haſt heard and ſeen't: thy Miſtreſſe is
Another man's. And (which is worſe) not his
Whoſe by the world's Laws ſhe was bound to be,
But by Love's Lawes ſnatcht both from him and thee.
O cruell *Amarillis!* to undo
This wretched man, and then to mock him too.
With that unconſtant mouth which once did meet,
And once did call *Mirtillo's* kiſſes ſweet:
But now his loathed name (which haply roſe
Like bitter drink that 'gainſt the ſtomack goes)
Becauſe it ſhould not bitterneſſe impart
To thy delight, hath ſpu'd out of thy heart?
Since therefore ſhe who gave thee life, hath ta'ne
That life away, and given it again
'T another: why do'ſt thou thy life ſurvive,
Wretched *Mirtillo?* Why art thou alive?
Dye, dye *Mirtillo* unto grief and ſmart,
As unto joy already dead thou art.
Dye, dead *Mirtillo*; ſince thy life is ſo,
Let thy pangs likewiſe be concluded. Go
Out of the anguiſh of this death, which ſtill
Keeps thee alive, that it may longer kill.
But ſhall I dye then unrevenged? Sure
I'le ſlay him firſt that did my death procure.
I will diſpenſe with my dire love of death
Till I have juſtly ta'ne away his breath

Who

Who ſlew my heart unjuſtly. Yeeld ſtout grief
To anger, death to life, till in my life
I have aveng'd my death.
Let not this ſteel be drunken with the flood
Of its own Maſter's unrevenged blood:
Nor this right hand be Pitie's, till it hath
Firſt made it ſelf the Miniſter of wrath.
Thou that enjoy'ſt my ſpoyls (what ere thou be)
Since I muſt fall, I'le pull thee after me.
In the ſame brake I'le plant my ſelf agen;
And when I ſpie him coming to the den,
Will ruſh upon him with this piercing dart
At unawares, and ſtrike him through the heart.
But is't not baſe to ſtrike him out of ſight?
It is: defie him then to ſingle fight,
Where valour may my juſtice prove. But no:
This place is unto all ſo known, and ſo
Frequented, that ſome ſwains may interpoſe:
Or (which is worſe) enquire of me whence grows
Our quarrell; which if I deny, 'tis naught
They'l think; if feign a cauſe, I may be caught
Then in a lie; if tell't, her name will be
Blaſted with everlaſting infamie:
In whom, although I never can approve
That which I ſee, yet I muſt ever love
That which I fanci'd, and did hope t' have ſeen,
And that which ought (I'm ſure) in her t'have been.
Dye baſely then the baſe Adulterer,

Who

Who hath ſlain me, and hath diſhonour'd her.
I, but the blood may (if I kill him here)
The murther ſhow, and that the Murtherer?
What do I care? I, but the murth'rer known,
Bewrays the cauſe for which the murther's done.
So this ungratefull woman runs the ſame
Hazard this way of ſhipwrak in her fame.
Enter the cave then, and aſſault him there.
Good, good; tread ſoftly, ſoftly, leſt ſhe hear:
That ſhe's at th'other end her words imply'd.
Now (hid with branches) in the Rock's left ſide
There is a hollow at the ſteep ſtairs foot,
There without any noyſe, I'le wait to put
In execution my deſigne. My foe
Diſpatch'd, his bleeding carcaſſe I will throw
To my ſhe-foe, to be reveng'd on two
At once. The ſelf-ſame ſteel I'le then imbrue
In mine own blood: ſo three ſhall die in brief,
Two by my weapon, and the third of grief.
A ſad and miſerable tragedie
Of both her Lovers ſhall this Tigreſſe ſee,
Of him ſhe loves, and him ſhe ſcorns. And this
Cave which was meant the chamber of their bliſſe,
To her and to her minion ſhall become
And (which I more deſire) t' her ſhame, a tombe.
But you dear footſteps (which I long have trac'd
In vain) unerring path, lead me at laſt
To where my Love is hid; To you I bow,

Your

Your print I follow. O *Coriſca!* now
I doe beleeve thee: now th'haſt told me true.

Scena nona.

SATYR.

DOes he believe *Coriſca?* and purſue
Her ſteps to *Erycina's* Cave? a beaſt
Hath wit enough to apprehend the reſt.
But if thou doſt believe her, thou hadſt need
Have from her good ſecurity indeed,
And hold her by a ſtronger tie then I
Had lately of her hair. But ſtronger tie
On her there cannot be then gifts. This bold
Strumpet her ſelf to this young ſwain hath ſold.
And here, by the falſe light now of this vaut
Delivers the bad ware which he hath bought.
Or rather, 'tis Heav'ns juſtice which hath ſent
Her hither to receive her puniſhment
From my revenging hands. His words did ſeem
T'imply ſhe made ſome promiſe unto him,
Which he believ'd: and by his ſpying here
Her print, that ſhe is in the cave, 'tis cleer.
Do a brave thing then: ſtop the mouth o'th' cave
With that great hanging ſtone, that they may have
No means of ſcaping; to the Prieſt then go,

And

And bring by the back-way (which few do know)
His ministers to apprehend, and by
The Law deservedly to make her dye.
For 'tis not unto me long since unknown,
That she contracted is to *Coridon*,
How-ever he (because he stands in fear
Of me) to lay his claim to her forbear.
But now I'le give him leave at once to be
Reveng'd on her both for him self and me.
But I lose time in talk. From this young Grove
I'le pull a tree up by the root, to move
The stone withall. So, this I think will do.
How heavie 'tis! The stone hath a root too.
What if I min'd it with this trunk? and so,
As with a leaver heav'd it from below?
Good, good; now to the other side as much.
How fast it sticks? I did not think it such
A difficult attempt as it hath prov'd;
The Center of the earth were easier mov'd.
Nor strength, nor skill will do this work I, see:
Or do's that vigour which was once in me
Now fail me at my need? What do ye do
My perverse Stars? I will, (in spight of you)
I will remove it yet. The Divell haule
Corisca, (I had almost said) and all
The sex of them. O *Pan Lycæus*, hear,
And to move this, be moved by my pray'r!
Pan, thou that all things canst, and all things art,

Thou

Thou once thy ſelf didſt woe a ſtubborn heart,
Revenge on falſe *Coriſca* now, thine own,
And my deſpiſed Love. I move the ſtone
Thus by the vertue of thy ſacred name;
Thus rowls it by the vertue of the ſame.
So, now the Fox is trapt, and finely ſhut
Where ſhe had earth'd her ſelf. I'le now go put
Fire to the hole; where I could wiſh to find
The reſt of women, to deſtroy *the kind.*

CHORUS.

O Love! how potent and how great thou art!
Wonder of nature and the world! What heart
So dull, as not to feel thy pow'r? What wit
So deep and piercing, as to fathom it?
Who knows thy hot laſcivious fires; will ſay,
Infernall ſpirit, thou doſt live and ſway
In the corporeall part. But who ſo knowes
How thou doſt men to vertuous things diſpoſe,
And how the dying flame of looſe deſires
Looks pale, and trembles at thy chaſter fires;
Will ſay, Immortall God, i'th' ſoul alone
Thou haſt eſtabliſhed thy ſacred Throne.
" *Rare Monſter! wonderfully got betwixt*
" *Deſire and Reaſon; an affection mixt*
" *Of ſenſe and intellect: With knowing wilde:*
" *With ſeeing blinde: A God, and yet a childe:*

And (ſuch) thou ſway'ſt the Earth and Heaven too;
On which thou tread'ſt as we on t'other do.
Yet (by thy leave) a greater miracle,
A mightier thing then thou art I can tell.
For all thou do'ſt (that may our wonder claim)
Thou doſt by vertue of a womans name.
Woman! the gift of heav'n; or of him rather
Who made thee fairer, being of both the Father,
Wherein is Heav'n ſo beautifull as thou?
That rowls one goggle eye in its vaſt brow
(Like a grim Cyclop*) not a lamp of light,*
But cauſe of blindneſſe and Cymerian night.
To the bold gazer: if that ſpeak, it is
A thundring voice; and if it ſigh, the hiſſe
Of earth-engendred windes. Thou, with the fair
Angel-like proſpect of two Suns, which are
Serene and viſible, doeſt ſtill the windes
And calm the Billows of tempeſtuous mindes;
And Sound, Light, Motion, Beauty, Majeſty,
Make in thy face ſo ſweet a harmony,
That heav'n (I mean this outward heav'n) muſt needs
Confeſſe thy form the form of that exceeds:
Since beauty that is dead leſſe noble is
Then that which lives, and is a place of bliſſe.
With reaſon therefore man (that gallant creature,
That lords it over all the works of Nature)
To thee as Lady Paramount payes duty,
Acknowleding in thine, thy Makers beauty.

And

And if hee Triumphs gain, and Thrones inherit,
It is not becauſe thou haſt leſſe of merit;
But for thy glory: ſince a greater thing
It is to conquer, then to be a King.
But that thy conqu'ring beauty doth ſubdue
Not onely man, but ev'n his Reaſon too,
If any doubt, hee in Mirtillo *hath*
A miracle that may conſtrain his faith.
This wanted (Woman) to thy pow'r before
To make us love *when we can* hope *no more.*

Actus Quartus.

Scena Prima.

CORISCA.

MY heart and thoughts till now were ſo much ſet
To train that fooliſh Nymph into my net,
That my dear Hair (which by that Rogue was ta'ne
From me) and how to get it back again
I quite forgot: O how it troubled me
To pay that ranſome for my liberty!
But 't had been worſe t' have been a priſoner
To ſuch a beaſt: Who though he doth not bear
A mouſes heart, might have mouz'd me: For I
Have (to ſay truth) fool'd him ſufficiently:
And like a Horſe-leech did him ſuck and drein
As long as he had blood in any vein.
And now hee's mov'd I love him not; and mov'd
He well might be, if him I e're had lov'd.
How can one love a creature that doth want
All that is lovely? As a ſtinking plant

Which

Which the Phyſitian gather'd for the uſe
He had of it; when he hath ſtrain'd the juice
And vertue out, is on the dunghill thrown;
So having ſqueez'd him, I with him have done.
Now will I ſee if *Coridon* into
The cave's deſcended. Hah! what do I view?
Wake I? or ſleep I? or am drunk? but now
This cave's mouth open was I'm ſure; then how
Comes it now ſhut? and with a ponderous
And maſſie ſtone rowl'd down upon it thus?
Earth-quake I'm ſure t' unhenge it there was none.
Would I knew certainly that *Coridon*
And *Amarillis* were within; and then
I car'd not how it came. Hee's in the den,
If (as *Liſetta* ſaid) he parted were
From home ſo long ago. Both may be there,
And by *Mirtillo* ſhut together. " Love,
" Prickt with diſdain, hath ſtrength enough to move
" The world, much more a ſtone. Should it be true,
Mirtillo could not have deviz'd to doe
Ought more according to my heart then this,
Though he *Coriſca* had enthron'd in his
In ſtead of *Amarillis*. I will goe
The back way in, that I the truth may know.

Scena

Scena ſecunda.

DORINDA, LINCO.

Dor. BUt *Linco*, didſt not thou know me indeed ?
Lin. Who could have known thee in this ſavage weed
For meek *Dorinda* ? But if I had been
A ravenous hound (as I am *Linco*) then
I to thy coſt had known thee for a beaſt.
What do I ſee ? What do I ſee ? *Dor.* Thou ſeeſt
A ſad effect of Love ; a ſad and ſtrange
Effect of loving (*Linco.*) *Lin.* Wondrous change !
Thou a young Maid, ſo ſoft, ſo delicate,
That wert (me thinks) an infant but of late,
Whom in mine arms I bore (as I may ſay)
A very little childe but yeſterday,
And ſteering thy weak ſteps, taught thee to name
(When I thy Father ſerv'd) Daddy and Mam,
Who like a tim'rous Doe (before thy heart
Was made a prey t' inſulting Love) didſt ſtart
At every thing that on the ſudden ſtirr'd,
At every winde, at every little bird
That ſhook a bough, each Lizard that but ran
Out of a buſh, made thee look pale and wan ;
Now all alone o're hils, through woods do'ſt paſſe
Fearleſſe of hounds or ſavage beaſts. *Dor.* Alas !

Shee

"She whom Love wounds no other wound doth fear.
Lin. Indeed fair Nymph, Love ſhew'd his godhead here,
From woman to a man transforming thee,
Or rather to a wolf. *Dor.* If thou couldſt ſee
Into my breſt (O *Linco!*) then thou'dſt ſay,
A living wolf upon my heart doth prey
As on a harmleſſe lamb. *Lin.* Is *Silvio*
That wolf? *Dor.* Alas, who elſe can be't? *Lin.* And ſo
'Cauſe he's a wolf, thou a ſhee-wolf wouldſt be,
To try, ſince on thy humane viſage he
Was not enamour'd, if he would at leaſt
Affect thee in the likeneſſe of a beaſt,
As being of his kind. But prethee where
Gotſt thou theſe robes? *Dor.* I'le tell thee: I did hear
Silvio would chaſe to day the noble Bore
At Erimanthus foot; and there before
The morning peept, was I from wood to wood
Hunting the Hunter; by a cryſtall flood
From which our flocks did climb the hils, I found
Melampo the moſt beauteous *Silvio*'s hound,
Who having quench'd his thirſt there as I gheſſe,
Lay to repoſe him on the neighb'ring graſſe.
I, who love any thing that's *Silvio*'s,
Even the very ground on which he goes,
And ſhadow which his beauteous limbs do caſt;
Much more the dog on which his love is plac't,
Stooping, laid ſudden hold on him, who came
Along with me as gently as a lamb.

And

And whilſt t'was in my thoughts to lead him back
Unto his Lord and mine, hoping to make
A friend of him with what he held ſo deer,
He came himſelf to ſeek him, and ſtopt here.
Deer *Linco*, I'le not loſe thee ſo much time,
As to tell all that's paſt 'twixt me and him;
This onely, to be brief, After a long
Preface of oathes on one another ſtrung,
And treach'rous promiſes, this cruell ſwain
Flung from me full of Anger and diſdain,
Both with his own *Melampo* (to his Lord
So true) and with my deer and ſweet reward.

Lin. O cruell *Silvio!* ruthleſſe ſwain! But what
Didſt thou do then *(Dorinda?)* didſt thou not
Hate him for this? *Dor.* Rather (as if the fire
Of his diſdain Loves fire had been) his ire
Increaſt my former flame. His ſteps I trace,
And thus purſuing him towards the chace,
I met (hard by) with my *Lupino*, whom
Before a little I had parted from.
When ſtraight it came into my head, that I
In his attire, and in the company
Of ſhepherds might be thought a ſhepherd too,
And undiſcover'd my fair *Silvio* view.

Lin. In a wolves likeneſſe amongſt hounds? and none
Bite thee? 'Tis much *(Dorinda)* thou haſt done.

Dor. This *(Linco)* was no miracle: for they
Durſt not touch her who was their Maſters prey.

There

There I, out of the tents, amidſt the crue
Of neighb'ring ſhepherds that were met to view
The famous paſſe-time, ſtood admiring more
To ſee the Huntſman, then the hunted Bore:
At every motion of the furious beaſt,
My cold heart ſhiv'red in my breſt:
At every action of the brave young man
My ſoul with all her touch'd affections ran
In to his aid. But my extreme delight
Again was poyſon'd with the horrid ſight
Of the fierce Bore, whoſe ſtrength and vaſt
Proportion, all proportion paſt.
As an impetuous whirlwind in a great
And ſudden ſtorm, which all that it doth meet
(Houſes, and trees, and ſtones) before it bears,
All it can get within its circle tears
To pieces in an inſtant: ſo the Bore
Wheeling about (his tusks all foam and gore)
Pil'd in one heap dogs ſlain, ſpears knapt, men wounded.
How oft did I deſire to have compounded
For *Silvio*'s life, with the inraged Swine!
And for his blood, t' have giv'n the Monſter mine!
How oft was I about to run between,
And with my body his fair body ſcreen!
Spare cruell Bore, (how often did I cry!)
Spare my fair *Silvio*'s breſt of Ivory;
Thus to my ſelf I ſpake, and ſigh'd, and pray'd;
When his fierce dog (arm'd with a breſt-plate made

Of hard and ſcaly barks of trees) he ſlipt
After the beaſt, now prouder, being dipt
Throughly in blood, and lifted from the ground
On ſlaughter'd trunks. The valour of that hound
(*Linco*) exceeds beliefe: and *Silvio*
Not without reaſon ſurely loves him ſo.
As a chaft Lion, which now meets, now turns
From an untamed Buls well brandiſh'd horns,
If once he come with his ſtrong paw to ſeize
Upon his ſhoulder, maſters him with eaſe:
So bold *Melampo* ſhunning with fine ſlights
The Bores ſhort turns, and rapid motion, lights
At length upon his ear; which having bit
Quite through, and lugg'd him twice or thrice by it,
He with his teeth ſo naild him to the ground,
That at his vaſt bulk now a mortall wound
Might levell'd be with greater certainty,
(Before but ſlightly hurt) then ſuddenly
My lovely *Silvio* (calling on the name
Of *Dian*) Goddeſſe do thou give me aim
(Quoth he) the horrid head is thine. This ſed,
His golden Quiver's ſwifteſt ſhaft to th' head
He drew; which flying to that very point
Where the left ſhoulder knits with the neck joint,
There wounded the fierce Bore, ſo down he fell.
Then I took breath, ſeeing my *Silvio* well,
And out of danger. Happy beaſt! to die
So ſweet a death, as by that hand, which I

Would beg my end from. *Lin.* But what then became
Of the ſlain beaſt? *Dor.* I know not; for I came
Away, for fear of being known; but, I
Suppoſe, the head to th' Temple ſolemnly
They'l bear, according to my *Silvio*'s vow.
Lin. But wilt thou not get out of theſe weeds now?
Dor. Yes: but my garments with my other geer
Lupino has, who promis'd to ſtay here
With them, but fails. Dear *Linco*, if thou love
Me, ſeek him for me up and down this grove:
Far off he cannot be; mean while I'le take
A little reſt (doſt ſee there?) in that Brake;
There I'le expect thee; for I am ore-come
With wearineſſe and ſleep, and will not home
Accoutred thus. *Lin.* I go: but ſtir not then
Out of that place till I return agen.

Scena tertia.

CHORUS, ERGASTO.

Cho. HAve ye heard Shepherds that our Demy-God
(*Montano*'s and *Alcides* worthy blood)
This day hath freed us from that dreadfull beaſt
Which all Arcadia lately did infeſt?
And that he is preparing himſelf now
I' th' Temple for it to perform his vow?

If for ſo great a benefit wee'd ſhow
Our gratitude, to meet him let us go,
And joyn our tongues and hearts together there,
To honour him as our Deliverer.
" Which honour, though it be reward too ſmall
" For ſuch a fair and valiant ſoul; 'tis all
" Vertue can have on earth. *Erg.* O ſad diſaſter!
O bitter chance! O wound that hath no plaiſter!
O day to be for ever ſteep'd in tears!
Cho. What dolefull voice is this that ſtrikes our ears?
Erg. Starres, that are enemies to man alwayes,
Why do you mock our faith? why do you raiſe
Our hope on high, that when it falls again
The precipice may be with greater pain?
Cho. Ergaſto by his voice; and it is hee.
Erg. But why do I accuſe Heav'n wrongfully?
Accuſe thy ſelf *Ergaſto*: Thou alone,
Thou, thou againſt the ſteel didſt knock the ſtone;
Thou layd'ſt the match unto the tinder; whence
A flame unquenchable is kindled ſince.
But Heav'n doth know, I for the beſt did do it,
And pitie onely did induce me to it.
O ill ſtarr'd Lovers! wretched *Titiro!*
Poor *Amarillis!* childleſſe Father! O
Mourning *Montano!* O Arcadia gone
In a conſumption far! and we undone!
In ſhort, moſt ſad, all I have ſeen! or ſee!
Or ſpeak! or hear! or think! *Cho.* What may this be
(Alas!)

(Alas!) that in one accident alone
Includes a generall deſolation?
This way hee bends his courſe, let us go meet
Him (ſwains). *Erg.* Eternall Gods! is it not yet
Time to abate your wrath? *Cho.* Unfold to us
(Courteous *Ergaſto*) what afflicts thee thus.
What doſt thou moane? *Erg.* Your ruine and mine own:
The ruine of Arcadia I moane.
Cho. Alas! why ſo? *Erg.* The very ſtaffe, the ſtay
Of all our hope is broke, is pull'd away.
Cho. Speak plainer. *Erg. Titiro*'s daughter, that ſole prop
Of her old Houſe, and Father, the ſole hope
Of our deliverance, promis'd here below,
Above decreed to marry *Silvio*,
As th' onely means that ſhould Arcadia ſave;
That Heav'nly Maid, ſo ſober, and ſo grave,
That Preſident of honour (crown'd with Lillies
Of chaſtitie) that peerleſſe *Amarillis*;
Shee, ſhe (alas! I have no heart, no breath
To tell it you). *Cho.* Is dead? *Erg.* Is neer her death.
Cho. Alas! what have we heard? *Erg.* Nothing as yet:
She dies a malefactreſſe: That, That's it.
Cho A malefactreſſe *Amarillis*? how
Ergaſto? *Erg.* Caught with an Adult'rer now.
And, if ye ſtay a little longer here,
Led pinion'd to the Temple ye ſhall ſee her.
Cho. "O female ſtructures, glorious and moſt fair,
"But weak withall! O chaſtitie, how rare

Art

Art thou! and ſhall it then be truly taxt,
No woman's chaſt but ſhee that ne're was akſt?
Erg. Indeed, when ſhe that's vertue's ſelf doth fall,
We well may doubt the vertue of them all.
Cho. Pray, if it will not too much trouble be,
Tell the whole ſtory to theſe ſwains and me.
Erg. I will: The Prieſt early to day (ye know)
Did with this wretched Nymph's ſad Father go
Unto the ſacred Temple; with one care
Both moved, to facilitate with pray'r
Their childrens deſired marriage. For this end
At once their incenſe did to heav'n aſcend,
At once their offrings bled, their ſacrifice
At once was done with due ſolemnities,
And ſuch glad auſpice, that no entrails e're
Were fairer ſeen, no flame was more ſincere,
And leſſe eclips'd with ſmoke: mov'd with ſuch ſignes,
Thus the blind prophet ſpeaks, and thus divines;
This day (Montano) *ſhall thy* Silvio *love:*
Thy Daughter (Titiro) *a wife ſhall prove:*
Go and prepare the Marriage. O abſurd,
And vain depending on an Augur's word!
And thou as blind in ſoul, as in thy eyes!
If thou hadſt ſaid, *Prepare her Obſequies*,
Then a true Prophet thou hadſt prov'd indeed.
Yet all the ſtanders by were comforted,
And the old Fathers wept for joy apace,
And *Titiro* was parted from the place.

When

When in the Temple ſuddenly were heard
Siniſter omens, and dire ſignes appear'd
Boading Heav'ns wrath. At which (alas!) if each
Stood there aſtoniſht and bereſt of ſpeech
After ſo fair beginnings, Friends, judge you.
Mean while the Prieſts themſelves alone withdrew
Into an inner room: and whilſt they there
And we without intent in praying were,
Devout and weeping; puffing through the preſſe
The curled *Satyr* (loe!) demands acceſſe
Unto the Prieſts. I (Porter of that place)
Admit him: Hee then (O he has a face
To bring ill news!) cry'd; Fathers, if your Pray'r
Find not the Gods, your vows and incenſe are
Not acceptable, and your ſacrifice;
If from your altars an impure flame riſe,
Think it not ſtrange, that likewiſe is impure
Which is committing now hard by your door,
In *Ericina*'s cave: a falſe Nymph there
Is breaking with a baſe adulterer
Your lawes, and her own faith. Send with me now
Your Miniſters, and I will ſhew them how
I'th' act to take 'em. Then (O humane mind,
When thy Fate's neer, how dull thou art! how blind!)
The good Prieſts breath'd: ſuppoſing 'twas no more
But remove them, and Heaven would as before
Look on their ſacrifice beni'nely. There-
Upon they order their chief Miniſter

Nicandro

Nicandro preſently to take that guide,
And bring both Lovers to the Temple ty'd:
With all his under-miniſters he goes,
Purſuing that vile *Satyr* through a cloſe
And crooked way into the cave. The Maid,
Strook with their torches ſudden light, aſſay'd
From where ſhe was to run out of the door,
Which that baſe dog had ſtopt (it ſeems) before.
Cho. And what did he the while? *Erg.* He went his waies
When he had led *Nicandro* to the place.
But (friends) I cannot tell the generall
Aſtoniſhment that fell upon us all,
When it the Daughter prov'd of *Titiro:*
Who taken, in a trice (I do not know
Out of what place) forth bold *Mirtillo* flew,
And a ſharp dart which he was arm'd with threw
Like lightning at *Nicandro*: which, if it
The place that it was aimed at had hit,
Had ſent him to the ſhades: But (whether I
May call it Fortune, or agility)
At the ſame inſtant the one aim'd his blow,
The other ſtept a little backward; ſo
The mortall ſteel paſt by, leaving his breſt
Untoucht, and in his coat of skins did reſt,
Into the which (I know not how) 'twas wove
So intricately, that *Mirtillo* ſtrove
In vain to pull it out; and ſo he too
Was taken. *Cho.* And with him what did they do?

Erg.

Erg. He to the Temple by himſelf was brought.
Cho. For what? *Erg.* To try if he'd diſcover ought
Touching the fact in queſtion. Perhaps too
Th' affront he in their Miniſter did do
Unto the prieſtly majeſty might ſome
Penance deſerve. Would yet I might have come
To comfort my poor friend! *Cho.* What hindred thee?
Erg. The waiters at the altar may not be
Admitted to delinquents: therefore I
Sequeſterd from the other company,
Go by my ſelf unto the Temple; where
With many a prayer and devouter tear
I'le beg of Heaven that it would chaſe away
This ſullen ſtorm that overclouds our day.
Deer Shepherds reſt in peace, and joyn with ours
Your pray'rs, to batter the celeſtiall towers.
Cho. We will, when we have paid to *Silvio*
That duty firſt we to his goodneſſe owe.
O ye great Gods! now, now, if ever, prove
Your *anger* leſſe eternall then your *love*.

Scena quarta.

CORISCA.

EMpale ye triumph-decking Lawrell boughs,
Empale my glorious and victorious brows.

Into Love's lists (hedg'd round about with flame)
This day *I came, I saw, I overcame:*
This day hath Heav'n and Earth, Nature and Art,
Fortune and Fate, Friend and Foe ta'ne my part.
Ev'n that base *Satyr* who abhorres me so
Hath helpt me too, as if he too did go
Some share with me. How much more happily
Did fortune bring *Mirtillo* in, then I
Contriv'd to have brought *Coridon?* to make
Her crime more show of likelihood to take?
And though *Mirtillo's* apprehended too,
That matters not; they soon will let him go:
Th' Adultresse onely payes the penaltie.
O famous triumph! Solemn victorie!
If lying may deserve a trophie, I
Deserve a trophie for my amorous lye;
Which from this tongue and bosome hath done more
For me then Love with all his charms before.
But this is not a time to talk: Withdraw
Thy self *Corisca*, till the doom of Law
Fall on thy Rivals head, for fear that she
T' excuse her self, should lay the blame on thee.
Or that the Priest himself should wish to know
What thou canst say, before he give the blow.
"When a mine springs, 'tis good to stand aloof;
"A lying tongue requires a flying hoof.
I'le hide me in those woods, and there will make
Some stay, till it be time to come and take

Possession

Poſſeſſion of my joyes. O! it hath hit
Beyond all thought. Succeſſe hath crown'd my wit.

Scena quinta.

NICANDRO, AMARILLIS.

Nic. A Heart of flint, or rather none had he
Nor humane ſenſe, that could not pitie thee,
Unhappy Nymph! and for thy ſorrow grieve
The more, by how much leſſe they can believe
This ſhould befall thee, who have known thee beſt.
For were it but to ſee a Maid diſtreſt
Of venerable count'nance, and that ſhow'd
So vertuous and ſo excellently good;
One that for heav'nly beauty merited
Temples and Sacrifices, to be led
Unto the Temple as a Sacrifice,
Who could behold it without melting eyes?
But he that ſhould conſider further, how,
And for what purpoſe thou wert born; That thou
Art Daughter unto *Titiro*, and ſhoud
Have married been unto *Montano*'s bloud,
(Two the moſt lov'd and honour'd ſhall I ſay
Shepherds, or Fathers of Arcadia?)
And that being ſuch, ſo great, ſo famous, and
So beautifull a Nymph, and that did ſtand

By nature ſo remote from thy death's brink,
Thou ſhouldſt be now condemn'd. He that doth think
On this and weeps not, wails not thy miſhap,
Is not a man, but wolf in humane ſhape.
Am. If my miſhap had come through mine own fault,
And the effect had been of an ill thought
As of a deed that ſeems ill, it had been
Leſſe grievous to mee to have death pay ſinne;
And very juſt it were I ſhould have ſpilt
My bloud to waſh my impure ſoul from guilt,
To quench Heav'ns wrath; and ſince man too bad wrong,
Pay what to human juſtice did belong:
So might I ſtill a crying conſcience,
And mortifi'd with a due inward ſenſe
Of deſerv'd death, render my ſelf more fit
To die, and through that purgatory get
Perchance to Paradiſe. But now in all
My pride of youth and fortune thus to fall,
Thus innocent, is a ſad caſe, a ſad—
Nicandro. *Nic.* Nymph, would to Heav'n men had
Sinn'd againſt thee, rather then thou 'gainſt Heav'n.
For ſatisfaction might be eaſier giv'n
To thee for thy wrong'd Fame, then unto it
For its wrong'd Deities. Nor know I yet
Who wrong'd thee but thy ſelf. Wert thou not caught
Alone with the adult'rer in a vault?
To *Silvio* precontracted wert not thou?
And ſo thy nuptiall faith haſt broken? How

Then

Then innocent? *Am.* For all this have not I
Tranſgreſt the Law: and innocently dye.
Nic. Not Natures law perchance, *Love where thou wilt.*
But that of Men and Heav'n, *Love without guilt.*
Am. Both men and Heav'n (if all our fortune be
Deriv'd from thence) tranſgreſt have againſt me.
For what but an ill deſtiny could bid
That I ſhould die for what another did?
Nic. What was that Nymph? bridle thy tongue (with high-
Flown grief tranſported ev'n to blaſphemie).
"The ils we ſuffer our own ſins pull down:
"Heav'n pardons many wrongs, but it doth none.
Am. I blame in Heaven onely my own ſtarre:
But one that hath deceiv'd me, more by farre.
Nic. Then blame thy ſelf, thy ſelf thou didſt deceive.
Am. I did when I a coz'ner did believe.
Nic. "They who deſire to be deceiv'd, are not.
Am. Doſt think me naught? *Nic.* Nay ask thy actions that.
Am. "Actions are oft falſe comments on our hearts.
Nic. "Yet thoſe we ſee, and not the inward parts.
Am. "The heart may be ſeen too with th' eys o'th' mind.
Nic. "Whithout the ſenſes help thoſe eyes are blind.
Am. "The ſenſes muſt ſubmit to reaſons ſway.
Nic. "Reaſon in point of fact muſt ſenſe obay.
Am. Well; I am ſure an honeſt heart I have.
Nic. Prethee who brought thee then into the cave?
Am. My folly and too much credulity.
Nic. Thou truſtedſt with a friend thy honeſty?

Am. I

Am. I truſted a friends honeſtie. *Nic.* Thy blood?
Was that the friend thou wouldſt have underſtood?
Am. *Ormino*'s Siſter, who betraid me thither.
Nic. "'Tis ſweet when Lovers are betraid together.
Am. *Mirtillo* enterd without my conſent.
Nic. How enter'dſt thou then? and for what intent?
Am. Let this ſuffice, 'twas not for him I came.
Nic. It cannot, if no other cauſe thou name.
Am. Examine him about my innocence.
Nic. Him? who hath been the cauſe of thy offence?
Am. Call her to witneſſe who betraid me hath.
Nic. Why ſhould we hear a witneſſe without faith?
Am. By chaſt *Diana*'s dreadfull name I ſwear.
Nic. Thou by thy deeds art perjur'd unto her.
Nymph, I am plain, I cannot flatter thee
Into a hope which in extremitie
Will leave thee more confounded; theſe are dreams:
"A troubled fountain cannot yeeld pure ſtreams,
"Nor a bad heart good words. And where the deed
"Is evident, Defence offence doth breed.
What doſt thou talk? thou ſhouldſt have guarded more
Then thy life now, thy chaſtitie before.
Why do'ſt thou cheat thy ſelf? *Am.* O miſerie!
Muſt I then dye, *Nicandro*? muſt I dye?
None left to hear? none to defend me left?
Of all abandon'd? of all hope bereft?
Onely of ſuch a mocking pity made
The wretched object as affords no aid?

Nic. Be

Nic. Be patient Nymph, and give me cauſe to tell,
Though thou didſt ill, yet that thou ſuffredſt well.
Look up to heav'n, ſince thence thou drawſt thy birth;
" All good or ill we meet with upon earth
" From thence as from a fountain doth diſtill.
" And as no good is here unmix'd with ill,
" So puniſhment, that's ill to fleſh and blood,
" As to th' accompt we muſt make there is good.
And if my words have cut thee, 'tis but like
A faithfull Surgeon, who a vein doth ſtrike,
Or thruſts his inſtrument into the wound
Where it is mortalleſt and moſt profound
(In being cruell, mercifull). Then be
Content with what is writ in Heav'n for thee.
Am. O 'tis a cruell ſentence, whether it
In heaven for me, or in earth be writ:
Yet writ in heav'n I'm certain it is not:
For there my innocence is known. But what
Doth that avail me, if that dye I muſt?
That's the ſtraight narrow paſſage! to be duſt,
Nicandro, that's the bitter cup! But oh!
By that compaſſion thou to me doſt ſhow,
Lead me not to the Temple yet: ſtay, ſtay.
Nic. " Who fears to dye, dyes ev'ry hour o'th' day.
Why hang'ſt thou back? and draw'ſt a painfull breath?
" Death hath no ill in't, but the fear of death.
" And he that dies when he hath heard his doom,
"Flyes from his death. *Am.* Perchance ſome help may come.
Father,

Father, dear father, doſt thou leave me too?
An onely daughters father, wilt thou do
Nothing to ſave me? Yet before I die
A parting kiſſe to me do not deny.
Two boſoms ſhall be pierced with one blow:
And from thy daughter's wound thy blood muſt flow.
O father! (once ſo ſweet and deer a name,
Which I was never wont t' invoke in vain)
Thy belov'd Daughter's *Wedding* callſt thou this?
To day a Bride; to day a Sacrifice.

Nic. Good Nymph no more: why doſt thou bootleſly
Stay thus tormenting both thy ſelf and mee?
The time calls on: I muſt convey thee hence,
Nor with my duty longer may diſpenſe.

Am. Deer woods adieu then, my deer woods adieu:
Receive theſe ſighs (my laſt ones) into you,
Till my cold ſhade, forc'd from her ſeat by dire
And unjuſt ſteel, to your lov'd ſhades retire.
(For ſink to hell it can't, being innocent;
Nor ſoar to heav'n, laden with diſcontent.)
Mirtillo, (O *Mirtillo!*) moſt accurſt
The day I ſaw, the day I pleas'd thee firſt!
Since I, whom thou above thy life didſt love,
Became thy life, that thou my death mightſt prove.
She dies condemn'd for kindneſſe now to thee,
Whom thou haſt ſtill condemn'd of cruelty,
I might have broke my faith as cheap: Ay me!
Now without fault, or fruit I dye, or Thee

My

My deer *Mirtill*— *Nic.* Alas! ſhe dies indeed.
(Poor wretch!). Come hither ſhepherds with all ſpeed,
Help me to hold her up. (O piteous caſe!)
She finiſh'd in *Mirtillo*'s name her Race.
(Unhappy maid!)— ſhe breathes yet, and I feel
Some ſignes of life pant in her boſome ſtill.
To the next fountain let us carry her;
Perchance cold water may recover there
Her fleeting ſpirits.— Stay, will not relief
Be cruelty to *her* who dies of grief,
To prevent dying by the Axe? How-e're,
Yet let not us our charitie forbear.
"Men ought to lend their aid in preſent woe:
"What is to come, none but the Gods foreknow.

Scena ſexta.

CHORUS *of* { *Huntſmen,* / *Shepherds,* } *with* SILVIO.

Ch. Hun. O *Glorious youth! true child of Hercules;*
That kilſt ſo ſoon ſuch monſtrous beaſts as theſe!

Ch. Sh. O glorious youth! by whom lies ſlain and queld
This Erimanthian Monſter, (living) held
Invincible! Behold the horrid head,
Which ſeems to breath death when it ſelf is dead!

This is the famous Trophie, noble Toile
Of him whom we our Demy-god do ſtile.
Extoll his great name (Shepherds) and this day
Keep ever ſolemn, ever holy day.

Cho. Huntſ. O glorious youth &c.

Ch.Sh. O glorious youth! that do'ſt deſpiſe thine own
For others ſafeties. "Vertue climbes her Throne
"By theſe ſteep ſtairs: and the high Gods have ſet
"Before her Palace gates labour and ſweat.
"He that would land at joy muſt wade through woes:
"Nor by unprofitable baſe repoſe
"Abhorring labour, but from gallant deeds
"And vertuous labour true repoſe proceeds.

Cho. Huntſ. O glorious youth, &c.

Ch.Sh. O glorious youth! by whom theſe Plains depriv'd
Of tillage, and of tillers long, retriv'd
Their fruitfull honours have. The plough-man now
Securely goes after the lazie plough,
Sowes his plump ſeed, and from earth's pregnant womb
Expects the wiſh'd fruits when the ſeaſon's come.
No more ſhall churliſh tusk, or churliſh foot
Trample them down, or tear them up by th' root.
Nor ſhall they proſper ſo as to ſuſtain
A beaſt, to be their own, and others bane.

Cho. Huntſ. O glorious youth! &c.

Cho. Shep. O glorious youth! as if preſaging thine,
The Have'n to day doth in full glory ſhine.
Such peradventure was that famous Boar

Alcides

Alcides ſlew, yet ſo thy act is more;
It being (*Silvio*) thy firſt labour, as
Of thy great Anceſtor the third it was.
But with wilde Beaſts thy infant valour playes,
To kill more monſters in thy riper dayes.

Cho. Huntſ. O glorious youth! &c.

Cho. Sh. O glorious youth! how well are joyn'd in thee
Valour and pietie! See *Cynthia*, ſee
Thy devout *Silvio*'s vow! behold with white
And crooked tusk, (as if in thy deſpight)
The proud head arm'd on this ſide and on that,
Seeming thy ſilver horns to emulate!
If then (O powerfull Goddeſſe) thou didſt guide
The young mans ſhaft, he is in juſtice tyde
To dedicate the Trophie unto thee
By whom he did obtain the victorie.

Cho. Huntſ. O glorious youth, true child of Hercules,
That kill'ſt ſo ſoon ſuch monſtrous beaſts as theſe!

Scena ſeptima.

CORIDON.

I Have forborn till now to credit what
The *Satyr* told me of *Coriſca* late,
Fearing it might be ſome malicious lye
Devis'd by him to ſhake my conſtancie.

For moſt improbable it ſeem'd, that ſhe
In the ſame place where ſhe expected me
(Unleſſe the meſſage which *Liſetta* brought
To me from her were falſe) ſhould ſtraight be caught
With an adulterer. And yet (the truth
To ſay) here's a ſhrewd token, and it doth
Perplex me much, to ſee the mouth o'th' den
Juſt in that manner he related then
Shut and damm'd up with ſuch a maſſie ſtone.
Ah falſe *Coriſca!* too well by mine own
Experience of thy ungracious deeds
I know thee now: ſtumbling ſo oft, thou needs
Muſt fall at laſt. So many frauds, ſo many
Lyes, and vow-breaches might have warned any
(Whom folly or affection did not blear)
That ſome ſuch fearfull tumbling caſt was neer.
'Twas well for me I tarried by the way;
A happy chance my father made me ſtay:
Though then I did ſuppoſe him fooliſhly
T' have been a tedious Remora. Had I
Come at *Liſetta's* hour, I might have ſeen
Something which poyſon to my eyes had been.
But what ſhall I do now? arm'd with diſdain,
Shall I revenge and miſchief entertain?
No: I have lov'd her, and this act doth crave
My pity, not my anger. Shall I have
Pity on one deceiv'd me? Mee! ſhe hath
Deceiv'd her ſelf, leaving a man of faith,

I

To

To give her ſelf a prey into the hand
Of an ignoble Swain, a ſtranger and
A vagabond, that will to morrow be
More wavering, more without faith then ſhe.
Shall I take pains then to revenge a wrong
That carryes with it the revenge along?
And quenches all my indignation ſo,
'Tis turn'd to pitie? She hath *ſcorn'd* me though:
Sh' has *honour'd* me: for ſhe who *thus* could chuſe,
Highly commends the man ſhe doth refuſe.
She ſcorn'd me, who the way did never know,
How ſhe ſhould love receive, or how beſtow.
Who lik'd at random ſtill, or had this curſe,
If two were offerd her, to take the worſe.
But tell me *Coridon*, how can it be,
If ſcorn of being ſcorned move not thee
To take revenge; but that to have been croſt
By ſuch a loſſe ſhould do't? I have not loſt
Her whom I never had: My ſelf I have
Regain'd, whom I unto another gave.
Nor can't a loſſe be termed to remain
Without a woman ſo unſure and vain.
In fine, What have I loſt? Beautie without
Vertue: A head with all the brains pickt out:
A breſt that hath no heart: A heart that hath
No ſoul in it: A ſoul that hath no faith.
A ſhade, a ghoſt, a carcaſſe of affection,
Which will to morrow turn to putrefaction.

Is this a loſſe? I will be bold to ſay't,
'Tis a great purchaſe and a fortunate.
Is there no woman in the world but ſhe?
Can *Coridon* want Nymphs as fair as ſhe,
And far more true? But ſhe may well want one
Will love her with ſuch faith as *Coridon*,
Whom ſhe deſerv'd not. Now if I ſhould do
That which the *Satyr* did adviſe me to,
Accuſing her of *vow-breach*, in my breath
I know it lies to have her put to death.
But I have not an heart ſo Aſpine, I,
That with the wind of womans levitie
It ſhould be mov'd. Too great a happineſſe
And honour 'twere to their perfidiouſneſſe,
If with the trouble of a manly breſt,
And breaking of the happy peace and reſt
Of an ingenuous ſoul, I were to be
Reveng'd upon *Coriſca* now. For me
Then let her live: or (to expreſſe it better)
By me not die, Live for my Rivall let her.
Her life's revenge for me ſufficient:
Live let her to diſhonour; to repent:
I know not how to envie him, or loath
Her; but with all my heart do pity both.

I

Scena octava.

SILVIO, ECCHO *within.*

O Goddeſſe of the ſlothfull, blind, and vain,
Who with ſoul hearts, Rites fooliſh and profane,
Altars and Temples hallow to thy name!

Temples? or Sanctuaries vile ſaid I?
To protect Lewdneſſe and impietie,
Under the robe of thy Divinity?

And thou baſe Goddeſſe: that thy wickedneſſe,
When others do as bad, may ſeem the leſſe,
Giv'ſt them the reins to all laſciviouſneſſe.

Rotter of ſoul and body, enemie
Of reaſon, plotter of ſweet theevery,
The little and great World's calamitie.

Reputed worthily the Ocean's daughter:
That treacherous monſter, which with even water
Firſt ſoothes, but ruffles into ſtorms ſoon after.

Such windes of ſighs, ſuch Cataracts of tears,
Such breaking waves of hopes, ſuch gulfs of fears,
Thou mak'ſt in men, ſuch rocks of cold deſpairs.

Tides

Tydes of deſire ſo head-ſtrong, as would move
The world to change thy name, when thou ſhalt prove
Mother of Rage and Tempeſts, not of Love.

Behold what ſorrow now and diſcontent
On a poor pair of Lovers thou haſt ſent!
Go thou, that vaunt'ſt thy ſelf Omnipotent,

Go faithleſſe Goddeſſe, ſave that Nymph whom thou
Haſt poyſon'd with thy ſweets (if thou knowſt how)
From her ſwift deaths purſuing footſteps now.

O what a happy day was that for me,
When my chaſte ſoul I did devote to thee
Cynthia, my great and onely Deitie!

True Goddeſſe! unto whoſe particular ſhrine
The faireſt ſouls in all the Earth incline,
As thou in Heav'n do'ſt all the Starrs out-ſhine.

How much more laudable and free from pain
The ſports are which thy ſervants entertain,
Then thoſe of faithleſſe *Ericina*'s train!

Wilde Boars are killed by thy Worſhippers:
By wilde Boars miſerably kild are hers.
O Bow, my ſtrength and joy! My conquerers

My Arrows! Let that bug-bear Love come trie
And match with you his ſoft Artillerie.

They

They whom you wound do in good earneſt die.

But too much honour hence to thee would come,
Vile and unwarlike Boy, to chaſtiſe whom
(I ſpeak't aloud) a rod's enough. *Enough.*
What art thou that reply'ſt? Eccho? or Love?
That ſo doth imitate the ſame? *The ſame.*
Moſt wiſh'd! but tell me true; Art thou hee? *Hee.*
The ſon of her that for *Adonis* once
So miſerably pin'd away? *Away.*
Well: of that Goddeſſe who was found in bed
With *Mars*, when the ſtars ſhot to ſee her ſhame,
And the chaſt Moon bluſh'd at her folly? *O ly!*
What madneſſe 'tis to whiſtle to the winde!
Come (if thou dareſt) to the wide air, *I dare.*
And I defie thee. But art thou her ſon
Legitimate, or elſe a by-blow? *I glow.*
O! the Smith's ſon that's call'd a God. *A God.*
Of what? the follies of the world? *The world.*
The Bawd thou art. Art thou that terrible Boy
That tak'ſt ſuch ſharp revenge upon thoſe wights
Who thy abſurd commands digeſt not? *Jeſt not.*
What puniſhments doſt thou inflict on thoſe
Who in rebellion perſevere? *Severe.*
And how ſhall I be puniſh'd, whoſe hard heart
Hath alwayes been at odds with Love? *With Love.*
When (Sot), if my chaſte breſt be to thoſe flames
More oppoſite then night to day? *To day.*

So quickly shall I be in that streight? *Streight.*
What's she can bring me to adoring? *Dorin.*
Dorinda, is it not, my little childe,
Thou wouldst say in thy lithping gibberish? *Ish.*
Shee whom I hate more then the Lamb the Wolf?
And who to this shall force my will? *I will.*
And how? and with what Arms? and with what bow?
Shall it be happily with thine? *With thine.*
Thou mean'st perchance, when by thy wantonnesse
It is unbent, and the nerve broken? *Broken.*
Shall my own bow, after 'tis broken too,
Make war on me? and who shall break't? thou? *Thou.*
'Tis plain now thou art drunk: go sleep. But say,
Where shall these miracles be wrought? here? *Here.*
O fool! and I am going now from hence.
See if thou hast not prov'd thy self to day
A prophet with the wine inspir'd. *Inspir'd.*
But stay, I see (unlesse I much mistake)
A greyish thing at couch in yonder Brake:
'Tis like a Wolf, and certainly 'tis one.
O what a huge one 'tis! how over-grown!
O day of prey to me! What favours are
These, courteous goddesse? in one day a pair
Of such wilde beasts to triumph ore? But why
Do I delay this work, my Deity?
The swiftest and the keenest shaft that is
In all my Quiver (let me see,— 'tis this)
I do select: to thee I recommend it

(O

(O Archereſſe eternall) do thou ſend it
By Fortunes hand, and by thy pow'r divine
Guide it into the beaſt. His skin is thine.
And in thy name I ſhoot. O lucky hit!
Juſt where the eye and hand deſigned it.
Would now I had my javelin here, to make
An end of him at once, before he take
The wood for ſhelter: but the place ſhall yeeld
Me weapons. Not a ſtone in all the field?
But why do I ſeek weapons, having theſe?
This ſecond arrow layes him at his eaſe.
Alas! what do I ſee? what haſt thou done,
Unhappy *Silvio?* what haſt thou run
Thy ſelf into? Thou haſt a ſhepherd ſlain
In a wolfe's skin. O action to remain
For ever overwhelm'd with grief! to lie
Under ſalt water everlaſtingly!
The wretch too I ſhould know, and he that ſo
Doth lead and prop him up is *Linco.* O
Vile *arrow!* viler *vow!* but vileſt *Thou*
That didſt direct that arrow, hear that vow!
I guilty of anothers blood? I kill
Another? I that was ſo free to ſpill
My blood for others, and my life to give?
Throw down thy weapons, and inglorious live,
Shooter of men, hunter of men. But lo
The wretched Swain! then thee leſſe wretched though,

Scena nona.

LINCO, SILVIO, DORINDA.

Lin. LEan, daughter, on my arm with all thy weight,
(Wretched *Dorinda*) do. *Sil. Dorinda*'s that?
I'm a dead man. *Dor.* O *Linco, Linco!* O
My second Father! *Sil.* 'Tis *Dorinda*'s woe,
Woe on thee *Silvio!* *Dor. Linco*, thou wert sure
Ordein'd by Fate to be a stay to poor
Dorinda. Thou receivedst my first cry
When I was born: Thou wilt, now I'm to dye,
My lateſt groan: and theſe thy arms which were
My cradle then, ſhall now become my biere.
Lin. Ah daughter! (or more deer then if thou wert
My daughter) ſpeak now to thee for my heart
I can't, grief melts each word into a tear.
Dor. Not ſo faſt *Linco*, if thou lov'ſt me: deer
Linco, nor go, nor weep ſo faſt; one rakes
My wound too bad, t'other a new wound makes.
Sil. (Poor Nymph! how ill have I repaid thy love!)
Lin. Be of good comfort daughter, this will prove
No mortall wound. *Dor.* It may be ſo; but I
That am a Mortall, of this wound ſhall die.
Would I knew yet who hurt me! *Lin.* Get thee ſound,
And let that paſſe: "Revenge ne're cur'd a wound.

Sil.

Sil. (Why doſt thou ſtay? what mak'ſt thou in this place?
Wouldſt thou be ſeen by her? Haſt thou the face?
Haſt thou the heart t'indure it? *Silvio*, flee
From the ſharp dart of her revenging eye:
Fly from her tongues juſt ſword. I cannot go
From hence: and what it is I do not know,
But ſomething holds me, and would make me run
To her whom I of all the world did ſhun.)

Dor. Muſt I then die and not my Murtherer know?

Lin. 'Twas *Silvio*. *Dor.* How doſt know 'twas *Silvio*?

Lin. I know his ſhaft. *Dor.* Then welcom death, if I
Shall owe thee to ſo ſweet an enemy!

Lin. Look where he ſtands! we need demand no further,
His poſture and his face confeſſe the murther
Alone. Now Heav'n be praiſed *Silvio*,
Thy all-deſtroying Arrowes and thy Bow
Th' haſt pli'd ſo well about theſe woods, that now
Th' art gone out thy Artſ-maſter. Tell me, thou
That *doſt like* Silvio, *not like* Linco, who
Made this brave ſhoot, *Linco* or *Silvio*?
This 'tis for boyes to be ſo overwiſe:
Would thou hadſt taken this old fools advice!
Anſwer, thou wretch: What lingring miſerie,
What horrour ſhalt thou live in if ſhe die?
I know thou't ſay, thou err'dſt, and thought'ſt to ſtrike
A Wolfe: as if 'twere nothing (ſchool-boy like)
To ſhoot at all adventures, and not ſee,
Nor care, whether a man or beaſt it be.

What

What Goat-herd, or what plough-man doth not go
Clad in ſuch skins? O *Silvio*, *Silvio!*
"Soon ripe, ſoon rotten. If thou think (fond childe)
This *chance* by chance befell thee, th' art beguild.
"Theſe monſtrous things without Divine decree
"Hap not to men. Doſt thou not plainly ſee
How this thy unſupportable diſdain
Of Love, the world, and all that is humane
Diſpleaſes Heav'n? "High Gods cannot abide
"A Rivall upon earth: and hate ſuch pride,
"Although in vertue. Now th'art mute, that wert
Before this hap unſufferably pert.
Dor. Silvio, give *Linco* leave to talk: for hee
Knows not what pow'r Love gave thee over me
Of life and death. If thou hadſt ſtrook my heart,
Th' hadſt ſtrook what's thine (mark proper for thy dart.)
Thoſe hands to wound mee thy fair eyes have taught.
See *Silvio* her thou hat'ſt ſo! ſee her brought
To that extremity where thou wouldſt ſee her!
Thou ſought'ſt to wound her, ſee her wounded here!
To prey upon her, loe ſhe is thy prey!
Thou ſought'ſt her death, and loe ſhe's dying! Say,
Wouldſt thou ought elſe of her? What further joy
Can poor *Dorinda* yeeld thee? Cruell Boy!
And void of Bowels! thou wouldſt ne're believe
That wound which from thy eyes I did receive:
This which thy hands have giv'n canſt thou deny?
Thoſe cryſtall ſhowrs which iſſued from my eye,

Thou

Thou couldſt not be perſwaded were my blood:
What doſt thou think now of this crimſon flood
Which my ſide weeps? But (if orewhelm'd with ſcorn
That bravery be not wherewith thou wert born)
Deny me not (though cruell ſoul, yet brave)
Deny me not ('tis all the boon I crave)
When I ſhall ſigh into thee my laſt breath,
One ſigh of thine. O happy, happy death!
If thou vouchſafe to ſweeten it with theſe
Kind words and pious; *Soul depart in peace.*
Sil. Dorinda, my *Dorinda*, ſhall I ſay
(Alas!) when I muſt loſe thee the ſame day
Th'art mine? now mine, when death to thee I give,
That wert not mine when I could make thee live?
Yes mine I'le call thee: and thou mine ſhalt be
In ſpight of my oppoſing deſtinie.
For if thy death our meeting ſouls disjoyn,
My death ſhall reunite us. All that's mine
Haſte to revenge her: I have murder'd thee
With theſe curs'd arrows; with them murder me.
I have been cruell unto thee; and I
Deſire from thee nothing but crueltie.
I ſcorn'd thee in my pride; look! with my knee
(Low louting to the earth) I worſhip thee,
And pardon of thee, but not life demand.
Take Shafts and Bow: But do not ſtrike my hand
Or eye (bad miniſters, 'tis true, yet ſtill)
But miniſters of an unguilty will:

Strike

Strike me this breſt, this monſter hence remove,
Sworn enemy of Pity, and of Love.
Strike me this heart, to thee ſo cruell. Loe,
My bared breſt! *Dor.* I ſtrike it, *Silvio?*
I ſtrike that breſt? ſure if thou didſt not mock,
Thou wouldſt not ſhew't mee naked. O white rock!
Already by the windes and briny main
Of my rough ſighs and tears oft ſtrook in vain!
But doſt thou breath? nor art to pity barr'd?
Art thou a tender breſt, or marble hard?
I would not idolize fair Alablaſter,
(Led by the humane likeneſſe) as thy Maſter
And mine, when on the outſide he did look,
A harmleſſe woman for a beaſt miſtook.
I ſtrike thee? ſtrike thee Love. Nor can I wiſh
For my revenge a greater plague then this.
Yet muſt I bleſſe the day that I took fire,
My tears and martyrdome. All I deſire
Is that thou praiſe my faith, my zeale, but no
Revenging me. But courteous *Silvio*,
(That to thy ſervant kneel'ſt) why this to me?
Or if *Dorinda* muſt thy Miſtreſſe be,
Obey her then; the firſt command I give,
Is that thou riſe; the ſecond, that thou live.
Heav'ns Will be done with me: I ſhall ſurvive
In thee, and cannot dye, whileſt thou'rt alive.
But if thou think'ſt unjuſt I ſhould be found
Without all ſatisfaction for my wound,

Be that, which did it, puniſh'd. 'Twas that Bow:
Let that be broke; I'm well revenged ſo.
Lin. (A very heavie doom). *Sil.* Come then thou mad,
Thou bloody actor of a deed ſo ſad:
That thou maiſt ne're break thred of life again,
Thus do I break thee and thy thred in twain,
And ſend thee a uſeleſſe trunk back to the wood.
Nor you (ill ſanguin'd with an innocents blood!)
Which my deer Miſtreſſe ſide ſo rudely rent,
(Brothers in ill) ſhall ſcape your puniſhment.
Not ſhafts, nor flights, but ſticks, ſince yee ſhall want
Thoſe wings and heads which garniſht you: Avant
Plum'd and diſarmed Arms. How well, O Love,
Didſt thou foretell me this from yonder grove
In a prophetick Eccho! O thou high
Conqu'rour of Gods and men, once enemy,
Now lord of all my thoughts! if 'tis thy glory
To tame a heart that's proud and refractory,
Divert Death's impious ſhaft, which with one blow
Slaying *Dorinda*, will ſlay *Silvio*
(Now thine): ſo cruell death, if it remove
Her hence, will triumph or'e triumphant Love.
Lin. Now both are wounded: but the one in vain,
Unleſſe the other's wound be heal'd again.
About it then. *Dor.* Ah *Linco!* do not (pray)
Carry me home diſguis'd in this array.
Sil. Why ſhould *Dorinda* go to any houſe
But *Silvio*'s? ſurely ſhe ſhall be my Spouſe

'Ere it be night, either alive, or dead.
And *Silvio* in life or death will wed
Dorinda. *Lin.* Now ſhe may become thy Wife,
Since *Amarillis* is to *marriage*, *life*,
And *vertue* loſt. Bleſt pair! Ye Gods (that doe
Wonders) with one cure now give life to two.
Dor. O *Silvio!* I ſhall faint, my wounded thigh
Feebly ſupporting me. *Sil.* Good remedy
For that! take heart: th'art mine and *Linco*'s care,
And I and *Linco* thy two crutches are.
Linco, thy hand. *Lin.* There 'tis. *Sil.* Hold faſt: a chair
Let's make for her of our two arms. Reſt here
Dorinda, ſuffring thy right hand t' imbrace
The neck of *Linco*, thy left mine: Now place
Thy body tenderly, that the hurt part
May not be ſtrain'd. *Dor.* O cruell pricking dart!
Sil. Sit at more eaſe, my Love. *Dor.* It is well now.
Sil. Deer *Linco* do not ſtagger. *Lin.* Nor do thou
Swag with thine arme, but ſteddy go and wary;
It will concern thee. Ah! we do not carry
A Boars head now in triumph. *Sil.* Say, my Deer,
How is it now? *Dor.* In pain; but leaning here
(My Heart) to be in pain, is pleas'd to be;
To languiſh, health; to die, eternity.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

FAir golden Age! when milk was th' onely food,
And cradle of the infant-world the wood
(Rock'd by the windes); and th' untoucht flocks did bear
Their deer young for themſelves! None yet did fear
The ſword or poyſon: no black thoughts begun
T' eclipſe the light of the eternall Sun:
Nor wandring Pines unto a forreign ſhore
Or War, or Riches, (a worſe miſchief) bore.
That pompous ſound, Idoll of vanity,
Made up of Title, Pride, and Flattery,
Which they call Honour whom Ambition blindes,
Was not as yet the Tyrant of our mindes.
But to buy reall goods with honeſt toil
Amongſt the woods and flocks, to uſe no guile,
Was honour to thoſe ſober ſouls that knew
No happineſſe but what from vertue grew.
Then ſports and carols amongſt Brooks and Plains
Kindled a lawfull flame in Nymphs and Swains.
Their hearts and Tongues concurr'd, the kiſſe and joy
Which were moſt ſweet, and yet which leaſt did cloy
Hymen *beſtow'd on them. To one alone*
The lively Roſes of delight were blown;
The theeviſh Lover found them ſhut on triall,
And fenc'd with prickles of a ſharp denyall.

Were it in Cave or Wood, or purling Spring,
Husband and Lover ſignifi'd one thing.
Baſe preſent age, which doſt with thy impure
Delights the beauty of the ſoul obſcure:
Teaching to nurſe a Dropſie in the veins:
Bridling the look, but giv'ſt deſire the reins.
Thus, like a net that ſpread and cover'd lies
With leaves and tempting flowrs, thou doſt diſguiſe
With coy and holy arts a wanton heart;
" *Mak'ſt life* a Stage-play, *vertue but* a part:
" *Nor think'ſt it any fault Love's ſweets to ſteal,*
" *So from the world thou canſt the theft conceal.*
But thou that art the King of Kings, create
In us true honour: Vertue's all the ſtate
Great ſouls ſhould keep. Unto theſe cels return
Which were thy Court, but now thy abſence mourn:
From their dead ſleep with thy ſharp goad awake
Them who, to follow their baſe wils, forſake
Thee, and the glory of the ancient world.
" *Let's hope: our ills have truce till we are hurld*
" *From that: Let's hope; the ſun that's ſet may riſe,*
" *And with new light ſalute our longing eyes.*

Actus Quintus.

Scena Prima.

URANIO, CARINO.

Ur. "ALl places are our Country where w'are well:
"Which to the wiſe is whereſoe're they dwel.
Car. It is moſt true *Uranio:* and no man
By proof can ſay it better then I can:
Who leaving long ago my Fathers houſe,
(Being very young, and then ambitious
Of ſomething more then holding of the plough,
Or keeping ſheep) travell'd abroad: and now
To the ſame point where I began, return,
When my gilt locks are to the ſilver worn.
"Yet a ſweet thing (it needs muſt be confeſt)
"To any that hath ſenſe, is his firſt neſt.
"For Nature gave to all men at their birth
"Something of ſecret love unto that Earth
"Where they were born, which never old doth grow
"In us, but follows whereſoe're we go.

"The

" The Loadſtone which the wary Mariner
" Doth as Directer of his travels bear
" Now to the riſing Sun, now to his ſet,
" Doth never loſe that hidden vertue yet,
" Which makes it to the North retort its look:
" So he that hath his native ſoil forſook,
" Though he may wander far, much compaſſe take,
" I, and his neſt in forraign Countries make;
" Yet that ſame naturall love doth ſtill retain
" Which makes him wiſh his native ſoil again.
O fair Arcadia! the ſweeteſt part
Of all the world (at leaſt to me thou art)
Which my feet trod on, but my thoughts adore!
Had I been landed blindfold on thy ſhore,
Yet then I ſhould have known thee, ſuch a floud
Of ſudden joy runs races with my bloud:
Such a Magnetick powerfull ſympathie,
And unaccuſtom'd tenderneſſe feel I.
Thou then, that my companion haſt been
In travels and in ſorrowes, ſhalt be in
At my joyes too: 'tis reaſon thou ſhouldſt go
My half in happineſſe, as well as woe.

Vra. Companion of thy travels I have been,
Not of the fruit thereof; for thou art in
Thy native ſoil, where thou repoſe maiſt find
For thy tir'd body, and more tired mind:
But I that am a ſtranger, and am come
So many leagues from my poor houſe, and from

My

My poorer and diſtreſſed Family,
Trailing my wearied lims along with thee,
For my afflicted body well may find
Repoſe, but not for my afflicted mind:
Thinking what pledges do behinde remain,
And how much rugged way I muſt again
Tread over e're I reſt. Nor do I know
Who elſe could have prevail'd with me to go
From *Elis* in my gray unweildy age
(Not knowing why) ſo long a pilgrimage.
Car. Thou knowſt, my ſweet *Mirtillo* (who was giv'n
As a ſon to me by propitious Heav'n)
Some two months ſince came hither to be well
(By my advice, or of the Oracle,
To ſpeak more true, which ſaid, *Th' Arcadian air*
Was th' only means that could his health repair.)
Now I, that find it an exceeding pain
Without ſo deer a pledge long to remain,
Conſulting the ſame Oracle, enquir'd
When he'ld return whom I ſo much deſir'd.
The Anſwer was the ſame I tell thee now;
Unto thy ancient Country return thou;
Where with thy ſweet Mirtillo *thou ſhalt be*
Happy; for in that place (by Heaven) hee
Is mark'd out for great things: But till thou come
Into Arcadia, touching this be dumb.
Thou then, my faithfulleſt Companion,
My lov'd *Uranio*, who haſt ever gone

A ſhare in all my fortunes hitherto,
Repoſe thy body, and thou ſhalt have too
Cauſe to repoſe thy minde: 'twixt me and thee
(If Heav'n perform what it hath promis'd me)
All ſhall be common: no ſucceſſe can glad
Carino, if he ſee *Uranio* ſad.

Ur. My deer *Carino*, what I do for thee,
Rewards it ſelf, if it accepted be.
But what at firſt could make thee to forgo
Thy native Country, if thou lov'ſt it ſo?

Car. A love to Poetry, and to the lowd
Muſick of Fame reſounding in a crowd.
For I my ſelf (greedy of forraigne praiſe)
Diſdain'd Arcadia onely ſhould my Layes
Hear and applaud: as if my native Soile
Were narrow limits to my growing Style.
I went to *Elis*, and to *Piſa* then,
(Famous themſelves, and giving fame to men)
There ſaw I that lov'd *Egon*, firſt with Bayes,
With Purple then, with Vertue deckt alwayes:
That he on earth *Apollo's* ſelf did ſeem:
Therefore my heart and Harp I unto him
Did conſecrate, devoted to his name.
And in his houſe (which was the houſe of Fame)
I ſhould have ſet up my perpetuall reſt,
There to admire and imitate the beſt,
If as Heav'n made me happy here below,
So it had gi'n me too the grace to know

And

And keep my happineſſe. How I forſook
Elis and *Piſa* after, and betook
My ſelfe to *Argos* and *Mitene*, where
An earthly god I worſhipt, with what there
I ſufferd in that hard captivity,
Would be too long for thee to hear, for me
Too ſad to utter. Onely thus much know,
I loſt my labour, and in ſand did ſow:
I writ, wept, ſung, hot and cold fits I had,
I rid, I ſtood, I bore, now ſad, now glad,
Now high, now low, now in eſteem, now ſcorn'd;
And as the Delphick iron, which is turnd
Now to Heroick, now Mechanick uſe,
I fear'd no danger, did no pains refuſe,
Was all things, and was nothing; chang'd my hair,
Condition, cuſtome, thoughts, and life, but ne're
Could change my fortune. Then I knew at laſt
And panted after my ſweet freedome paſt.
So flying ſmoaky *Argos*, and the great
Storms that attend on greatneſſe, my retreat
I made to *Piſa* (my thoughts quiet port)
Where (praiſe be giv'n to the Eternall for't)
Upon my deer *Mirtillo* I did light,
Which all paſt ſorrowes fully did requite.

Vra. "A thouſand thouſand times that man is bleſt
"Can clip the wings of his aſpiring breſt!
"Nor for the ſhadow of great happineſſe
"Doth throw away the ſubſtance of the leſſe!

Car. But who'd have dreamt midſt plenty to grow poor?
Or to be leſſe by toiling to be more?
I thought by how much more in Princes Courts
Men did excell in Titles and Supports,
So much the more obliging they would be
(The beſt enamell of Nobility).
But now the contrary by proof I've ſeen:
Courtiers in name, and *Courteous* in their meen
They are; but in their actions I could ſpie
Not the leaſt ſpark or drachm of *Courteſie*.
People in ſhew ſmooth as the calmed waves:
Yet cruell as the Ocean when it raves.
Men in appearance onely I did finde,
Love in the face, but malice in the minde:
With a ſtreight look a ſquinting heart; and leaſt
Fidelity where greateſt was profeſt.
That which elſewhere is vertue, is vice there:
Plain troth, ſquare dealing, love unfeign'd, ſincere
Compaſſion, faith inviolable, and
An innocence both of the heart and hand,
They count the folly of a ſoul that's vile
And poor, a vanity worthy their ſmile.
To cheat, to lie, deceit and theft to uſe,
And under ſhew of pity to abuſe,
To riſe upon the ruines of their Brothers,
And ſeek their own by robbing praiſe from others,
The vertues are of that perfidious race.
No worth, no valour, no reſpect of place,

Of Age, or Law, bridle of modestie,
No tie of love, or blood, nor memorie
Of good receiv'd; no thing's so venerable,
Sacred or just, that is inviolable
By that vast thirst of Riches, and desire
Unquenchable of still ascending higher.
Now I (not fearing, since I meant not ill,
And in Court-craft not having any skill,
Wearing my thoughts caracterd in my brow,
And a glasse-window in my breast) judge thou
How open and how fair a mark my heart
Lay to their Envie's unsuspected dart.
Ura. "Who now can boast of earth's felicity,
"When Envie treads on vertues heels? *Car.* O my
Uranio, If since my Muse and I
From *Elis* past to *Argos*, I had found
Such cause to sing, as I had ample ground
To weep, perchance in such a lofty key
I'd sung my *Master's* glorious Arms, that hee
Should have no cause, for the felicity
Of his Meonian trumpet to envie
Achilles: and my Country (which doth bring
Such hapless Poets forth as Swan-like sing
Their own sad fates) should by my means have now
A second Lawrell to impale her brow.
But in this age (inhumane age the while!)
The art of Poetry is made too vile.
"Swans must have pleasant nests, high feeding, fair

"Weather to sing: and with a load of care
"Men cannot climb Parnassus cliffe: for he
"Who is still wrangling with his Destinie
"And his malignant fortune, becomes hoarse,
"And loses both his singing and discourse.
— But now 'tis time to seek *Mirtillo* out:
Although I find the places hereabout
So chang'd and alter'd from their ancient wont,
I for Arcadia in Arcadia hunt.
But come *Uranio* gladly for all this;
A traveller with language cannot misse
His way: Or, since th'art weary, thou wert best
To stay at the next Inne to take some rest.

Scena secunda.

TITIRO, *Messenger.*

Tit. WHich first, my Daughter, shall I mourn in thee,
Thy losse of Life, or of thy Chastitie?
I'le mourn thy Chastitie: for thou wert born
Of mortall parents, but not bad. I'le mourn
Not thy life lost, but mine preserv'd, to see
Thy losse of Life, and of thy Chastitie.
Thou with thy Oracles mysterious cloud
(Wrongly conceiv'd *Mortare*,) and thy proud

Despiser

Deſpiſer both of love, and of my Daughter,
Unto this miſerable end haſt brought her.
Ay me! how much more certain at this time
My Oracles have ſhew'd themſelves then thine!
" For honeſty in a young heart doth prove
" But a weak ſconce againſt aſſaulting love.
" And 'tis moſt true, a woman that's alone,
" Hath a moſt dangerous companion.
Meſſ. Were he not under ground, or flown through th'air,
I ſhould have found him ſure. But ſoft, he 's there
(I think) where leaſt I thought. Th'art met by me
Too late, old Father, but too ſoon for thee:
I've news. *Tit.* What bringſt thou in thy mouth? the knife
That hath bereft my Daughter of her life?
Meſſ. Not that; yet little leſſe. But how I pray
Got'ſt thou this news ſo ſoon another way?
Tit. Doth ſhe then live? *Meſſ.* She lives, and in her choice
It is to Live or Die. *Tit.* Bleſt be that voice!
Why is ſhe then not ſafe, if ſhe may give
Her *no* to death? *Meſſ.* Becauſe ſhe will not live.
Tit. Will not? what madneſſe makes her *life* deſpiſe?
Meſſ. Another's death. And (if that thy advice
Remove her not) ſhe is thereon ſo bent
That all the world cannot her death prevent.
Tit. Why ſtand we talking here then? Let us go.
Meſſ. Stay: yet the Temple's ſhut. Doſt thou not know
That none but holy feet on holy earth
May tread, till from the veſtry they bring forth

The

The destin'd Sacrifice in all it's trim?
Tit. But before that-- *Mess.* She's watch't. *Tit.* I'th' interim
Relate then all that's past, and to me show
The truth unveil'd. *Mess.* Thy wretched Daughter (Oh
Sad spectacle!) being brought before the Priest,
Did not alone from the beholders wrest
Salt tears; but (trust me) made the marble melt,
And the hard flint the dint of pity felt.
Shee was accus'd, convict, and sentence past
All in a trice. *Tit.* (Poor girl!) and why such haste?
Mess. Because the evidence was cleer as day:
Besides, a certain Nymph (who she did say
Could witnesse she was guiltlesse) was not there,
Nor could by any search be brought t' appear.
Then the dire Omens of some threatned ill
And horrid visions which the Temple fill
Brook no delay, to us more frightfull farre,
By how much more unusuall they are,
Nor ever seen, since the vext Pow'rs above
Reveng'd the wrong of scorn'd *Aminta*'s Love.
(Who was their Priest whence all our woes had birth)
The Goddesse sweats cold drops of blood, the Earth
Is Palsey-shook; the sacred Cavern howls
With such unwonted sounds as tortur'd souls
Send out of graves, and belches up a smell
From its fowl jawes, scarce to be match'd in hell.
His sad Procession now the Priest began
To lead t' a bloody death thy Daughter, whan

Mirtillo

Mirtillo ſeeing her, (behold a ſtrange
Proof of Affection!) profferd to exchange
His life for hers; crying aloud, Her hands
Untie (Ah how unworthy of ſuch bands!)
And in her ſtead (who is deſign'd to be
A Sacrifice to *Dian*) offer me
A ſacrifice to *Amarillis*. *Tit.* There
Spake a true Lover, and above baſe fear!
Meſſ. The wonder follows: ſhe that was afraid
Before of dying, on the ſudden made
Now valiant by *Mirtillo*'s words, reply'd,
Thus, with a heart at death unterrifi'd,
But doſt thou think (*Mirtillo*) then to give
Life by thy death to her, who in thee doth live?
It cannot, muſt not be: Come Prieſts, away
With me to th' Altar now without delay.
Ah! (cry'd the Swain) ſuch love I did not lack:
Back cruell *Amarillis*, O come back:
Now thou art more unkind then e're thou wert:
'Tis I ſhould die. Quoth ſhe, thou act'ſt my part.
And here between them grew ſo fierce a ſtrife,
As if that life were death, and death were life.
O noble ſouls! O Pair eternally
To be renown'd, whether ye live or die!
O glorious Lovers! if I had tongues more
Then Heaven hath eyes, or ſands are on the ſhore,
Their voices would be drowned in the main-
Sea of your endleſſe Praiſes. Glorious Dame,

Daughter

Daughter of *Jove* (eternall as thy Father)
That Mortals deeds immortalliz'ſt, gather
Thou the fair ſtory, and in diamond pages
With golden letters write to after ages
The bravery of both Lovers. *Tit.* But who wan
The conqueſt in that ſtrife of death? *Meſſ.* The Man.
Strange warre! which to the victor death did give,
And where the vanquiſh't was condemn'd to live.
For thus unto thy daughter ſpake the Prieſt;
Nymph, let's alone, and ſet thy heart at reſt;
Chang'd for another none can be again,
Who for another in exchange was ta'ne.
This is our Law. Then a ſtrict charge he gave,
Upon the Maid ſuch carefull watch to have,
As that ſhe might not lay a violent hand
Upon her ſelf through ſorrow. Thus did ſtand
The ſtate of matters, when in ſearch of thee
Montano ſent me. *Tit.* 'Tis moſt true I ſee,
"Well-water'd Meads may be without ſweet flowers
"In Spring; without their verdant honour Bowers;
"And without chirping birds a pleaſant Grove;
"'Ere a fair maid and young without her Love.
But if we loiter here, how ſhall we know
The hour when to the Temple we ſhould go?
Meſſ. Here better then elſewhere: For here it is
The honeſt Swain muſt be a ſacrifice.
Tit. And why not in the Temple? *Meſſ.* Becauſe in
The place 'twas done our law doth punish ſin.

Tit.

Tit. Then why not in the cave? The ſin was there.
Meſſ. Becauſe it muſt be in the open air.
Tit. By whom haſt thou theſe myſteries been told?
Meſſ. By the chief Miniſter, and hee by old
Tirenio; who the falſe *Lucrina* knew
So ſacrificed, and *Aminta* true.
But now 'tis time to go indeed; for ſee,
The ſacred pomp deſcends the hill! yet wee
May for thy daughter to the Temple go
Before they come: "Devotion marches ſlow.

Scena tertia.

Chorus of Shepherds, *Chorus of Prieſts*,
MONTANO, MIRTILLO.

Cho.Sh. *SOl's ſiſter, Daughter of great Jupiter,*
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!

Ch.Pr. Thou whoſe life-giving, and more temp'rate Ray
Thy Brother's burning fury doth allay;
Whence bounteous Nature here produces after
All her bleſt off-ſprings, and Air, Earth, and Water
Enriches and augments with Vegetals,
With Creatures ſenſitive, with Rationals.
Ah, pity thy Arcadia, and that rage
Thou doſt in *others*, in thy ſelf aſſwage!

Ch.Sh. Sol's Siſter, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!

Mont. Now ſacred Miniſters the Altars dreſſe:
You likewiſe Swains, that ſhew your ſelves no leſſe
Devout then they, your voyces all unite,
And once again invoke the Queen of Night.

Ch.Sh. Sol's Siſter, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!

Mont. Now ſhepherds and my ſervants all,
Withdraw your ſelves, and come not till I call.
Valiant young man (who to beſtow upon
Another, *life*, abandoneſt thine owne)
Die with this comfort: For a puffe of breath
(Which by the abject ſpirit is call'd death)
Thou buy'ſt Eternity: and when the tooth
Of envious Time (conſuming the world's youth)
Millions of leſſer names devoured hath,
Then thou ſhalt live the pattern of true faith.
But for the Law commands that thou ſhouldſt die
A ſilent Sacrifice, before thou ply
Thy knee to earth, if thou wouldſt ought deliver,
Speak; and hereafter hold thy peace for ever.

Mir. Father, (for though thou kill me, yet I muſt
Give thee that name) My body to the duſt,
Whereof 'twas made and kneaded up, I give;
My Soule to her in whom alone I live.

But

But if ſhe die, (as ſhe hath vow'd) of me
What part (alas!) will then ſurviving be?
How ſweet will death be unto me, if I
In mine owne perſon, not in hers, may die!
And if he merit pity at his death
Who for meer pity now reſignes his breath,
Take care (deer Father) of her life, that I
Wing'd with that hope, t'a better life may fly.
Let my Fate reſt at my deſtruction,
Stop at my ruine; but when I am gone,
Let my divorced ſoul in her ſurvive,
Although from her I was divorc'd alive.

Mont. (Scarcely can I refrain from weeping now:
O our mortality how frail art thou!)
Son be of comfort, for I promiſe thee
I will perform all thou deſir'ſt of me:
Here's my hand on't, and ſolemnly I ſwear,
Ev'n by this Miter'd head. *Mir.* Then vaniſh fear.
And now for the moſt faithfull ſoul make room,
For (*Amarillis*) unto thee I come.
With the ſweet name of *Amarillis* I
Cloſe up my mouth, and ſilent kneel to die.

Mont. Now ſacred Miniſters, the Rites begin;
With liquid odoriferous Gumms keep in
The flame, and ſtrowing frankincenſe and mirrhe,
Whole clouds of perfume to the Gods preferre.

Cho. Sh. Sol's Sifter, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!

Scena quarta.

CARINO, MONTANO, NICANDRO, MIRTILLO, *Chorus of Shepherds.*

Car. DId ever man ſo many houſes view,
And the inhabitants thereof ſo few?
But ſee the cauſe! If I miſtake me not,
They're gotten all together here: O what
A troop! how rich! how ſolemn! It is ſure
Some Sacrifice. *Mont.* Give me the golden Ewre
With the red wine, *Nicandro.* *Nic.* There. *Mont.* *So may*
Soft pity in thy breſt revive to day
By this unguilty blood (Goddeſſe divine)
As by the ſprinkling of theſe drops of wine
This pale and dying flame revives. Set up
The golden Ewre. Reach mee the ſilver cup.
So may the burning wrath be quencht, which in
Thy breſt was kindled by a falſe Maid's ſinne,
As with this water (powr'd out like our tears)
I quench this flame. *Car.* 'T's a Sacrifice: but where's
The offering? *Mont.* Now all's prepar'd, there lacks
Onely the fatall ſtroak. Lend me the Axe.
Car. I ſee a thing (unleſſe my eyes miſtake)
Like a man kneeling this way with his back.
Is he the offering? 'Tis ſo: Ah wretch!

And

And o're his head the Prieſt his hand doth ſtretch.
O my poor Country! after all theſe years
Is not Heav'ns wrath yet quencht with blood and tears?
Ch. Sh. Sol's Siſter, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!
Mont. Revengefull Goddeſſe, who a private fault
With publick rod doſt puniſh: (Thou haſt thought
Fit ſo to doe, and ſo in the Abyſſe
Of Providence eternall fixt it is)
Since faithleſſe Lucrin's *tainted blood was thought*
For thy nice Juſtice too impure a draught:
Carouſe the guiltleſſe blood then of this Swain,
By me now at thy Altar to be ſlain
A willing Sacrifice, and to his Laſſe
As true a Lover as Aminta *was.*
Ch. Sh. Sol's Siſter, Daughter of great Jupiter,
That ſhin'ſt a ſecond Sun in the firſt Sphere
To the blind world!
Mont. Ah, how my breſt with pity now relents!
What ſudden numneſſe fetters every ſenſe!
I ne're was ſo before; To lift this Axe
My hands lack ſtrength, and my heart courage lacks.
Car. I'le ſee the wretches face, and ſo be gone:
For ſuch dire ſights I cannot look upon.
Mont. Perhaps the Sun, though ſetting will not look
On humane Sacrifice, and I am ſtrook
Therefore with horrour. Shepherd, change thy place,

And

And to the Mountain turn thy dying face.
So, now 'tis well. (*Car.* Alas, what gaze I at?
Is 't not my Son? Is 't not *Mirtillo*, that?) (blow--
Mon. Now I can do't. (*Car.* 'Tis he.) *Mon.* And aim my
Car. Hold ſacred Miniſter, what doſt thou do?
Mont. Nay thou, profane raſh man, how dar'ſt thou thus
Impoſe a ſacrilegious hand on us?
Car. O all my joy *Mirtillo!* I ne're thought —
Mon. (Avant old man, that dot'ſt, or art diſtraught,)
Car. T'imbrace thee in this ſort. *Mont.* Avant, I ſay
It is not lawfull impure hands to lay
Upon things ſacred to the gods. *Car.* 'Twas they
That ſent me to this place. *Mont.* *Nicandro*, ſtay,
We'l hear him, and then let him go his way.
Car. Ah, courteous Miniſter! before thy hand
Upon the life of this young man deſcend,
Tell me but why he dyes. This I implore
By that Divinitie thou doſt adore.
Mon. By ſuch a Goddeſſe thou conjur'ſt me, that
I ſhould be impious to deny. But what
Concerns it thee? *Car.* More then thou doſt ſuppoſe.
Mon. Becauſe to die he for another choſe.
Car. Then I will die for him: O, take in ſtead
Of his, this old already tott'ring head.
Mon. Thou rav'ſt friend. *Car.* Why am I deni'd that now
Which unto him was granted? *Mon.* Becauſe thou
A ſtranger art. *Car.* And if I ſhould prove none,
What then? *Mon.* Although thou ſhouldſt, it were all one;
Becauſe

Becauſe *he cannot be exchang'd again*
Who for another in exchange was ta'ne.
But who art thou, if thou no ſtranger be?
Thy habit ſpeaks thee not of Arcadie.
Car. Yet am I an Arcadian. *Mont.* I did ne're
See thee before (to my remembrance) here.
Car. My name's *Carino*; I was born hard by:
(This wretche's Father who is now to die)
Mont. Hence, hence, leſt through thy fond paternal love
Our Sacrifice ſhould vain and fruitleſſe prove.
Car. O if thou wert a Father! *Mont.* I am one:
I, and the Father of an onely Son.
A tender Father too; yet if this were
My *Silvio*'s head (by *Silvio*'s head I ſwear)
I would as forward be to do to his
What I muſt do to this. "For no man is
"Worthy this ſacred Robe, but he that can
"For publick good put off the private man.
Car. Yet let me kiſſe him 'ere he die. *Mon.* Nor touch.
Car. O mine own fleſh and blood! art thou ſo much
A tyrant to me too, as to afford
To thy afflicted Parent not one word?
Mir. Dear Father, Peace. (*Mon.* Alas! we are all ſpoild:
The ſacrifice (O Heavens!) is defil'd.)
Mir. That blood, that life which thou didſt give to me,
Spent for a better cauſe can never be.
Mont. Did I not ſay his vow of ſilence hee
Would break, when he his Fathers tears ſhould ſee?

Mir.

Mirt. That ſuch a groſſe miſtake I ſhould commit!
My vow of ſilence I did quite forgit.
Mon. But Miniſters, why do yee gazing ſtay?
Him to the Temple quickly reconvay.
There in the holy Cloiſter again take
The voluntary Oath of him: then back
Returning him with pomp along with you
For a new Sacrifice bring all things new,
New fire, and new water, and new wine.
Quickly: for *Phœbus* doth apace decline.

Scena quinta.

MONTANO, CARINO, DAMETA.

Mon. NOw thou old doting fool: thank Heav'n thou art
His Father; for (by Heav'n) unleſſe thou wert,
To day I'd make thee feel my fury, ſince
Thou haſt ſo much abus'd my Patience.
Knowſt thou who I am? Knowſt thou that this wand
Doth both Divine and Humane things command?
Car. "Let not the Prieſt of Heav'n offended be
"For begging mercy. *Mont.* I have ſufferd thee
Too long, and that hath made thee inſolent.
Doſt thou not know, "when anger wanteth vent
"In a juſt boſome, it is gathering ſtrength
"Within, and burſts out with more force at length?
Car. "An-

Car. " Anger was never in a noble mind
" A furious tempeſt: but a gentle wind
" Of Paſſion onely, which but ſtirs the ſoul,
" (Where Reaſon ſtill doth keep her due comptroll)
" Leſt it ſhould grow a ſtanding pool, unfit
" For vertuous action. If I cannot get
Thee to extend that mercy which I crave,
Afford me juſtice; this I ought to have
From thee. " For they who lawes to others give,
" Ought not themſelves without all law to live.
" And he that is advanc'd to greateſt ſway,
" Him that requireth Juſtice muſt obey.
And (Witneſſe) I require it now of thee;
Do't for thy ſelf, if thou wilt not for me.
Thou art unjuſt if thou *Mirtillo* ſlay.
Mont. I prethee how? *Car.* To me didſt thou not ſay,
Thou mightſt not offer here a ſtrangers blood?
Mon. I did: and ſaid what Heav'n commanded. *Car.* Good:
This is a ſtranger then. *Mon.* A ſtranger? what?
Is he not then thy Son? *Car.* All's one for that.
Mon. Is't 'cauſe thou gott'ſt him in a forraign land?
Car. The more thou ſeek'ſt, the leſſe thou't underſtand.
Mon. It skils not here, *where*, but by *whom* hee's got.
Car. I call him ſtranger, cauſe I got him not.
Mon. Is hee thy Son then, and not got by thee?
Car. I ſaid he was my Son; not born of me.
Mon. Thy grief hath made thee mad. *Car.* I would it had!
I ſhould not feel my grief, if I were mad.

Mon. Thou art or mad, or impious, chuſe thou whether.
Car. For telling the truth to thee I am neither.
Mon. How can both theſe (ſon and not ſon) be true?
Car. Son of my Love, not of my Loins. *Mon.* Go to;
He is no ſtranger, if he be thy Son:
If he be not, to thee no harm is done.
So Father, or not Father, th' art confuted.
Car. "Truth is truth ſtill: though it be ill diſputed.
Mont. "That man that utters contradictions muſt
"Speak one untruth. *Car.* Thy action is unjuſt,
I ſay again. *Mont.* Let all this action's guilt
Light on my head, and on my Son's. *Car.* Thou wilt
Repent it. *Mont.* Thou ſhalt, if thou wilt not take
Thy hands from off me. *Car.* My appeal I make
To men and Gods. *Mon.* To Gods, deſpis'd by thee?
Car. And if thou wilt not hear, hearken to me
O Heav'n and Earth! and thou great Goddeſſe here
Ador'd! *Mirtillo* is a Forraigner,
No Son of mine: the holy Sacrifice
Thou doſt profane. *Mon.* Bleſſe me good Heav'ns from this
Strange man! Say then, if he be not thy Son,
Who is his Father? *Car.* 'Tis to me unknown.
Mo. Is he thy kinſman? *C.* Neither. *M.* Why doſt thou then
Call him thy Son? *Car.* 'Cauſe from the inſtant when
I had him firſt, I bred him as mine own
Still with a fatherly affection. (*Ca.* From
Mo. Didſt buy him? ſteal him? from whence hadſt him?
Elis (the gift of a ſtrange man). *Mon.* From whom
Had

Had that ſtrange man him? *Ca.* That ſtrange man? why he
Had him of me before. *Mon.* Thou mov'ſt in me
At the ſame time both laughter and diſdain:
What thou gav'ſt him, did he give thee again?
Car. I gave to him what was his own; then he
Return'd it as his courteous gift to me.
Mo. And whence hadſt thou (ſince thou wilt make me mad
For company) that which from thee he had?
Car. Within a thicket of ſweet Mirtle, I
Had newly found him accidentally,
Neer to *Alfeo*'s mouth, and call'd him thence
Mirtillo. *Mon.* With what likely circumſtance
Thou doſt thy lye embroider? Are there any
Wild beaſts within that Forreſt? *Car.* Very many.
Mon. Why did not they devour him? *Car.* A ſtrong flood
Had carry'd him into that tuft of wood,
And left him in the lap of a ſmall Iſle
Defended round with water. *Mon.* Thou doſt file
One Lye upon another well. And was
The flood ſo pitifull to let him paſſe
Undrown'd? Such nurſes in thy Country are
The Brooks, to foſter infants with ſuch care?
Car. He lay within a cradle, which with mud
And other matter gather'd by the flood
Calk't (to keep out the water) like a Boat
Had to that thicket carry'd him afloat.
Mon. Within a cradle lay he? *Car.* Yes. *Mon.* A child
In ſwathing bands? *Car.* A ſweet one; and it ſmil'd.

Mon. How long ago might this be? *Car.* 'Tis ſoon caſt:
Since the great Flood ſome twenty yeers are paſt,
And then it was. *Mon.* What horrour do I feel
Creep thorow my veins! *Car.* He's ſilenc'd, and yet will
Be obſtinate. "O the ſtrange pride of thoſe
"In place! who conquer'd, yeeld not: but ſuppoſe,
"Becauſe that they have all the wealth, with it
"They muſt be Maſters too of all the wit.
Sure hee's convinc'd; and it doth vex him too,
As by his mutt'ring he doth plainly ſhow:
And one may ſee ſome colour he would find
To hide the errour of a haughty mind.

Mon. But that ſtrange man of whom thou tel'ſt me, what
Was he unto the child? his father? *Car.* That
I do not know. *Mon.* Nor didſt thou ever know
More of the man then thou haſt told mee? *Car.* No.
Why all theſe Queſtions? *Mon.* If thou ſaw'ſt him now,
Should'ſt know him? *Car.* Yes; he had a beetle-brow,
A down-look, middle-ſtature, with black hair,
His beard and eye-browes did with briſtles ſtare.

Mo. Shepherds & ſervants mine, approach. *Da.* W'are here.

Mon. Which of theſe ſhepherds who do now appear,
To him thou talk'ſt of likeſt ſeems to thee?

Car. Not onely like him, but the ſame is hee
Whom thou talk'ſt with: and ſtill the man doth ſhow
The ſame he did ſome twenty yeers agoe,
For he hath chang'd no hair, though I am gray.

Mon. Withdraw, and let *Dameta* onely ſtay.

Tell

Tell me, doſt thou know him? *Dam.* I think I doe:
But where, or how I know not. *Car.* I'le renew
Thy memory by tokens. *Mon.* Let me talk
Firſt with him if thou pleaſe, and do thou walk
Aſide a while. *Car.* Moſt willingly what thou
Command'ſt I'le doe. *Mon.* Tell me *Dameta* now,
And do not lie. (*Dam.* O Gods, what ſtorm comes here!)
Mon. When thou cam'ſt back ('tis ſince ſome twenty yeer)
From ſeeking of my child, which the ſwoln Brook
Away together with its cradle took,
Didſt thou not tell me thou hadſt ſought with pain
All that *Alpheo* bathes, and all in vain?
Dam. Why doſt thou ask it me? *Mon.* Anſwer me this:
Didſt thou not ſay thou couldſt not find him? *Dam.* Yes.
Mon. What was that little infant then which thou
In *Elis* gav'ſt to him that knows thee now?
Dam. 'Twas twenty yeers ago; and wouldſt thou have
An old man now remember what he gave?
Mon. Hee is old too, and yet remembers it.
Dam. Rather is come into his doting fit.
Mon. That we ſhall quickly ſee: Where art thou ſtranger?
Ca. Here. *Da.* Would thou wert interr'd, & I from danger!
Mon. Is this the Shepherd that beſtow'd on thee
The preſent, art thou ſure? *Car.* I'm ſure 'tis hee.
Da. What preſent? *Car.* Doſt thou not remember when
In *Jove Olympicks* Fane, thou having then
Newly receiv'd the Oracles reply,
And being juſt on thy departure, I

Encoun-

Encounteed thee, and asking then of thee
The signes of what th'adst lost, thou toldst them mee;
Then I did take thee to my house, and there
Shew'd thee thy child laid in a cradle; where
Thou gav'st him me. *Dam.* What is infer'd from hence?
Car. The child thou gav'st me then, and whom I since
Have brought up, as a tender Father doth
An onely Son, is this unhappy youth
Who on this Altar now is doom'd to die
A Sacrifice. *Dam.* O force of Destinie!
Mon. Art studying for more lyes? Hath this man sed
The truth or not? *Dam.* Would I were but as dead
As all is true! *Mon.* That thou shalt quickly be
If the whole truth thou dost not tell to me.
Why didst thou give unto another what
Was not thine own? *Dam.* Dear Master, ask not that;
For Heav'n's sake do not: too much thou dost know
Already. *Mon.* This makes me more eager grow.
Wilt not speak yet? Still keepst thou me in pain?
Th'art dead if I demand it once again.
Dam. Because the Oracle foretold me there,
That *if the child then found returned e're*
To his own home, he should be like to die
By's Father's hand. *Car.* 'Tis true, my self was by.
Mon. Ay me! now all is cleer: This act of mine
The Dream and Oracle did well Divine.
Car. What wouldst thou more? can ought behind remain?
Is it not plain enough? *Mon.* 'Tis but too plain,

I know

I know, and thou haſt ſaid too much; I would
I had ſearch'd leſſe, or thou leſſe underſtood.
How (O) *Carino*, have I ta'ne from thee
At once thy Son, and thy Calamitie!
How are thy paſſions become mine! this is
My Son: O too unhappy Son, of this
Unhappy man! O Son preſerv'd and kept
More cruelly, then thou from hence wert ſwept
By the wild flood, to fall by thy Sires hand,
And ſtain the Altars of thy native Land!

Car. Thou Father to *Mirtillo*? Wondrous! How
Didſt loſe him? *Mon.* By that horrid flood which thou
Haſt mention'd. O deer pledge! thou wert ſafe then
When thou wert loſt: And now I loſe thee, when
I finde thee. *Car.* O eternall Providence!
For what deep end have all theſe Accidents
Lain hid ſo long, and now break forth together?
Some mighty thing thou haſt conceived, either
For good or evill: ſome unwonted birth
Thou art big with, which muſt be brought on earth.

Mon. This was the thing my Dream foretold me; too
Prophetick in the bad, but moſt untrue
In the good part: This 'twas which made me melt
So ſtrangely; this, that horrour which I felt
Creep through my bones, when I heav'd up my hand.
For Nature's ſelf ſeem'd to recoil, or ſtand
Aſtoniſhed, to ſee a Father go
To give that horrid and forbidden blow.

Car. Thou art reſolved then not to go on
With this dire Sacrifice? *Mon.* No other man
May do it here. *Car.* Shall the Son then be ſlain
By his own Sire? *Mon.* 'Tis law: and who dare ſtrain
His charity to ſave another man,
When true *Aminta* with himſelf began?
Car. O my ſad Fate! what am I brought to ſee?
Mon. Two Fathers over-acted Pietie
Murther their ſon; Thine to *Mirtillo*; mine
To Heav'n. Thou by denying he was thine,
Thought'ſt to preſerve him, and haſt loſt him; I
(Searching with too much curioſity)
Whilſt I was to have ſacrific'd thy ſon
(As I ſuppos'd) find and muſt ſlay my own.
Car. Behold the horrid Monſter Fate hath teem'd!
O Cruell! O *Mirtillo!* more eſteem'd
By me then life: Was this it which to me
The Oracle foretold concerning thee?
Thus doſt thou make me *in my Country bleſt?*
O my deer Son, whilome the hope and reſt,
But now the grief and bane of theſe gray hairs!
Mon. Prethee *Carino* lend to me thoſe tears:
I weep for mine own blood. (Ah! why, if I
Muſt ſpill it, is it mine?) Poor ſon! but why
Did I beget thee? — (Why was I got rather?)
The pitying deluge ſav'd thee, and thy Father
Will cruelly deſtroy thee. Holy Pow'rs
Immortall (without ſome command of yours

Not

Not the leaſt wave ſtirs in the Sea, breath in
The Air, nor leaf on Earth) what monſtrous ſin
Hath been by me committed 'gainſt your Law,
This heavie Judgement on my head to draw?
Or if I have tranſgreſs'd ſo much; wherein
Sinn'd my Son ſo, ye will not pardon him?
And thou with one blaſt of thy Anger kill
Me, thundring *Jove?* But if thy bolts lie ſtill,
My blade ſhall not: I will repeat the ſad
Example of *Aminta*, and the Lad
Shall ſee his Father through his own heart run
His reeking blade, rather then kill his Son.
Dye then *Montano*; Age ſhould lead the way:
And willingly I do't: Pow'rs (ſhall I ſay
Of Heav'n or Hell?) that do with anguiſh drive
Men to deſpair; Behold, I do conceive
(Since you will have it ſo) your fury! I
Deſire no greater bleſſing then to dye.
A kind of dire love to my naturall Gole
Doth laſh me on, and hallow to my ſoul,
To death, To death. *Car.* 'Las poor old man! in troth
I pity thee: for though we need it both,
Yet as by day the Starrs forbear to ſhine,
My grief is nothing, if compar'd with thine.

Scena ſexta.

TIRENIO, MONTANO, CARINO.

Tir. MAke haſte my Son; yet tread ſecure, that I (wry
May without ſtumbling trace thee through this
And craggy way, with my old feet and blind.
Thou art their eyes, as I am to thy mind.
And when thou comeſt where the Prieſt is, there
Arreſt thy pace. *Mont.* Hah! whom do I ſee here?
Is't not our Reverend *Tirenio*? hee
Whoſe eyes are ſeel'd up earthward, but heav'n ſee?
Some great thing draws him from his ſacred Cell,
Whence to behold him is a miracle.

Car. May the good Gods pleas'd in their bounty be
To make his coming proſperous to thee.

Mont. Father *Tirenio*, what miracle
Is this? What mak'ſt thou from thy holy Cell?
Whom doſt thou ſeek? what news? *Tir.* I come to ſpeak
With thee: and news I bring, and news I ſeek.

Mont. But why comes not the holy Order back
With the purg'd offering, and what doth lack
Beſides to th' interrupted Sacrifice?

Tir. "O how much often doth the want of eyes
"Adde to the inward ſight! for then the ſoul
"Not gadding forth, but recollected whole

"Into

"Into it ſelf, is wont to recompence
" With the mind's eyes the blindnes of the ſenſe!
" It is not good to paſſe ſo ſlightly over
" Some great events unlookt for which diſcover
" In humane buſineſſes an hand Divine,
" Which through a cloud of ſeeming chance doth ſhine.
" For Heav'n with Earth will not familiar be,
" Nor face to face talk with Mortality.
" But thoſe great wondrous things which us amaze,
" And on blind chance the more blind vulgar layes,
" Are but Heav'ns voice: the deathleſſe Gods affect
" To ſpeak to mortals in that Dialect.
" It is their language; mute unto our ears,
" But loud to him whoſe underſtanding hears.
(A thouſand times moſt happy is that wight
That hath an underſtanding pitcht ſo right).
The good *Nicandro* (as thou gav'ſt command)
Was ready now to bring the ſacred Band,
Whom I withheld by reaſon of a change
That fell out in the Temple. Which ſo ſtrange
Event, comparing with what happen'd here
At the ſame time to thee, 'twixt hope and fear
I know not how, ſtrook and amaz'd I ſtand:
Whereof by how much leſſe I underſtand
The cauſe, ſo much the more I hope and fear
Some happineſſe, or ſome great danger neer.

Mon. That which thou underſtandeſt not, I do
Too well, and to my ſorrow feel it too.

But is there ought in hidden Fate can ſhun
Thy all divining Spirit? *Tir.* O my Son!
"If the Divine uſe of prophetick light
"Were arbitrary, it would then be light
"The gift of Nature, not of Heav'n. I find
(Tis true) within my undigeſted mind
That there is ſomething hidden in the deep
Boſome of Fate, which ſhe from me doth keep,
And this hath mov'd me to come now to thee
To be inform'd more cleerly who is he
That's found to be the Father of the youth
To dye now; if *Nicandro* told us truth.
Mon. Thou knowſt him but too well, *Tirenio*:
How wilt thou wiſh anon that thou didſt know
Or love him leſſe? *Tir.* "I praiſe thee O my Son,
"For taking pity and compaſſion
"On the afflicted: 'tis humanity.
How-ere let me ſpeak with him. *Mon.* Now I ſee
Heav'n hath ſuſpended in thee all that skill
In Prophecie, which it was wont t' inſtill.
That Father whom thou ſeek'ſt to ſpeak withall,
Am I. *Tir.* Art thou his Father, that ſhould fall
To *Dian* now an Immolation?
Mon. The wretched Father of that wretched Son.
Tir. Of that fame *Faithfull Shepherd*, who to give
Life to another, would himſelf not live?
Mon. Of him who dies his Murthreſſe life to ſave,
And Murthers me, who unto him life gave.

Tir.

Tir. But is this true? *Mo.* Behold the witneſſe. *Car.* That
Which he hath told thee is moſt true. *Tir.* And what
Art thou that ſpeak'ſt? *Car. Carino*, thought to be
Till now the young mans Father. *Tir.* Was that he
The Flood took from thee long agoe? *Mon.* Yes, yes,
Tirenio. *Tir.* And doſt thou ſtile for this
Thy ſelf a wretched Father? "O how blind
"Is an unhallow'd and terreſtriall mind!
"In what thick miſts of errour, how profound
"A night of Ignorance are our ſouls drown'd,
"Till thou enlighten them, from whom the Sun
"Receives his luſtre, as from him the Moon!
Vain men, how can you boaſt of knowledge ſo?
"That part of us by which we ſee and know,
"Is not our vertue, but deriv'd from Heav'n,
"That gives it, and can take what it hath giv'n.
O in thy mind, *Montano*, blinder far,
Then I am in mine eyes! What Juggler,
What dazeling Divell will not let thee ſee
That if this noble youth was born of thee,
Thou art the happieſt Father and moſt deer
To the immortall Deities, that e're
Begot Son in the world? Behold the deep
Secret, which Fate did from my knowledge keep!
Behold the happy day, with ſuch a flood
Expected of our tears, and of our blood!
Behold the beſſed end of all our pain!
Where art thou man? come to thy ſelf again.

How

How is it that thou onely doſt forget
That famous happy Oracle that's writ
In all Arcadian hearts? How can it be
That with thy deer ſon's lightning upon thee
This day, thy ſenſe is not prepar'd and cleer
The thunder of that heav'nly voice to hear;
Your Woe ſhall end when two of Race Divine
Love ſhall Combine: —
(Tears of delight in ſuch abundance flow
Out of my heart, I cannot ſpeak.) *Your Woe* —
Your Woe ſhall end when two of Race Divine
Love ſhall Combine:
And for a faithleſſe Nymph's apoſtate ſtate
A Faithfull Shepherd ſupererogate.
Now tell me thou: This Shepherd here of whom
We ſpeak, and that ſhould dye, is he not come
Of Divine Race (Montano) if hee's thine?
And *Amarillis* too *of Race Divine?*
Then who I pray but *Love hath them combin'd?*
Silvio by parents and by force was joyn'd
To *Amarillis*, and is yet as far
From loving her, as Love and Hatred are.
Then ſcan the reſt, and 't will be evident,
The fatall voice none but *Mirtillo* meant.
For who indeed, ſince ſlain *Aminta*, hath
Expreſs'd ſuch *Love* as he? ſuch conſtant *Faith?*
Who but *Mirtillo* for his Miſtreſſe wou'd
Since true *Aminta*, ſpend his deereſt bloud?

This

This is that work of *Supererogation*:
This is that *faithfull Shepherds* expiation
For the *Apoſtate* falſe *Lucrina*'s fact.
By this admir'd and moſt ſtupendious Act
More then with humane blood the wrath of heav'n
Is pacifi'ed, and ſatisfaction giv'n
Unto eternall Juſtice for th' offence
Committed 'gainſt it by a woman. Hence
It was, that he no ſooner came to pay
Devotions in the Temple, but ſtreightway
All monſtrous omens ceas'd; *No longer ſtood*
Th' eternall Image in a ſweat of blood,
The earth no longer ſhook, the holy Cave
No longer ſtank, and ſhrikes no longer gave;
But ſuch ſweet harmony and redolence
As Heav'n affords (if Heav'n affect the ſenſe).
O Providence eternall! O ye Powers
That look upon us from yon azure Towers!
If all my words were ſouls, and every ſoule
Were ſacrific'd upon your Altars whole,
It were too poor a Hecatombe to pay
So great a bleſſing with: but as I may
(Behold!) I tender thanks, and with my knee
Touching the earth in all humilitie
Look up on you that ſit inthron'd in heav'n.
How much am I your debtor, that have giv'n
Me leave to live till now! I have run o're
Of my life's race a hundred yeers and more,

Yet

Yet never liv'd till now, could never deem
My life worth keeping till this inſtant time.
Now I begin my life, am born to day.
But why in words do I conſume away
That time that ſhould be ſpent in works? Help Son
To lift me up: Thou art the motion
Of my decayed limbs. *Mon. Tirenio,*
I have a lightneſſe in my boſom ſo
Lock't in, and petrifi'd with wonder, that
I find I'm glad, yet ſcarcely know at what.
My greedy ſoule unto her ſelf alone
Keeps all her joy, and lets my ſenſe have none.
O miracle of Heav'n! farre, farre beyond
All we have ſeen, or e're did underſtand!
O unexampled Bounty! O the great
Great mercy of the Gods! O fortunate
Arcadia! O earth, of all that e're
The Sun beheld or warm'd, moſt bleſt, moſt deer
To Heav'n! Thy weal's ſo deer to me, mine own
I cannot feel, nor think upon my Son
(Twice loſt and found) nor of my ſelf buoy'd up
Out of the depth of ſorrow, to the top
Of bliſſe, when I conſider thee: but all
My private joy, ſet by the generall,
Is like a little drop in a great ſtream
Shuffled and loſt. O happy dream! (no dream,
But a Celeſtiall viſion.) *Now again*
Shall my Arcadia (as thou ſaid'ſt) *be in*

A flouriſhing Eſtate: But why doſt thou
Stay here, *Montano?* Heav'n expects not now
More humane Sacrifice from us. No more
Th' are times of wrath and vengeance (as before)
But times of grace and love; glad nuptiall bands,
Not horrid Sacrifices at our hands
Our Goddeſſe now requires. *Tir.* How long to night?
Mon. An hour, or little more. *Tir.* We burn day-light:
Back to the holy Temple let us go;
There let the daughter of old *Titiro*
And thy Son interchange their Marriage vow
To become Man and Wife, of Lovers now.
Then let him bring her to his Father's ſtraight,
Where 'tis Heav'ns pleaſure, that theſe fortunate
Deſcendents of two Gods, ſhould henceforth run
United in one ſtream.— Lead me back, Son:
And thou *Montano*, follow me. *Mon.* But ſtay:
That faith which formerly ſhe gave away
To *Silvio*, ſhe cannot now withdraw
And give *Mirtillo*, without breach of Law.
Car, 'Tis *Silvio* ſtill, *Mirtillo* was call'd ſo
At firſt (thy man told me) and *Silvio*
By mee chang'd to *Mirtillo*, to which hee
Conſented. *Mon.* True: (now I remember me)
And the ſame name I gave unto the other,
To keep alive the memory of's Brother.
Tir. 'Twas an important doubt. Follow me now.
Mon. *Carino*, to the temple too come thou.

Henceforth *Mirtillo* ſhall two Fathers own:
Thou haſt a Brother found, and I a Son.
Car. To thee a Brother in his love, a Father
To him, a Servant (in reſpect) to either
Carino will be alwayes: And ſince I
Find thee to me ſo full of courteſie,
I will the boldneſſe take to recommend
Unto thy love my ſecond ſelf, my friend.
Mon. Share me between you. *Car.* O eternall Gods,
"Between our pray'rs ſlow-winding paths, what odds
"There is (by which we climb to Heav'n) and thoſe
"Direcer lines by which to us Heav'n bowes!

Scena ſeptima.

CORISCA, LINCO.

Cor. SO it ſeems, *Linco*, that coy *Silvio*
When leaſt expected, did a Lover grow.
But what became of her? *Lin.* We carry'd her
To *Silvio*'s dwelling, where with many a tear
(Whether of joy or grief, I cannot tell)
His Mother welcom'd her. It pleas'd her well
To ſee her Son now marryed, and a Lover;
But for the Nymph great grief ſhe did diſcover.
Poor Mother-in-law! ill ſped, though doubly ſped:
One Daughter-in-law being hurt, the other dead.

Cor.

Cor. Is *Amarillis* dead? *Lin.* 'Tis rumour'd ſo:
That's now the cauſe I to the temple go,
To comfort old *Montano* with this newes,
One Daughter-in-law he gains, if one he loſe.
Cor. Is not *Dorinda* dead then? *Lin.* Dead? would thou
Wert half ſo live and jocund as Shee's now!
Cor. Was't not a mortal wound? *Li.* Had ſhe been ſlain,
With *Silvio*'s pity ſhe had liv'd again.
Cor. What Art ſo ſoon could cure her? *Lin.* I will tell
Thee all the cure. Liſten t' a miracle.
With trembling hearts, and hands prepar'd to aid,
Women and men ſtood round the wounded Maid;
But ſhe would ſuffer none to touch her ſave
Her *Silvio*; for the ſame hand which gave,
She ſaid, ſhould cure the wound. So all withdrew
Except my ſelf, he, and his Mother: two
T' adviſe, the third to act. Then *Silvio*
Removing firſt from her blood-dapled ſnow
Gently the cleaving garments, ſtrove to pluck
The arrow out, which in her deep wound ſtuck.
But the falſe wood (forth coming) gave the ſlip
To th' iron head, and left it in her Hip.
Here, here the lamentable cryes began:
It was not poſſible by hand of man,
Or iron inſtrument, or ought beſide
To get it out. Perchance t' ave open'd wide
The wound b' a greater wound, and ſo have made
One iron dive after another, had

Effected the great cure. But *Silvio*'s hand,
Too pitifull, too much with Love unmann'd
The Surgeon was, ſo cruelly to heal.
Love ſcarches not with inſtruments of ſteel
The wounds he makes. As for the love-ſick Maid,
In *Silvio*'s hands her wounds grew ſweet, ſhe ſaid.
And *Silvio* ſaid (not yet diſcouraged)
Thou ſhalt out too, thou ſhalt, curſt Arrow-head,
And with leſſe pain then is believ'd: the ſame
Who thruſt thee in, can pull thee out again.
By uſing hunting I have learn'd to cure
This miſchief which my hunting did procure.
A plant there is much us'd by the wild Goat
When there's a ſhaft into her body ſhot:
She ſhew'd it us, and Nature ſhew'd it her:
(Remembred happily!) nor is it far
From hence. Streight went he to the neighb'ring hill,
And there a flasket with this Plant did fill;
Then came again to us: thence ſqueeſing out
The juice, and mingling it with Centry root
And Plantain leafe, thereof a pultiſe made.
O wonderfull! as ſoon as that was laid
Upon the ſore, the blood was ſtanched ſtreight,
And the pain ceaſed; and ſoon after that,
The iron coming without pain away,
Did the firſt ſummons of the hand obey:
The Maid was now as vigorous and ſound,
As if ſhe never had receiv'd the wound.

Nor

Nor mortall was't; for th' arrow having flown
(As hapt) betwixt the muſcles and the bone,
Pierc'd but the fleſhy part. *Cor.* Thou haſt diſplaid
Much vertue in a plant, more in a Maid.
Lin. What afterwards between 'em happened
May better be imagined then ſed:
This I am ſure, *Dorinda*'s well again,
And now can ſtir her body without pain:
Though thou believ'ſt, *Coriſca*, I ſuppoſe
H' ath giv'n her ſince more wounds then that: but thoſe,
As they are made b' a diffrent weapon, ſo
Themſelves are of a diffrent nature too.
And ſuch a trick this cruell Archer has,
Of hitting all he ſhoots at ſince he was
A Huntſman; that to ſhew hee's ſtill the ſame,
Now hee's a Lover too, he hits the Game.
Cor. Old *Linco* ſtill! *Lin.* Faith, my *Coriſca*, ſtill
If not in ſtrength, I'm *Linco* in my will.
Nor yet, though my leafe's witherd, am I dead:
But all my ſap into the root is fled.
Cor. My Rivall thus diſpatch'd, I'le now go ſee
If I can get my deer *Mirtillo* free.

Scena:

Scena octava.

ERGATO, CORISCA.

Erg. O Day with wonders fraught! O day of mirth!
All Love! and bleſſings all! O happy earth!
O bounteous heav'n! *Cor.* But ſee! *Ergaſto's* here:
How opportunely doth he now appear!
Erg. At ſuch a time let every living thing,
Heav'n, Earth, Air, Fire, the whole world laugh and ſing.
To hell it ſelf let our full joyes extend,
And there the torments of the damn'd ſuſpend.
Cor. What rapture's this! *Er.* Bleſt woods! whoſe murmu- (ring voyce
When we lamented did lament, rejoyce
At our joyes too, and wag as many tongues
As you have leaves now dancing to the ſongs
Of the pleas'd Birds, and muſick of the Air
Which rings with our delight. Sing of a pair
Of noble Lovers the felicitie
Unparalell'd. *Cor.* He doth ſpeak certainly
Of *Silvio* and *Dorinda?* Every thing
I ſee, would live. "How ſoon the ſhallow ſpring
"Of tears dryes up with us! but the ſwoln river
"Of gladneſſe tarries with the longer liver.
Of *Amarillis*, who is dead, there's now
No more diſcourſe: the onely care is how

To

" To laugh with them that laugh; and tis well done:
" Each man hath too much ſorrow of his own.
Whither (ſo glad) *Ergaſto* doſt thou go?
Unto a Wedding happily? *Erg.* I do
Indeed. Haſt heard *Coriſca* then, the wonder
O'th' two bleſt Lovers? was't not ſtrange? *Cor.* I under-
ſtood it of *Linco* now with joy of heart,
Which my great grief doth mitigate in part
For the ſad death of *Amarillis*. *Erg.* How!
Whom doſt thou ſpeak of, or ſpeak I thinkſt thou?
Cor. Why, of *Dorinda*, and of *Silvio*.
Erg. What *Silvio*? what *Dorinda*? Doſt not know
Then what hath paſt? My joy its linage drawes
From a more high, ſtupendious, noble Cauſe.
Of *Amarillis* and *Mirtillo* I
Diſcourſe (the happieſt Pair that this day frye
Under the torrid Zone of Love). *Cor.* Is not
Then *Amarillis* dead, *Ergaſto*? *Erg.* What
Death? She's alive, glad, beauteous, and a Wife.
Cor. Thou mock'ſt me Shepherd. *Er.* No, upon my life.
Cor. Was ſhe not then condemn'd? *Er.* She was, 'tis true:
But preſently ſhe was acquitted too.
Cor. Do I dream this? or doſt thou dreams relate?
Erg. Stay here a little, thou ſhalt ſee her ſtraight
Come with her faithfull and moſt fortunate
Mirtillo, from the temple (where they 're now,
And interchanged have their Nuptiall vow)
Towards *Montano*'s: of the bitter root

Of

Of their long Loves to gather the ſweet fruit.
O hadſt thou ſeen mens joyes ſpring in their eyes!
If thou hadſt heard the muſick of their cryes!
The temple's ſtill as full as it can hold
Of numbers numberleſſe: Men, women, old,
Young, Prelates, Laymen, are confounded there
Together, and diſtracted cannot bear
Their joy. With wonder every one doth run
To ſee the happy couple, every one
Adores them, every one embraces them.
Their pity one extols, another's theme
Their conſtant faith is, or thoſe graces giv'n
To them by Nature, or infus'd from Heav'n.
The laund, the dale, the mountain, and the plain
Reſound *the faithfull Shepherd's* glorious name,
O happy, happy Lover, to become
From a poor Swain, almoſt a God ſo ſoon;
From death to life (whilſt I ſpeak this) to paſſe,
And change a winding-ſheet (which ready was)
For a remote deſpair'd-of Nuptiall,
Though it be much, *Coriſca*, is not all.
But to enjoy her, whom he ſeem'd t' injoy
In dying for her, her who would deſtroy
Her ſelfe, not to excuſe, but ſhare his Fate,
(His Mate in life, and not in death his Mate!)
This is ſuch joy, ſuch raviſhing joy is this
As doth exceed all we can fancie Bliſſe.
And doſt not thou rejoyce? and apprehend

A joy for *Amarillis*, that's thy Friend
As great as that which I doe for my true
Mirtillo? *Cor.* Yes, doſt thou not ſee I doe?
Erg. O! if thou hadſt preſent been
Amarillis to have ſeen,
As the pledge of Faith when ſhe
Gave her hand to him, and he
As the pledge of Love did either
Give or receive (I know not whether)
A ſweet ineſtimable kiſſe,
Surely thou hadſt dy'd of bliſſe.
There was Scarlet, there were Roſes,
All the colours, all the poſies
Art or Nature ere did mix
Were excell'd by her pure cheeks,
Cover'd with a waving ſhield
By her bluſhing Beauty held,
Stain'd with blood, which did provoke
From the ſtriker a new ſtroke.
And ſhee coy and nice in ſhow,
Seem'd to ſhun, that ſhee might ſo
With more pleaſure meet the blow,
Leaving it in doubt, if that
Kiſſe were raviſhed, or not.
With ſuch admirable Art,
'Twas in part beſtow'd, in part
Snatch'd from her: And that diſdain
Which ſhe did ſo ſweetly fain,

Was a willing No; an Act
Mixt of Conquest and Compact.
Such a coming in her flying
As shew'd yeelding in denying.
Such sweet anger at th' abuse
In forcing her, as forc'd him use
That force again; such art to crave
The thing she would not, yet would have,
As drew him the faster on
To snatch that which would be gone.
O heav'nly kisse! *Coriſca*, I
Can no longer hold; God bu'y.
" I'le marry too, The Powr's above
" Give no true joy to men, but Love.
Cor. If he (*Coriſca*) have told truth, this day
Quite cures thy wits, or takes them quite away.

Scena nona.

Chorus of Shepherds, CORISCA, AMARILLIS, MIRTILLO.

Cho. *HOly Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them Divinely got;
Pull holy Hymen, pull the destin'd knot.

Cor.

Cor. Ay me! *Ergaſto* told me true (I ſee)
This is the fruits (wretch) of thy vanitie.
O thoughts! O wiſhes! as unjuſt, as vain
And fond. Would I an innocent have ſlain
To compaſſe my unbridled will! So blind,
So cruell was I? Who doth now unbind
Mine eyes? Ah wretch! what do I ſee? my ſin
With the mask off juſt as 'tis here within.
Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our ſong! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.
See (thou *Faithfull Shepherd*) where
After many a briny tear,
After many a ſtormy blaſt,
Thou art landed now at laſt!
Is not this (behold her!) ſhee
Heav'n and Earth deny'd to thee?
And thy cruell Deſtinie?
And her Icie Chaſtitie?
And thy degree ſo far beneath?
And her Contract? and thy Death?
Yet *Mirtillo* (loe!) ſhee's thine.
That ſweet face, thoſe eyes divine,
Breſt and hands, and all that thou
See'ſt and hear'ſt, and toucheſt now,
And ſo often haſt in vain

Sigh'd for, now thou doſt obtain,
As thy conſtant Love's reward?
Yet thy lips hath ſilence barr'd?
Mir. 'Cannot ſpeak: I do not know
Whether I'm alive or no.
Or if theſe things reall be
Which I ſeem to hear and ſee.
Sweeteſt *Amarillis* mine,
(For my ſoul is lodg'd in thine)
I from thee would gladly know,
(Tell me Love) are theſe things ſo?
Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our ſong! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.
Cor. But why do you, you ſtill about me ſtay,
Arts to deceive the world, arts to betray?
(The body's robes, but the ſouls rags.) For one,
I'm ſure ſhee's couſen'd by you, and undone.
Pack hence: and as from worms ye had your birth,
Return to worms, and ſtrew your grandame earth.
Once ye were weapons of laſcivious Love:
But now the trophies of fair Vertue prove.
Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them Divinely got;

Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.

Cor. What ſtick'ſt thou at *Coriſca*? 'tis a day
Of Pardons this: then ask without diſmay.
What doſt thou dread? no puniſhment what-ere
Can fall ſo heavie, as thy fault lies here.
Fair, and happy pair (the Love
Of us here, and thoſe above)
If all earthly Pow'r this day
To your conquering Fates give way,
Let her likewiſe Homage doe
To your conquering Fates, and you,
Who all earthly Pow'r imploy'd
To have made their Ord'nance voyd.
Amarillis (true it is)
He had mine, who had thy heart:
But thou onely haſt gain'd his,
'Cauſe thou onely worthy art.
Thou enjoy'ſt the loyall'ſt Lad
Living; and *Mirtillo* thou
The beſt Nymph the world ere had
From the birth of Time till now:
I the touch-ſtone was to both,
Try'd her chaſtitie, his troth.
But thou (Courteous Nymph) before
Thou on me thy anger powre,
Look but on thy Bridegrooms Face:
Something thou wilt ſpy therein
That will force thee to ſhew graee,

As it forced mee to ſin.
For ſo ſweet a Lovers ſake
Upon love no vengeance take;
But ſince thou the flames doſt prove,
Pardon thou the fault of Love.

Am. I do not onely pardon, but reſpect
Thee as my friend, regarding the effect,
And not the cauſe. "For poyſons if they make
"Us well, the name of ſoveraign Med'cines take;
"And painfull lancings for that cauſe are dear:
So whether friend or foe, or whatſo e're
Thou wert to me in purpoſe and intent;
Yet my Fate us'd thee as her inſtrument
To work my bliſſe, and that's enough: for me
'Twas a good Treaſon, a bleſt Fallacy
I'm ſure. And if thou pleaſe to grace our Feaſt,
And to rejoyce with us, thou art my gueſt.

Cor. Thy pardon is to me a better feaſt:
A greater joy, my conſcience now at reſt.

Mir. And I all faults 'gainſt me can pardon wel,
But this long ſtop. *Cor.* Joys on you both! Farewell.

Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song! The Earth hath not
A more happy loving Pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.

Scena

Scena decima.

MIRTILLO, AMARILLIS.
Chorus of Shepherds.

Mir. AM I ſo wedded then to grief and anguiſh,
That in the midſt of joy too I muſt languiſh?
Was not this tedious pomp enough delay,
But I muſt meet too my old Remora
Coriſca? Am. Thou art wondrous haſty. *Mir.* O
My treaſure! yet I am not ſure; but go
In fear of robbing ſtill, till as my Spouſe
I doe poſſeſſe thee in my Fathers houſe.
To tell thee true, me thinks I fare like one
Who dreams of wealth, and ever and anon
Fears that his golden ſleep will break, and he
Be wak'd a beggar. I would gladly be
Reſolv'd by ſome more pregnant proof, that this
Sweet waking now is not a dream of bliſſe.

Cho. *Holy Hymen hear our pray'r*
And our Song! The earth hath not
A more happy loving pair:
Both of them divinely got:
Pull holy Hymen, pull the deſtin'd knot.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.

O Happy couple! that hath sown in Tears
And reaps in Comfort! What a foil your fears
Prove to your joyes! Blind Mortals, learn from hence,
Learn (yee effeminate) the difference
Betwixt true goods and false. All is not joy
That tickles us: Nor is all that annoy
That goes down bitter. "True joy is a thing
"That springs from Vertue after suffering.

FINIS.

Presented

TO HIS HIGHNESSE

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

At his going into the West,

Ann. M. DC. XLV.

Together with

CESAR'S COMMENTARIES.

Sir,

NOw that your Father, with the World's applause
Imployes ~~your early~~ Valour in his Cause,
Set *Cesar*'s glorious Acts before your sight,
And know the man that could so *doe* and *write*.
View him in all his postures, see him mix
Terrour with *love*, *Morals* with *Politicks*.
That courage, which when fortune ebb'd did flow,
Which never trampled on a prostrate Foe,
Admire and emulate. Before hee fought,
Observe how *Peace* by him was ever fought:

How bloodleſſe Victories beſt pleas'd him ſtill,
Grieving as oft as he was forc'd to kill.
How moſt religiouſly he kept his word,
And conquer'd more that way then by the ſword.
In whom was all wee in a King could crave,
Except that *Right* which you ſhall one day have.
Yet think (Sir) it imports you to make good
With all his worth the title of your blood.

Preſented

Preſented

TO HIS HIGHNESSE,

In the the Weſt, Ann. Dom. 1646

GRow *Royall Plant*, born for your Country's good,
The hoped cure of our great flux of blood.
That *Union*, and that peacefull *golden Age*,
W^ch to your Grandſire * ancient *Bards* preſage,
And we ſuppos'd fulfill'd in Him, appears
By Fate reſerved for your riper yeers.
And *Thou*, ſelf-hurt ſince that *half-Union* more
Then ever, *Britain*, thou hadſt been before,
Raiſe thy dejected head, bind up thy hair
With peacefull Olive, all thoſe things repair
Which fire and ſword deface, and call agen
To their ſpoyl'd manſions thy fled Husbandmen.
They need not fear to come, this *Prince*'s Starrs
Promiſe an end to all our *Civill Warrs*.
Never ſhall *Engliſh Scots*, nor *Scots* again
Infeſt the *Engliſh* with dire feuds, and ſtain
Their ſwords in brothers blood, thy Towns lay waſte:
But their hands (prompt to War) henceforth make haſte

* Buchanan in his *Gratulatio ad Regem Jacobum*, out of which this is taken.

To claſp in an eternall League. And *You*
(Bleſt Parents of a bleſſed Son) add to
His great *Birth* equall *Breeding*; *Civill Arts*
To *Arts of Warre*, and *Pietie* to *Parts*.
No Ship the Rudder ſo much turns and windes
As *Princes* manners do their *Peoples* mindes.
Not *Priſons*, *penall Lawes*, ſharp *Whips*, ſevere
Axes, with all the inſtruments of fear
Can ſo conſtrain, as the dumb eloquence
Of *Vertue*; and the love and reverence
Of a well-govern'd Scepter ſhall perſwade
Their wils, by *great Examples* eas'ly ſway'd.
As when th' Arabian *Phœnix* doth return
From his perfumed cradle (his Sires Urn)
Where e're he flyes the feather'd people throng
With acclamations to ſalute the young
Admired King, not for his purple Seares
And golden Pounce (the *Regall marks* hee bears),
Nor that he's rarely ſeen; but 'cauſe he brings
His Fathers honour'd aſhes on his wings,
And funerall odours, that it may be known
He climb'd not till his death his ſpicie throne:
(This *Pietie*, a Vertue underſtood
By brutes, attracts them: ſuch a ſenſe of good
Nature that heav'nly Steward doth diſpenſe
To every living thing that hath but ſenſe).
So do *the People* fix their eyes upon
The King; admire, love, honour *Him* alone.

In

In *Him*, as in a glaſſe, their manners view
And frame, and copie what they ſee *Him* doe.
That which the murdring *Cannon* cannot force,
Nor plumed Squadrons of ſteel-glittering *Horſe*,
Love can. In this *the People* ſtrive t' out-doe
The King; and when they find they're lov'd, love too.
They ſerve, becauſe they need not ſerve: and if
A good *Prince* ſlack the reins, they make them ſtiffe;
And of their own accords invite that yoke,
Which, if inforc't on them, they would have broke.
And *Hee* again, with this more tender grown,
More *Father of his People*, on his *owne*
Shoulders aſſumes *their burthens*, beats the way
Which they muſt tread, and is the firſt t' *obey*
What he *commands*; to pardon *others* prone,
Inexorable to *himſelf* alone.
Neither in Diet, Clothes, nor Traine will *He*
Exceed thoſe banks ſhould bound ev'n *Majeſty*;
Nor ruſh like beaſts to Venus, but confine
His chaſt deſires to his own geniall *Vine*.
Who will with Silks his manly limbs un-nerve,
That ſees domeſtick *Wooll* his *Soveraign* ſerve?
Who can the married bed too narrow think,
Which holds *a King*? or drown himſelf in drink
Under a ſober *Prince*? Who'l dare t' impoſe
Beyond-ſea vices to infect a Court,
And make his body with exceſſe and eaſe
A ſink to choak his ſoul in, when he ſees

A Monarch curb his pleaſures, and ſuppreſſe
Thoſe weeds which make a *Man* a *Wilderneſſe*.
Such golden *Tiber* ſaw the peaceſull *Throne*
Of holy *Numa*, that of *Solomon*
Palmie *Euphrates*. 'Twas not the keen *blade*,
Or the thick quilted numerous *Legion* made
Thoſe *Thrones* ſecure: 'Twas not the warlike *Steed*,
Nor the ſythe-armed *Chariots* furious ſpeed:
But *Wiſdome*, *Mercy*, (which no harm will cauſe)
And *Majeſtie*, fenc'd with *unarmed Lawes*.
Whileſt that great *Captain*, who the *World* had quell'd,
And thoſe proud *Lords* that *Rome* in *bondage* held,
By *ſteel* or *poyſon* ended their ſhort date
Of pow'r, and blood with blood did expiate.
Frank *Nature* never gave a better thing,
Nor ever will to men, then a good *King*;
In whom his own true Image *God* doth place.
This, whether *Kings* ſhall in themſelves *deface*
By ougly *Vice*, or other men by *wit*
Or *farce demoliſh*, *God will puniſh it*
As a high Sacriledge, and will not ſee
Himſelf abuſed *in Effigie*.
So cruell *Nero*, fierce *Domitian* ſo,
And the *Sicilian Tirants*, whilſt they throw
Dirt in their *Makers* face with their black deeds,
Are from the earth cut off, they and their ſeeds.
So thoſe *rebellious ſervants* that durſt joyn
Againſt their *Lords*, and impious *Cataline*.

That

That ſtrove to wreſt the ſword from *them* to whom
It was committed *by the Lawes of Rome*,
Purſu'd to fury and deſpair, did make
Hard ſhift by a moſt wretched death to ſhake
Their loathed lives off, leaving on their name
The blot and brand of never-dying ſhame.
Theſe *leſſons* let his tender yeers *receive*;
His riper, *practiſe*: And let him believe,
'Tis not ſo much both Indies to command,
As firſt to rule *himſelf*, and then *a Land*.

FINIS.

Pag. 82. lin. 12. for *love* read *leſs*.
pag. 147. l. 5. for *more* read *worſe*.

AN ODE

Vpon occaſion of His MAJESTIES Proclamation in the yeare 1630. Commanding the Gentry to reſide upon their Eſtates in the Country.

NOw warre is all the world about,
And every where *Erynnis* raignes,
Or elſe the Torch ſo late put out
The ſtench remaines.
Holland for many yeares hath beene
Of Chriſtian tragedies the ſtage,
Yet ſeldome hath ſhe play'd a Scene
Of bloudyer rage.
And *France* that was not long compos'd
With civill Drummes againe reſounds,
And ere the old are fully clos'd
Receives new wounds.

The great *Guſtavus* in the weſt.
Plucks the Imperiall Eagles wing,
Than whom the earth did ne're inveſt
A fiercer King,
Revenging loſt *Bohemia*,
And the proud wrongs which *Tilly* dad,
And tempereth the German clay
With Spaniſh bloud.
What ſhould I tell of Poliſh Bands,
And the blouds boyling in the North?
Gainſt whom the furied Ruſſians
Their Troops bring forth.
Both confident: This is his perſe,
And needy valour ſet on worke;
He in his Axe; which oft did worſe
Th'invading Turke.
Who now ſuſtaines a Perſian ſtorme:
There hee (that made it) ſuffers ſhame
This warre (forſooth) was to reforme
Mahumetiſme.
Onely the Iſland which wee ſowe,
(A world without the world) ſo farre
From preſent wounds, it cannot ſhowe
An ancient skarre.
White Peace (the beautifull'ſt of things)
Seemes here her everlaſting reſt
To fix, and ſpreads her downy wings
Over the neſt.
As when great *Jove* uſurping Reigne
From the plagu'd world did her exile
And ty'd her with a golden chaine
To one bleſt Iſle:
Which in a ſea of plenty ſwamme
And Turtles ſang on ev'ry bowgh,
A ſafe retreat to all that came
As ours is now:

Yet wee, as if ſome foe were here,
Leave the deſpiſed Fields to clownes,
And come to ſave our ſelves as twere
In walled Townes.
Hither we bring Wives, Babes, rich clothes
And Gemms; Till now my Soveraigne
The growing evill doth oppoſe:
Counting in vaine
His care preſerves us from annoy
Of enemyes his Realmes to'invade,
Vnleſſe hee force us to enjoy
The peace hee made.
To rowle themſelves in envy'd leaſure
He therefore ſends the Landed Heyres,
Whilſt hee proclaimes not his owne pleaſure
So much as theirs.
The ſapp and bloud o'th land, which fled
Into the roote, and choackt the heart,
Are bid their quickning pow'r to ſpread
Through ev'ry part.
O, 'twas an act, not for my muſe
To celebrate, nor the dull Age
Vntill the country aire infuſe
A purer rage!
And if the Fields as thankfull prove
For benefits receiv'd, as ſeed,
They will, to quite ſo great a love,
A *Virgill* breed.
A *Pytirus*, that ſhall not ceaſe
Th' *Auguſtus* of our world to praiſe
In equall verſe, author of peace
And *Halcyon* dayes.
Nor let the Gentry grudge to goe
Into thoſe places whence they grew,
But thinke them bleſt they may doe ſo
Who would purſue.

The ſmoaky glory of the Towne,
That may goe till his native earth,
And by the ſhining fire ſit downe
Of his owne hearth,
Free from the griping Scriveners bands,
And the more byting Mercers books;
Free from the bayt of oyled hands
And painted looks?
The country too ev'n chopps for raine:
You that exhale it by your power
Let the fat dropps fall downe againe
In a full ſhowre.
And you bright beautyes of the time,
That waſte your ſelves here in a blaze,
Fixe to your Orbe and proper clime
Your wandring rayes.
Let no darke corner of the land
Be unimbelliſht with one Gemme,
And thoſe which here too thick doe ſtand
Sprinkle on them.
Beleeve me Ladies you will finde
In that ſweet life, more ſolid joyes
More true contentment to the minde
Than all Town-toyes.
Nor *Cupid* there leſſe bloud doth ſpill,
But heads his ſhafts with chaſter love,
Not feathered with a Sparrowes quill
But of a Dove.
There ſhall you heare the Nightingale
(The harmeleſſe Syren of the wood)
How prettily ſhe tells a tale
Of rape and blood.
The lyrricke Larke, with all beſide
Of natures feathered quire: and all
The Common-wealth of Flowres int's pride
Behold you ſhall.

The Lillie (Queene) the (Royall) Roſe,
The Gillyflowre (Prince of the bloud)
The (Courtyer) Tulip (gay in clothes)
The (Regall Budd)
The Vilet (purple Senatour)
How they doe mock the p mpe of State,
And all that at the ſurly doore
Of great ones waite.
Plant Trees you may, and ſee them ſhoote
Vp with your Children, to be ſerv'd
To your cleane boards, and the fair'ſt Fruite
To b preſerv'd:
And learne to uſe their ſeverall gummes,
" T'is innocence in the ſweet blood
" Of Cherrye, Apricocks and Plummes
" To be imbru'd.

In Ædes magnificas quas *Philippus* Secundus *Hiſpaniarum* Rex Eſcuriis ædificavit, et Sancto *Laurentio* dedicavit.

Sideria turres, et proxima machina mundo,
Cui natura loci dat inexpugnabile ſaxum
Temporibus, deſueta movent in carmina mentem.
Hanc molem fecere manus? quot jugera tecti!
Ordo quis! et ſimplex immani corpore formal
Tu ſemper Regina, *et neſcia linquere faſces,*
Tale nihil nova Roma *vides, nec priſca videbas*
Hæc tibi (Laurenti) *poſuit ditiſſima Templa*
Poſtquam quæ fuerant Quintinus *Marte* Philippus
Dejecet, trepidis quoniam latuere ſub aris
Incluſi muris boſtes, et numine fruſtra
Cui Rex; Hic etiam liceat mihi ſumere pœnas,
Et gentem Hoſtilem ſacris ſepelire ruinis,
Sanguine fas temerare focos, majora daturo.
Protinus Eſcurias concepit: et undiq; juſſit
Ferre viros, quorum melior natura dediſcet
Artificemvè manum, aut divinæ mentis ideam
Cunctli ergo, quot vel Regio longinqua, vel ipſum
Iunctas eſſe domos, odiis disjunxit iniquis,
Contribuunt operi magno, miſcentq; labores
Miſſus ab Occiduo *properat niger incola mundo,*
Captiviq; Arabes; *Alter venit* Indus *ab* Ortu;

The

The Eſcuriall.

A Fabricke is the ſubject of my verſe,
The beſt and greateſt; but the univerſe:
Whoſe maſſy Towers to heaven ſeem to climbe
And ſcorne the idle battery of old time.
How thicke the Courts! How ſmooth the pavements lye!
Of what vaſt parts what perfect Symmetry!
That *Phœnix Rome*, which burnt by barbarous foes,
More glorious ſince out of his aſhes roſe,
Yet did not, doth not, ſuch a building ſee,
In her youths pryde, or ages Majeſtie.
Spaines King unto S^t^. *Laurence* vow'd this place
When at S^t^. *Quintins* ſiedge he did deface
The Temple of that Saint, becauſe his foes,
After the Towne no longer could oppoſe,
Intrencht them there, whileſt vainly they rely
On the walls ſtrength, or *Philips* piety.
Who with the Saint beſiedged thus did treate;
Let it not be prophaneing of thy ſeate,
If with bold Armes ev'n here I wreake my fury,
And enemies with holy ruines bury,
Thy *Altars* quencht with blood, for which I ſwear
Lowd fame ſhall to the fartheſt Nations beare
The news of an eighth wonder, when in *Spaine*
I raiſe thee fairer ſhrines, a prouder Fane.
Forthwith conceiv'd hee in his Princely thought
Th'Eſcuriall. From every part are ſought
They to whom Heaven a rich Idea gave,
Or that by art more skill in working have.
All therefore whom the diſtance of the clime
Or neighbourhood it ſelfe (which is oft tyme
The greateſt barre) at further diſtance ſet,
In the great labour with joynt forces met.
The ſallow late found *Indian* comes to worke
From a new world from *Feſſe* the captive Turke,

The occaſion of building this houſe and dedication of it.

The

Queis Batavi *fecere latus; flaviq;* Sicambri;
Danus *adeſt* Græco, *nativum* Gallus Iberum
Adjuvat, Atq; Anglus *dotalis, et* Itala *pubes*
Fortibus Hiſpanis *verſo jam ſubdita fato.*
Omnis Terra coit. Nec vox diverſa Piorum
Interrumpit opus. Nunc æquat machina nubes
Diviſa in ternas partes. Hinc Limina *dantur*
Devoto vitæ meliori, *animâque ſupernas*
Contemplanti arces reſupinâ, ad cætera cæco.
Inde nec anguſto Collegia *limite ſurgunt,*
Fingere molle lutum, et formandis apta Pupillis
Artibus, et vitâ. Reliquum ſibi Regius Author
Vendicat, et totum capit Angulus ille Philippum.
Exerat altâ caput mediis Eccleſia *tectis.*
Nec minor auguſto prudentia munere Regis
Quâ largas diſponit opes, et partibus aptat
Quæ decet ornamenta; Modo non fingit eodem
Heroas, Sanctosque, *et acutâ mente* Sophiſtas.
Quâ Monachi vivunt, Res Sacra! *nihilq; profani*
Religioſa domûs irrumpit limina; vitas
Sanctorum narrat paries, et plurima ſervat
Arca ſacerdotum veſtes, auroq; nitentes
Et gemmis (*mundum* Sponſæ) *tum ſancta ſupellex,*
Reliquæ, *quas* Rex divinos cogit in uſus
Omne ſacrum rapiente manu. *Quæ tanta Tabellas*
Dicere lingua poteſt, numero pretioq; carentes,
Omnes Cœlicolas, quos inter Chriſtus *ubiq; eſt!*
Hic verbum caro fit, præbent præſepia cunas.
Doctores docet *hic magni ſapientia Patris;*

The

The other *Indians* from the Eaſt repaire,
All which with mingled *Germans* chequer'd are
And *Flemmings* white. The *Greeke* and *Dane* combine,
And *Frenchmen* with the native *Spaniard* joyne.
The fine *Italian* there doth emulate
Our *Engliſh* joyn'd with *Spaine* by Mariage late
All tongues are met, yet no confuſion there,
Becauſe this Pile to Pious end they reare.
'Tis up. And like the *Spaniſh* Gerion
Hath three proportion'd bodyes joyn'd in one.
Firſt there's a *Covent* for the man whoſe whole
Devotion is above, whoſe Dove-like ſoule
Seel'd with an Angells quill, hath eyes to finde
The way to Heav'n, but to the world is blinde.
A *Colledge* next its faire dimenſions ſpreads,
To mould ſoft clay, and ſettle tender heads
With knowledge and with vertue. What remaines
The *Founder* for his Royall Court retaynes.
One corner holds the King, amidſt the reſt
A Church extends on high its Towred creſt.
Nor was the wiſe contrivance of the King
In ordering his Guift, leſſe than the thing;
Who gave each part his due, and gravely weigh'd
That *Saints*, *Clearks*, *Worthies*, are not one way made.
Within the *Covent* every thing is pure, The Monaſtery and Church
No Ornament prophane into that doore
May preſſe, nor Hiſtory but of ſome Saint
Staine the religious wall with bluſhing paint.
There, holy *Veſtments* many a Coffer fill,
Rich in the matter, Richer in the skill.
(To decke the *Spouſe*) there, *Reliques* are (to ſet
Hir off with patches) which the King did get
From Graves and Ruines. Above all behold
The Pictures, there, too numerous to be told,
Too precious! And they all are of the bleſt,
And all *Chriſts* Acts are lively there expreſt. The pictures there.
Behold him borne a man, or God exil'd!
The Doctours taught their leſſon by a Child

Ecce flagellat opes *Templo! Miracula cerne?*
Nunc Sacram instituit mensam; *Nunc* orat in horto:
Jam vinctus recipit penecilli verbera *crudi,*
Jam necti sibi vult, jam rumpit vincula mortis.

Omnis ibi est. Et juncta illi (quod et ipse jubebat)
Ponè lavans digitos mæstissima Magdalena,
Quam benè docta manus, pectus perfecit eburnum?
Accensasq; pudore genas? Aurumque capilli
Fusile! At, O! tantos poteras ars fingere fletus?
Haud equidem falsi apparent, et plurimus illos
Peccator cupit esse suos. Sed quid veritum Arti,
Si lætas animas, si non imitabile fulgur
Gloriæ, *et humani voti depingere summam*
Soleus dextra volet? Quæ, quamvis excidit auso,
Nescio quid Cæleste tamen præstringet ocellos,
Incantat mentem, cælorum accendit amores.

Ista Monasterium *decorat* Collegia *libris*
Bibliotheca *duplex. Impressos continet una,*
Vna Manuscriptos; Quorum pars magna (character
Quos Arabùm signat) Turcis *erepta, Trophæi*
Martis, *oliviferæ sunt instrumenta* Minervæ.
Ora virùm circum pingunt, quos vindicat umbrâ
Ingenii lux clara sui, et virtutibus æqua
Posteritas.

Fessi

(His Fathers wiſedome)! See the Temple purg'd
(The money changers from their tables ſcourg'd)!
Loe there his Miracles ſucceſſively!
Loe here his Supper, there his Agony!
Ah! how the bloudy pencell here doth wound
His ſacred body to the Pillar bound!
There Crucifi'd (alas!) he yeilds his breath,
And here he triumphs over hell and death.
You have him all. And by him (as was meet)
The *Magdalene* that bath'd his bleſſed feet.
How well the Paynter to the life expreſt
The ſoft and ſwelling Ivory of hir breſt?
Hir flaſhing Cheekes? Hir long bright haire unroll'd,
And ſpilt upon the ground like molten Gold?
But oh, hir teares! and could he paynt them too?
(A ſinner wiſht them his they ſeem'd ſo true)
Yet what ſo hard, but art made proud aſſayes?
When Heav'n it ſelfe (whoſe outward beauties daze
Mans feeble eyes, but from whoſe inward light
The Angells with their wings muſt skreen their ſight
When in the dreadfull preſence they doe ſtand)
Is there decyphered by bold *Titians* hand? Titians Glory.
Where, though it fail'd, yet ſomething Heav'nly takes
Our ſence, our ſoule, and love of Heav'n awakes.
Such is the *Convent*. On the other ſide
The *Colledge* is with *Libraries* ſupply'd, The Colledge with the Libraries.
One ſtor'd with printed bookes, another fraught
With *Manuſcripts* from diverſe Countreyes brought,
But moſt (which in *Arabick* letters writ
Conteyne the deepeſt myſteries of wit)
From the *Turks* hands the *Chriſtians* did gayne.
So *Mars* his ſpoiles adorne *Minerva's* Fane.
And round their pictures are plac'd properly Pictures there.
Whom their great learning from the darke doth free,
And that which robs from none his envy'd praiſe
Poſteritie.

Feſſi tandem ſucceſſimus Aulæ.
Res alia eſt: Mauras ſtupeas longo ordine pugnas.
Id nigrum campis agmen, comitante Megerâ,
Chriſtata galeâ, et nudo plus ore, tremendos.
Heu! fruſtra, Heu! pugnas Rodorice, *et Prætoris ipſum*
Mavortem luctans fato. Cùm virgine raptâ
Vertebas in te arma Ducis, *Populumque trahebas*
Exemplo, vitiis nimium Regalibus, aptum;
Tum tua Sceptra dabas, quæ virtus ſera repoſcit.
Olim (longa tamen veniet poſt tempora tempus,)
Cum ſolitas poterit renovare Hiſpania *vires;*
Cum redeat nitor antiquus, ſeliq; Leonum
Excreſcant ungues, et vellera fulva juborum.
Hìc, aliàs veluti cum noctem Pictor opacum
Vult uſurpati decedere limite Mundi,
Arte fugam tenebrarum, et candida caſtra diei
Exprimit, ingenuos dextrâ miſcente colores;
Sic procul expulſis cernes albeſcere Mauris
Picturam: Nox atra comis, ut montibus, hæret.
Parte aliâ Auſtraicum *videas bellare* Johannem.
Concurrère Rates: ſonitu loca læta fremebant
Fulminis humani, plenumque cadavere multo
Jam mare ſanguineo, veluti Leo, *rugiit ore.*
Æolus invidit magnum de rupe ruinis.
Vos autem quæ damno ſalo? Quis inane veretur
Murmur anhelantum? raro perit una carina
Obruta naufragio, quam jam damnaverat Orco
Vectorisve Scelus, ſua vel quia venerat hora.

Obrui

Here breath-- vnto the Palace then proceed
There other *Paintings*, other objects feed
The Honour-ſtarved minde. The horrid wall
Showes how the Conquering *Moore* made ſpoyle of all:
The blacke Troops hide the Field, fear'd when they wore
The plumed Caske, but fear'd without it more.
In vayne thou fights *Rodrigo* with thy fate,
Doeing ſuch acts as *Mars* might imitate.
No; when thy *Generall* to new alarmes
Thou drav'ſt by's Daughters Rape, turning thy armes
Againſt thy ſelfe, and didſt thy Land betray
By *Royall vice*, then, then, thou gav'ſt away
Thy Crowne, which too-late vertue would recall.
Yet time ſhall be (long hence) when *Spaine* ſhall fall
To her old Lords, hir Lyons nailes grow out,
And all her with'red glories freſhly ſprout.
The paynter ſhifts his ſcene: as when hee'l make
A morne againſt the night poſſeſſion take.
Ore the uſurped world, the darkeneſſe hyes
Before the light, *Dayes* purple Enſignes flyes:
So may you ſee, when as the *Moores* are gone,
The Picture dawne, and blacke is us'd alone
About the haire, as when (though now 'tis light)
Yet on the cloudy hills there hangs ſome night.
Another Chamber at full length diſplay'd
The cruell fight before *Lepanto* made,
The Gallyes ſhockt; the Ocean roar'd that day
Like a full Lyon blouded with the prey.
And all the ſhoares, and all the billowes round,
With noyſe of mortalls thunder did reſound.
From either battaile roſe confuſed cryes.
Whilſt *Eolus* ſuch monſtrous wracks envyes:
And thus the lazie tempeſts doth upbraid,
What Tragedie Act you? or who'ſ afraid
At your vaine noyſe? you drowne (perhaps) a few
Crax'd Barques, condemn'd before to vengeance due,

The Kings Palace, with the pictures therin
The invaſion of Spain by the Moores.

The expulſion of the Moors.

The battaile of Lepanto.

Obruit hic Claſſes oriens ex navibus ipſis
Tempeſtas, et major hyems. *His intonat antro*
Raucus, et ignavis hominem, Pater, exprobrat Euris
Semper tuta fides: Chriſti *victoria velis*
Tandem ſiſtit aquâ madidis et ſanguine pennis.
Hæc animos illi Juveni *dare tanta volebat*
Ut ſceptra, et Magnæ thalamos ſperaret Elizæ.
Jamq; opus exactum eſt. Longis jam debita votis
Templa vocant ſanctum, qui non quæſiverat iſſe;
Scilicet *ingentes illâ tellure calores*
Craticulamque novam (tectorum ea forma) timebat
Vanos eſſe metus verùm experientia monſtrat,
Nam cum fumat humus, rabiatque Canicula flammis
Hiſpanos *per agros, illic placidiſſimus horror*
Frigida membra quatit. Facit hæc, qui ceteer anhelat
Ventus *vicini dura ad faſtigia montis,*
Et Marmor *calcatum, et* Fons, *et* lumen ademptum.
Quid Mors *interea? Quæ te clementia cepit!*
(Rumpere ſurgentes aliquid facientibus annos
Importuna ſoles, et magnis invida rebus,
Segnibus indulgens canos et inutile tempus)
Hîc res magna agitur: Quid præpetis impedit alas?
Viſceribus terræ tenuis qùo ſemita ducit,
Speluncam *non feſſa manus poſt omnia format.*
Formatam gemmis ornant: et Jaſpide compta
Frangit avernales obſcurâ luce tenebras,
*Ornatam ſacrant diræ (*Palatia*) Morti*
Hoc expectavit donum, quod maluit illa

Quem

Becauſe ſome guilty paſſengers they beare,
Or whom ripe Fate oretakes at Sea; But here
Whole Navies periſh without rockes or ſhelves,
By greater Tempeſts from the Ships themſelves.
Thus ſtorm'd hee; whilſt uncertaine victory
Between both Fleets did long time wav'ring fly
At length upon the Chriſtians Fleet ſhee ſtood,
Hir wings being clogg'd with water and with blood.
This glorious day made the brave *Auſtria* ſeeme
Worthy a Crowne, and *Englands* Martiall Queene.
So now the worke is finiſhed, and fit
To have the Saint in rok'd & inhabit it.
Who, loth, approacht. He fear'd that Climates ire
And *Gridiron-houſe. The burnt Childe dreads the fire.*
But glad experience ſatisfies his doubt:
For when the furious *Dogge-ſtarre raves* throughout
The *Spaniſh* ſoyle which ſmoakes like kindled flaxe,
And with the anguiſh of his byting cracks
Here pleaſing honour through each Limbe doth ſhoote.
Caus'd by the Marble freezing under foote,
And the cold ſprings, and by the wynd which ſtill
Breaths freſhneſſe, panting up the neighbouring hill.
Where then was *Death* wandring about the Earth?
(He ſtrangles great foundations in the birth,
Anticipating in his beſt of yeares
The buſied man, whilſt droanes attaine gray haires,
And their ſuperfluous life to length is ſpunne,
Where wert thou envyous *Death* whilſt this was done?
Beneath the building is a darkſome vault,
Which after all th' unwearyed workeman wrought,
Then decke it ſumptuous, and a glim'ring light
From the rich *Jaſper* breakes the thicker night.
It is *Deaths Palace, their Kings burying place,*
Where over Crowned heads he waves his Mace.
The hungry Monſter waited for this bit,

The Panthea.

TO

Quam lachrymis populi, et ſaturary funere Regis.
O! (pretioſa licèt, licèt acrem flectere Parcam
Divitiis poteras, et tè cinis ipſe ſuperbit)
Haud capias Dominum, *Nec tantus ſudet in urnâ,*
Qui fecit totum ſcelus eſt in parte locari.
Sis Tumulus Regum: Tumulus Domus ipſa Philippi eſt.

Ad eximiæ magnitudinis Navem ſub auſpiciis Caroli Magnæ Britanniæ Regis conſtructam.

Anno Dom. 1637. Cui poſtea nomen

REGINA MARIUM.

E Scuriale Maris, *quod jam poſt ſecula multa*
Ars pariebat Anus, plus et te diligit unam
Mater, quam cunctas quas fecerat ante Carinas:
Te Thameſis *vix ipſe capit tumefactus; Abyſſi*
Divitias, Monſtrumq; novum: Tibi flumina Betis
Nil æquale vident, Rodanuſve *capacibus undis,*
Aut ſeptem-gemini navalia barbara Nili
Æite digna Ratis qui te, plaudente volatu,
Meonioq; canens tollat ſuper Æthera verſu.
Digna tuo Domino, cujus Freta-clauſa *coronæ*
Parent: Injuſtis quæ ſi quis liberat Armis,
Uni jam tantam tibi fas confidere litem.
Grandis in Oceano jam pandes carbaſa parvo,
Carbaſa quæ priſci Sæclum meruere Noachi,
Cum mundus fuit Oceanus, cùm cuncta creata
Sulcavere Fretum, Navi contenta minore.

Quis

To feaſting on a King preferring it,
And unto Gen'rall Blacks. But precious *Cave*
(Though duſt it ſelfe grow proud of ſuch a Grave
Which brib'd ev'n Fate) yet doe not thou preſume
To crowd the *Founder* in a narrow Tombe.
Though thou alone mayſt all their Kings content,
The houſe is (all) but Philips Monument.

On His Majeſties Great Shippe lying almoſt finiſht in *Woolwich* Docke *Anno Dom.* 1637. and afterwards called *The Soveraigne of the Seas.*

E*Scurial of the Sea*: which art (now growne
After long practize, to perfection)
Made for hir ages comfort, and doates more
On thee alone, than all ſhee built before.
Fairer than all which the rich Billowes keepe
From greedy eyes; New wonder of the deepe.
For which the *French Garoon*, *Nyles* ſev'nfold ſtreames,
The *Spaniſh Betis*, doe envy the *Thames*.
Worthy a better quill thy worth to raiſe,
Worthy that King whom ſo much Sea obeyes
On whoſe force only he might reſt that plea,
For which the Ocean 's but a narrow Sea:
Which hadſt deſerv'd (for larger ſcope and ſway)
Thy pompous Sayles and ſtreamers to diſplay
In *Noahs* age, when the whole World was mayne,
And a leſſe Shipp all creatures did conteyne.

Quis te jactat Avus? Quæ ſacræ Robora ſylvæ
In tantum crevere latus? ſpoliisve triumphos
Multotum nemorum? Genuit tam fortia mala
Anglia? vel Dani montes? vel Suevia, *duras*
Erudiens tolerare nives puerilibus annis,
Et ſævos Boreæ flatus mollire gemendo,
Ut tandem æquoreas ſuperent aſſueta Procellas?

Quis Titulus te deinde manet? Quæ nomina magna
Æqua rei? Tu Navis eris? ſive inſula Deli
Errans per tumidum vulſus radicibus æquor?
Quis titulus formamq; tuam, Palmaſq; futuras
Paucis litterulis (vates) comprendet in auro?
Princeps *eſſe velis? ſed quamvis* Principe *major?*
Serviet ille tibi, ſolitus non ferre priorem.
Regis nomen aves? ſed jam tibi Carolus *illud*
Præripuit, Magnus poteris tu Carolus *eſſe.*
An tua vis Priſco *deberi nomina Regi*
Qui vinctum terræ pelagus, Sceptroq; tridentem,
Noluit avelli, gladio tutatus utrumque?
Vix equidem dubito; celſâ nam conſpice Prorâ
Ut micat auratis fortiſſimus Edgar *in armis!*
Vendicat enſe Fretum, et pedibus proſtrata ſuperbis
Agnoſcunt Dominum ſeptem Regalia colla.
Inter vicinas O Inſula clara coronas
Quam Rex Claſſe ſuâ circumdedit ipſe quotannis!
Non tam tuta fores ſi Dæmonis arte Baconus
Mœniâ cæruleæ junxiſſet abenea Foſſæ.
Quantus et ille fuit ſeptem qui remige Regum
Impulit exiguam, conducens ipſe, Carinam
Fluminibuſq; intravit ovans Ceſtrenſia Templa!
Jura mari dedit inde ſimul, normamq; regendi
Imperiis quæ ſtare volunt; Quibus uncta gubernat
Majeſtas, lentant magnates Remige, Miles
Bellica, Sacra ſacri, tractant Fabrilia Fabri.

What Pedegree doth boaſt thee? From what wood,
Whoſe ſacred Oakes ſo long untoucht had ſtood,
Sprung thy huge Maſts? Or was't from more than one?
Did Brittiſh Forreſts yeild theſe Ribbs alone?
Or *Denmarke* or cold *Norway* bring them forth,
Inur'd betimes to tempeſts of the North,
And then at length allow'd to be a Shipp
When they had ſerv'd a ſtormy Prentizſhipp?
Then tell me, thou, that ſeemſt a floating Iſle,
What name doſt thou aſpire to, what great ſtile,
Which in a few gold letters may comprize
All beauty, and preſage thee victories?
Since thou art ſo much greater than the *Prince*
Which to thee only ſayes; I ſerve, and ſince
The meaner *Charles* takes the Kings name in vaine,
What canſt thou be except *The Charlemaigne*?
Or will thy Royall Maſter Chriſten thee
The Edgar, to revive his memorie
Who ſo long ſince ore Land and Ocean raign'd,
Scepter and Trident (joyn'd) with ſword maintayn'd;
Vpon thy gorgeous Beake when I behold
That warlick King compleatly arm'd in gold,
Whilſt at his feet ſea'n vaſſall Kings doe throw
Their crowned heads, methinks it muſt be ſo.
How bright 'mongſt neighb'ring Crowns did *Brittayn* ſtand
When once a yeare hir King Saild round the Land,
Which with that wooden wall ſecurer was
Than if it had been girdled in with Braſſe?
And what a brave proceſſion muſt that be,
When to proclaime his Empire ore the Sea,
Steering the Galley which thoſe Kings did rowe,
To *Cheſter* Church in tryumph he did goe?
It did both ſeale his clayme, and repreſent
The image of a perfect Government,
Where, ſitting at the helme the Monarch ſteeres,
The Oares are labour'd by the active Peeres,

At nullo officio, nullo qui munere vitæ
Inſtituit fungi, dormit ſuper æquora vector
Ægrotans, Patriæq; incumbit inutile pondus.
Sed Navis *nos ipſa vocat: quam* Rector *aquarum*
Deperit, infandam volvens ſub pectore curam.
Fervet avens, totiſq; petit Te fluctibus; Ipſe
Raucâ voce rogat properes, Zephyruſq; ſuſurro.
Biſq; die indulget lachrymis, mandataq; Amantis
Fertq; refertq; æſtus, Thameſis *que per oſtia curris;*
Scire jubat quæ forma Ratis eſt, Quæ cauſa morandi,
Quando venire velit, quando velit agmina mitti
Undarum Domino Sponſam *ductura potenti,*
Fluctuat expectans, poſitæq; in montibus altis
Adventum ſpeculantur aquæ Rectricis Aquarum.
Ecce venit! cultu ſplendens ut Regia virgo!
Anchora pendet iners, Crux Anglica *purpurat auras.*
Albam ponè ſtolam (Regum de more vetuſto)
Excipit ancillans turgenti flamine ventus.
Tu magnis opibus, magnoq; ſuperba decore,
Incedis lento paſſu Regina Profundi.
Eximiumq; decus Formæ, motuſq; venuſtos,
In ſpeculo componis aquæ placitura Marito.
Amens ſed Thameſis *tantâ lætatus Alumnâ*
Nunquam tam tumido currebat flumine, nulla
Oceano Patri *tantum dedit unda tributum.*
Agmine jam nitido Proceres glomerantur Aquarum
Undiq; ſtipantes Dominam, *canoſq; capillos*
Exeruere ſenes latè ſpumantibus undis.
Progrederis, placidiſq; volans illaberis undis.
Sic ratis at vitrium ſemper venias elementum.

Seu

And all the People diſtributed are
In other offices of Peace and Warre.
Whilſt he that in the Common-wealth doth beare
No calling, is the Sea-ſick paſſenger.

But to our Shipp, for which loud *Neptune* raves,
And ſeemes to long to daunce hir on his waves.
Boyling with love, he ſends gale after gale
To ſigh into hir throwds his amorous tale.
Twice every day into *Thames* channell runne
His watry poaſts to know when ſhee'l be done,
And when he may diſpatch a full ſpring-tyde
To wedd as (Proxie) his betrothed bryde,
And bring hir where from hills of Froſt on greene,
The Seas looke out to ſpye their comming *Queene*,
Behold ſhe comes, deckt like a Royall Maide!
Hir Anchors are tuckt up, hir Flaggs diſplay'd,
Which fann the Ayre, and offer in a ſcorne
Waves to the River, Purple to the Morne.
Hir chaſt white ſayle is borne up by the winde,
Which, like a nimble Page, wayts cloſe behinde.
She mixing hir much beauty with due ſtate,
Moves ſoberly with a Majeſticke gate,
And ore the chriſtall ſtreame, hir Lord to pleaſe,
A thouſand gracefull geſtures practizes.
But franticke *Thames* never ſo proudly ranne,
Did never river pay the *Ocean*
So great a tribute. The old Sea-Gods throng
In ſcaly flocks to wayt on hir along,
And froathing a high circuit round about,
Their gray curld heads above the waves thruſt out.

O, welcome to the chriſtall Element!
To Neptune alwayes welcome! whether bent
To Martiall proofes thou powre on hoſtile Lands
(As from *Troyes* wooden horſe) bright armed Bands,

Seu tu Bella geras, atq; horrida fulmina mittas,
Roboreum complens armato milite ventrem,
Vt Trojanus equus trepidos ruiturus in hoſtes:
Mollibus aut ſtoliis Paciſq; dicata Tryumphis,
Angliacas *mittare* Roſas *aliena per arva*
Spargendum, lachrimis quæ creſcant undiq; noſtris:
Sive magis lætis velis ventoq; ſecundo
Regali puero *Parilem ductura Maritam.*

At, Mare per multos poſtquam bene vexeris annos,
Cum vitæ tibi Portus adeſt, Requieſq; laborum
Vltima, nou pereas infelix Naufraga Puppis,
Nec te jam fractam Pelago, ſeráq; ſenectâ,
Hoſtibus imbellis prodat jactantibus ætas;
Lenta nec ignavo conſummat otia Portu,
Nec Theſea Ratis *partes renovata per omnes,*
Illudas Fato, Fato ludibria fias:
Sed tu ſidereas Nova Conſtellatio ſedes
Aſcendas dono divûm (fælicia Nautis
Lumina fluctivagis) et Cœlo naviga in Alto.

And thund'ring with thy hoarce Artillery
Againſt their Caſtles like a Caſtle lye;
Or giv'n to ſofter tryumphs of faire Peace,
Thou plant in forreigne ſoyles the ſweet increaſe
Of Englands Royall Roſes, when they goe
Deaw'd with the Subjects teares to make them grow;
Or that with gladder Sayles and fuller pride,
Thou fetch for our young Prince a Princely Bride.
When running in the *Ocean* thy laſt ſtage,
Being then to end thy watry pilgrimage,
Let it not be by wracke; nor, feeble growne
With yeares, by any foe be overthrowne;
(Too proud a victory!) Nor pine away
Of ſlow conſumption in inglorious Bay;
Nor like patcht *Theſeus* Shipp (whereof the name
Of what it was only remayn'd the ſame)
Be mending ſtill, and by that fallacy
Affect a periſhing eternity;
But, lodg'd b'a happy ſtorme upon ſome ſpheare,
Be launcht *a ſayling Conſtellation* there.
And thence (as *Am'rall of the World*) hang forth
A brighter Starre than that which from the North
Lights the benighted Seaman through the Mayne
So *Charles* his Shipp ſhall quite Eccliſpe his *Wayne*.

Maius Lucanizans.

Vlvis (Io!) Lucane ſacrâ revocantur ab urnâ
Purpurei manes, et noto major Imago.
Ceſareo turgent exhauſtæ crimine venæ,
Dum melior Cæſar Capitolia, vindice verſu,
Conſpergit moriens, ipſumque cruore Tonantem.
Hoc tu Maie facis, divini pectoris hæres,
Linguarumque potens; * Patrio ſeu carmine reddis
Quæ peregrina ſuis cantavit Muſa Quirinis;
Seu, Duce jam rapto procedere longius audes,
Angliacæq; ferens victricia ſigna Camænæ
Quà Romanæ jacent, * cæptis ingentibus addis:
Sive,* tui Interpres, quæ paucis auribus ante
Bella canebantur, Romæ Romana remittis.
Nota vacillantem deſcribit Lingua Catonem,
Qui moritur toto Mundi ſpectante Theatro.
Autborem, teque exuperas et utroque potitus
Culmine Parnaſſi, Doctis Plebique legêris
Quô recinente feros variatâ voce triumphos
Ad fluvium Thameſis, ripas tuba verberat ambas,
Hinc Romana ſonans, reſpondens inde Britanna:
Angli Lucanum jactant, Maiumque Latini.
O nobis, O plura refer! Quot Prælia reſtant
Exornanda tibi? Quos Muſa ſepultat Amores?
Heu! quantas pateris non ſemper vivere Mortes?

* Verſio Lucani in linguam Anglicanam.

* Supplementum ejuſdem in Lingua Anglicana.

* Supplementi verſio in Linguam Latinam.

Plebem

Plebem iracundam, et Bruti miserabile lethum,
Uxorisque fidem, meritam non morte probari;
Heu nimium sociata viro! nimium æmula Patris!
Atque ipsum dirâ proscriptum lege Senatum,
Et Ciceronem ipsum, Libertatisq; (Tyrannis
Jam tribus oppressæ) supremam audire querelam,
Te recitante juvat. Primâ Cleopatra Camenâ
Dicta tibi, summo poscit jam carmine dici,
Nondum tota micat, mediâ plus parte laborat
Luminis, et privata mori, Regina veretur,
Altisono properes nisi tu succurrere versu,
Exæquesque animos dictis, anguesque ministres.
Formam pinge Ducum victricem; Haud tempore victam:
Pinge Ducem molli vinctum fera colla cathenâ:
Actiacas acies; Tyroni ubi gloria cana
Cessit. Sæpe Virum retrahebat conscia virtus
Factorum veterum, Martisque innata Cupido,
Navali sed enim pugnâ plus posse probavit
Æquoream Venerem. Fugiens quem vincere posset,
Victricem sequitur fugientem: Et parte recedens
Imperii, laxas Augusto tradit habenas.
Hic suspende Tubas. Hic cum Nasone Maronem,
Et Flaccum, dulcesq; choros agnosse Tuorum.
Egregius Victor pacato carmine Mundo
Auscultat, totamque Hederis indulgent Olivam.
Emeritus vates agat otia grata sub illo.

Written by Mr. T. C. of his Majeſties Bed-Chamber.

1.

TEll me, *Eutreſia*, ſince my fate
And thy more powerfull Forme decreed
My heart an Immolation at thy Shrine,
Where it is ever to incline,
How I muſt love, and at what rate,
And by what ſteps, and what degrees
I ſhall my hopes enlarge, and my deſires confine?

A.

Firſt when thy flames begin
See they burne all within,
And ſo, as lookers on may not deſcry
Smoake in a ſigh, or ſparkle in an eye,
I'de have thy love a good while there
Ere thine owne heart ſhould be aware,
And I my ſelfe would chooſe to know it
Firſt by thy care and cunning not to ſhow it.

2.

When my flame thine owne way is thus betrayd,
Muſt it be ſtill afrayd?
May it not be ſharpſighted too aſwell,
And know thou knowſt that which it dares not tell,
And by that knowledge finde it may
Tell it ſelfe ore a lowder way?

B.

Let me alone a while,
For ſo thou maiſt beguile
My heart to a conſent
Long ere it meant.
For whilſt I dare not diſaprove
Leaſt that betray a knowledge of thy love,
I ſhall be ſo accuſtom'd to allow,
That I ſhall not know how
To be diſpleas'd when thou ſhalt it avow.

When

Ex Linguâ Anglicanâ.

Methodus amandi.

1.

Dic (quoniam Fatumq; meum, tuaque optima Forma,
Fato omni major, cor hoc tibi deſtinat olim
Non extinguendis carpendum (ut victima) Flammis)
Quomodo amare decet, quantumque indulgeam amori?
Quid ſperare jubes, vel deſperare? quibusque
Frena ſpei laxem gradibus, ponamve Furori?

A.

Cum nata eſt nova Flamma tibi, tota ardeat intus:
Ut non indicium det ſpectatoribus ullum
Scintillante oculo, vel dum ſuſpiria fumant.
Quin ipſe inſolitos ignores pectoris æſtus,
Affectumque diu proprium; monſtretque latentem
Prima meis oculis ars ipſa et cura tegendi.

2.

More modoque tuo cum ſic mea prodita flamma eſt,
Num trepidabit adhuc? oculos ſibi ſumere quondam
Non et amor poterit? nec te ſcire hoc ſciet ille
Quod narrare pudor vetat? audaciterque vel inde
Audebit fari, tacitus quod dixerat ante?

B.

Paulùm conticeas: ſic illaqueata gradatim
Quam vellem citius concedam forſan amorem
Quippe tacere et ego nimio perſuaſa pudore,
Nec culpare tuam, videar ne noſcere Flammam,
Poſt ubi jam conſtet, jam conceſſiſſe videbor,
Spemque pudore datam non confirmare pudebit.

3.

When by loves powerfull ſecret ſympathy
Our Soules are got thus nigh,
And that by one another ſeene
There needs no breath to goe betweene,
Though in the maine agreement of our breaſts
Our *Hearts* ſubſcribe as *Intereſts*,
Will it not need
The Tongues ſigne too as *Witneſſe* to the deed?

C.

Speake then, but when you tell the tale
Of what you ayle,
Let it be ſo diſorder'd that I may
Gueſſe onely thence what you would ſay,
Then to ſpeake ſence
Were an offence,
And twill thy paſſion tell the ſubtleſt way
Not to know what to ſay.

Cùm propè ſe noſtræ, Magnete potentis Amoris,
Contigerint Animæ:
Voce nec indigeant, vanoq; Interprete (vento)
Jam conſpecta ſibi per biantia vulnera, corda
Quamvis alternis rata ſint et inuſta medullis
Fœdera, non Linguas Teſtes *(de more) vocemus?*

C.

Fare agedùm: ſed cùm trepido depinxeris ore
Pœnè animi, tam abruptus eat, ſine et ordine ſermo,
Ut vix eliceam dictis quid dicere velles.
Hic foret eloquium maleſani crimen Amoris,
Et nil poſſe loqui Facundia major Amantis.

By Mr. T. C. *likewiſe.*

FArewell faire Saint, let not the Seas and wind
Swell like the eyes and hearts you leave behind.
But ſmooth and gentle as the lookes you beare
Smile in your face, and whiſper in your eare.
May no bold Billow venture to ariſe
That it may neerer gaze upon your eyes,
Leaſt Wind and Waves enamour'd of your forme
Should crowd and throng themſelves into a ſtorme.
But if it be your fate (vaſt Seas) to love,
Of my becalmed breaſt learne how to move.
Move then, but in a gentle lovers pace,
No wrinckle nor no furrough in your face.
And you (Fierce winds) ſee that you tell your tale
In ſuch a breath as may but fill her Sayle.
So whilſt you court her each your ſeverall way
You may her ſafely to her Port convey,
And looſe her by the nobleſt way of wooing
Whilſt both contribute to your own undoing.

Dominæ Navigaturæ
ex Linguâ Anglicanâ.

O Diva, O Formoſa vale: non ventus et Æquor
Cordibus intumeant, oculisq; frementia noſtris.
Sed vultus imitata tuos, pectuſque ſerenum,
Mulceat Aura Aures, blandumque arrideat Æquor.
Nulla procax inſurgat aquis audacibus unda,
Ut ſic nempe tuis propiùs miretur Ocellos.
Ne formâ veſana tuâ ventuſque Fretumque
In rapidam ſeſe impellant glomerentque procellam.
Sed ſi Fata volunt ut ametis vos (Freta Vaſta)
Diſcite Frænatos noſtro de pectore motus.
Ergo movete (ſinùm) ſed Amantum more movete,
Non ſulcus ſit Fronte minax non ruga ſenilis.
Et Tu (Vente ferox) nimio ne Flamine Flammam
Suſpires moneo, ſed tantum ut vela tumeſcant.
Sic dum fletis Aquæ, dum Venti flatis Amorem,
Illa petet Portum Fluctu Flatuq; ſecundis:
Dumq; aliena ſalus propriâ ſic empta ruinâ eſt
Nobiliore modo Vos *amittetis* Amatam.

A CANTO
OF THE
Progreſſe of Learning.

TEll me O Muſe, and tell me *Spencers* ghoſt;
What may have bred in knowledge ſuch decay
Since ancient times, that wee can hardly boaſt
We underſtand thoſe grounds they then did lay?
Much I impute to th'ſhortning of the day,
(Our life, which was a ſtride, being ſhrunck t'a ſpanne)
Yet ſure there are beſides ſome rubbs i'th way
Say then how *Learnings* Sunne to ſhine began?
And by what darke degrees it did goe backe in man?

Then thus when ſeeds of all things (from the wombe
Of pregnant *Chaos* ſprung) were perfected;
Another *Chaos* (yet to be orecome)
Out of the Reliques of the former bred,
With ignorance this infant world orefpred.
And having drown'd Reaſons deviner Ray
In the dull lumpe of fleſh, made men (the head)
Companions of their ſlaves: The Beaſts and they
Promiſcuouſly fed, Promiſcuouſly lay.

As now they are, things were not ſorted then;
Nor by diviſion of the parts did breed
The publique harmony. For how ſhould men
Manure the ground their minds being choakt with weed?
Or adde the laſt hand, which themſelves did need?
Woods yet unto the Mountaines did not paſſe,
Nor Heards beneath in graſſy Meadowes feed,
Nor Corne inrich the middle Grounds; but Graſſe,
And woods, and tilled Corne, were ſhuffled in one Maſſe.

When

When thus ſad Nature did her caſe deplore;
Why is the beſt of Creatures poore whilſt I
Abound in wealth: or what availes my ſtore
Heapt in a common field? O Jove deny
Thy fruitleſſe gifts, or elſe cleare reaſons eye:
And grant that they poſſeſſe thoſe gifts alone
In whom that Reaſon moſt ſhall fructifie
For till for worth ſome difference be ſhowne
Twixt man and man, twixt man and beaſt there will be none.

Jove heard: Nor choſe to blame her murm'ring Pray'r,
But remedy the cauſe, by ſending *Wit*
(Which is the uſe of Reaſon.) To his Care
Th' unpoliſht minde of man he did commit,
As with a Diamonds point to faſhion it.
Bidding him gently glyde into his Heart
By ſuch convenient meanes as he could get,
And that as Soveraigne Lord he ſhould impart
Kingdomes and Provinces to them that tooke his part.

"A pregnant ſpirit ſhort inſtructions ſerve
So buckling to his taske he did ſurvey
All Creatures in this world, and might obſerve
To breake from *Womans* eye a brighter day
Than that which riſing *Phœbus* did diſplay.
On this fraile Baſis the great worke begun:
The leſſer World which yet in darkeneſſe lay,
With Weeds and Brambles wildly over run,
To purge that ſecond *Chaos* found this ſecond *Sunne*.

For whil'ſt Man gaz'd on the bewitching light,
An unknowne Paſſion entred at his Eye,
Which, ſtrugling with his Reaſon, did exite
Her languiſht ſpark through ſecret ſympathy
Of flames that were ingendred mutually.
His narrow ſoule grew larger with her Gueſt,
And furniſht to enſhrine a Deity:
Who now with Language his new love expreſt,
And now with Thouſand Tropes his ſmoother Language

" *Love* is that fire which wife *Prometheus* caught
" From Heav'n it ſelfe to forge mans ſoule anew,
" (Which Feavours with it, and dead Paleneſſe brought
" Inſtead of Health) Repoſe, and Lively Hiew
" When all theſe goods out of the Basket flew,
" *Hope* only to the bottome did remove.
" Yet had wee rather this ſweet Hope purſue
" Than have our former State. And ſome approve
" With Loſſe of all thoſe goods even a hopeleſſe Love.

Say you by whom this kindly flame 's reprov'd,
Who layd the firſt ſtone of civilitie?
Whilſt men fought ſweet converſe with them they lov'd,
And for advice in the New Malady,
With others too; which lot in *Amitie*?
Who did the Organs firſt for Reaſon fit,
As by experience to this day wee ſee?
" For properly *Love* ripens the *Fooles* wit;
" But turnes ſome wiſe men Fooles by over rip'ning it.

Men thus converſing, ſoone the *Arts* were made,
And, that which all Included, *Poetry*:
Under whoſe veyle were myſtickly convey'd
The ſolid Grounds of all *Philoſophy*,
Ev'n to the homely Rules of *Husbandry*,
Which with ſuch ſugred Eloquence were dreſt,
And Coucht in ſuch Delightfull Harmony,
That they who could not crabbed Texts diſgeſt,
To heare thoſe flowing numbers, without number preſt.

And now had *Wit* his noble taske perform'd;
For what could more for Mortalls be deſir'd
Than to be decently ſuſteyn'd, and form'd
With all the Ornaments their minds requir'd!
So to his Contemplations he retir'd,
Leaving the Countryes in propriety
To ſuch as were by him for Rule inſpir'd,
Who us'd them with a *Liberality*
That little differ'd from the old community.

But

But *Nature* was not ſo content whoſe thought
Is vaſt and ever Covetous of more:
For though to ſuch a rare perfection brought
She held all nothing that was done before.
And therefore farther to improve her ſtore,
Her wily head a counterfeit did frame,
Who in his lookes *Wits* perfect likeneſſe bore,
And by that ſtollen tytle dar'd to clayme
The Government of things. But *Craft* was his right name.

So well could he his ſubtile picklocks file
That in moſt minds his entrance he had made,
Partly deceiv'd with his pretended ſtyle,
And partly from their due Allegiance ſwayd
With *Guifts* of a ſtrange force before them layd,
Which in the Oceans unknowne waves did lye,
(Now Sayl'd and div'd into) which *Earth* diſplay'd
Forc't by a thouſand tortures to diſcry,
Where her bright Gold was hid from *Phœbus* 's envyous eye.

His precepts are; *From every thing to get*:
And each from other. But with legall ſhow.
(For that, he ſayth, is liveing by his wit)
But the true *Wit* which all theſe things did owe,
From his juſt right he wrongfully did throw.
That only Title hath a ſolid Plea
Which he confirmes, if he did not beſtow
He is Lord Paramount of Land and Sea,
And all the world is held of *Craft* in *Capite*.

O Witt! *next* Jove *Creator of Mankind*,
Where doſt thou now in ſecret corner ſit,
Counting the Starrs with avaricious mind
Or brooding ſome immortall worke of wit
Whereby thou maiſt affected glory get,
Whilſt thy poore Clients, outed of their right,

For nobler Sciences are made unfit,
" *Since Lamps that have no Oyle can give no light,*
" *And folly twere to ſhine when men have loſt their ſight?*

Thus ſome: who well affected did remaine,
To the old learned Age. Yet each of theſe
Had learn't a *Craft* his livelyhood to gaine;
And learnt withall the Liberall Sciences,
Forc't to give halfe obedience for his eaſe
To the new Government. But if his ſoule
(Not needing the dull world) her ſelfe might pleaſe,
She then would paſſe directly to her Gole,
And ſpurne the Golden Apples that before her rowle.

Theſe Cryes fetcht *Wit* from the retyred ſhade
Of a delightfull Solitary Grove;
Who (wondring) ſaw what ſpoil his Foe had made
Of the moſt precious goods. He cry'd to *Jove*,
On *Nature* cry'd, that could ſuch Change approve.
Then learnt he firſt to be Satyricall,
(Whoſe bitter'ſt Argument before was Love)
And let ſome words of hard Conſtruction fall,
And ev'ry drop of inke was mingled with ſome Gall.

At laſt demands the Law. And he will try
By publique Juſtice before *Natures* Barre
To whom the World perteynes moſt rightfully.
Craft, (though poſſeſſion were his ſurer farre)
His Plea of merit would not ſeeme to marre,
But nam'd a day his Title to abet;
On it the Creatures all aſſembled are,
Raunged by *Natures* Marſhall as they met,
And all on the Succeſſe their expectation ſet.

Firſt *Wit* with copious Language did dilate
Thoſe benefits which Man to him did owe,
Whom from a poore diſhonourable ſtate,
He made with bleſſings of all ſorts to flow.

He

He ſaid, whom he made Rulers firſt did know
To rule themſelves. And if the World new Clad
With a few glitt'ring Trifles, (but for ſhow)
Which *Craft* with dammage of true Goods did adde,
Seem'd now to have more wealth, it then more honor had.

Here ceas'd his ſpeech. Then *Craft* reply'd to all
With Such a boldneſſe as not bluſht to ſlight
Th' immortall workes of *Wit*, which he did call
Chymera's of the Fancy, vaine and light
And urg'd the *Learned* had renounc't their right
In Earthly things, as he could repreſent
By diverſe Inſtruments themſelves did write,
Knowing they were unfit for Government,
As wholly unto idle Contemplations bent.

But that they did not truely Gold contemne
(Which all that have their Eyes muſt needs admire)
Only in boaſting writings did Condemne
The thing which in their hearts they moſt deſire.
Nor could the World his perfect State acquire,
Whilſt not a Mettall was in Earth ſuppreſt
But a Fifth Element more bright than fire,
Which Poets ev'n denying had confeſt,
Styling the *Golden Age* what they would have *The beſt*.

That he found out; And *Gemms* of wond'rous price
Like which their Miſtreſſe Eyes, Teeth, Lipps, they feign,
As things which have moſt vertue to entice.
And laſt, ſaid he; *'Tis bamm'ring in this brayne*
To turne all things I touch to golden veyne.
This clos'd his ſpeech; But left ſuch ſtings behind
In Nature, biteing greedily at gaine,
That (ſeeming firſt to ſpoyle it in her minde)
She judg'd the World to *Craft*, which *Wiſedome* ſhe defin'd

The Philoſophers Stone.

Her overpartiall Doome, ſhe colour'd ore
With this pretext, that the worlds Rule (now growne

More intricate through its increased ſhore)
Requir'd a *Dredge* to tend that worke alone,
But *Wit* had many things to ſtudy on.
Then ended with a ſmooth fac'd Complement,
How *Him* ſhe held in high opinion
Whom breaking up the Court, ſhe from her ſent
As infinitly pruis'd, as not a jot content.

For his ſtout heart felt deepe diſgraces wound,
And hardly could diſſemble Injury,
Who, having long ſurvey'd the Creatures round,
Leapt lightly on an *Eagle* perching by,
And Cry'd; *The Earth to me ſhe may deny,*
But not the Heav'n. So, without making playne,
Directs his Flight to fair *Eternity.*
(The Muſes horſe his nimble joynts doth ſtrayne
When he is ſpurr'd with Love, or nettled with diſdaine.

His active Circles Crowne *Sols* glorious Spheare:
Heav'n op'ning ſtill new Beauties to his Eye
As he gets up, whilſt Earth doth leſſe appeare,
Where ſome preſage his fall to *Poverty,*
The heighth will turne his braine, ſome others cry;
Some few in judging Eares his raptures poiſe,
(Who like a Larke doth ſinging mount the Skyes)
They beare him up with their applauſive noiſe,
At which in ſecret heart he not a little joyes.

But the faint *Bird* is not releaved ſo
Although her Rider cheer'd her what he might,
To whom the whole Terreſtriall Globe below
Seem'd a meane Quarry to debaſe his flighe
Yet forc't ere long for a ſmall bait to light,
The hunger of his *Animall* to ſtay,
Though oft he cuffs it firſt, and oft doth ſlight.
But need Commands, and Fleſh muſt needs obay,
So at the laſt he ſtoops and ſeazes the skorn'd prey.

As in a Torch wee ſee the hating flame
Unto its heav'nly country doth aſpire,
But the wax ſoftly ſhrinking from the ſame
Makes it for food from Heaven to retire,
And tend to Earthward with deſcending fire:
So *Wit* is forc't (ſome Maintenance to get)
To ſtoop to Earth againſt his owne deſire;
But ſoone againe the fruitfull Earth doth quit,
To ſoare in Empty Ayre: (Heav'n ſend me better wit!)

Yet when this Eagle ſhall have caſt her Bill,
And mew'd her mottall plumes, ſome thinke that he
Shall then attaine the topp of Heavens hill,
And Coeternall with his writings be,
Taking peculiar felicitie
In penning Hymnes of his Creators praiſe;
(That is the genuine uſe of *Poetry*)
And for reward of thoſe Cœleſtiall Layes
That bov'ring Cherubins ſhall Crowne him with freſh Bayes:

—— Non eſt mortale quod optas
Cum ſis mortalis. ——

The Ruby.

HAyle! whom the Diamonds proclayme their King;
Crowning as Peeres, as Guards envyroning;
Hayle! whom the riſing Sunne where thou wert borne,
Inveſted in the purple of the Morne,
And his owne Beames, whilſt thee my verſe diſplayes
Thou ſwell'ſt at once, and bluſheſt at thy praiſe.
Like a red Sea thy trembling Mount of blood
Stands off i'th ayre and threats a Crimſon flood
Over the Golden bancks, whilſt our dimm'd ſight
Miſtakes for flowing waves thy floating light.

Or

Or as in Wine the ſubtile ſpirits move,
Making ev'n Temperance her ſelfe in love;
So rowles thy fiery and bewitching Eye,
Able to ſhake a vow of Poverty.
But oh, how like my Cruell faire thou art?
Thy panting ſtone is her obdurate heart
Pegg'd in with Diamonds: or ſignifies
Her Lipp, ſeverely guarded by her Eyes.

A friends Wedding.

THis day my friend is ty'de
With pleaſing Chaines to a ſweet Bryde:
So well the Turtle Loves
So well are coupled *Venus* Doves;
Which her blythe Sonne hath broake
With rods of Mirtle to her yoake.
Out of thy Lazy bed,
Get up my Muſe, and lay thy head
With thy faire Friend the Morne,
This happy Marriage to adorne.
Why art thou yet ſo dull
When thou ſhouldſt quaffe Caſtalia full
To th' health of the faire *BRIDE*;
In which her *LOVERS* is implyde,
Nor yet? Then fetch the Sack;
Ile put thee to the gentle wrack.
Finde me a way to ſhow
What happineſſe I wiſh theſe two.
Of *PORCIAS* Love relate,
How conſtant ſhe was to her Mate,
And hearing *Brutus* death,
By ſtopping it expir'd her breath:
And then of *ORPHEUS* tell,
And of a Husband that lov'd well;

Through

Through Heav'n, hell, Earth and Sea
He cryd his loſt *Euridice*,
That the Rocks groan'd againe,
Helping the Widdower to complaine,
And hell it ſelfe lamented,
And fates their cruelty repented.
Then wiſh this couple here
May prove as faithfull as they were,
But never their fate prove,
And only imitate their Love.
Not yet? Is this a day
For ſilence? Or doth ſilence ſay?
"Deepe ſtreames runne without noiſe,
"And thoſe that ſound are hollow Joyes?

A Rich Foole.

THee, ſenſeleſſe Stock, becauſe th'art richly guilt,
The blinded people without cauſe admire,
And Superſtition impiouſly hath built
Altars to that which ſhould have beene the fire.

Where ſhall my tongue conſent to worſhip thee,
Since all's not Gold that gliſters and is faire;
Carving but makes an Image of a Tree:
But Gods of Images are made by Prayer.

Sabean Incenſe in a fragrant Cloud
Illuſtriouſly ſuſpended ore thy Crowne
Like a Kings Canopy, makes thee allowd
For more than man. But let them take thee downe,

And thy true value be once underſtood,
Thy dull Idolaters will finde th'art wood.

Hope.

TO hope is good, but with ſuch wild applauſe
Each promiſe *Fabius* thou doſt entertain;
As if decreed thee by Fates certaine Lawes,
Or in poſſeſſion *now* it did remaine.

Wiſdome is arm'd 'gainſt all that can ſucceed,
Tymes changes and his ſtratagems: For ſuch
His nature is, that when his wings wee need
He will come creeping on his halting Crutch.

Doe not, if wiſe, then to thy ſelfe aſſure
The future, nor on preſent goods rely,
Or thinke there 's any time from time ſecure:
For then when Patience ſees her Harveſt nigh,

That mocking Tyrant in an inſtant reares
A wall between the Sicle and the Eares.

Conſtancie.

C*Loris* i'th Sunne proyning her Locks did ſit
With Lilly hand and Combe of Ivorie,
But ſcarce could you diſcerne the Combe in *it*,
Nor ſee the Sunne, Eclips'd when *thoſe* were by.

Whilſt the rich fleece about her Shoulders playes
And the pure Brooke (whoſe Margent is her bed)
Sucks from her two bright Sunnes delitious rayes
Through Clouds of Gold with which they're ſhadowed;

Thus *Coridon* (chiding the flying howres,
With ſuch a voyce as made them faſter fly)
Invoakt the Pow'r which doth ſubdue all Powr's:
In vayne (O Love) is my Felicitie.

If

If the ſweet Flames, thy feathered ſhafts beganne
To Kindle, thy wings feathers doe not fanne!

The Fall.

THe bloudy trunck of him who did poſſeſſe
Above the reſt a hapleſſe happy ſtate,
This little Stone doth Scale, but not depreſſe,
And ſcarce can ſtop the rowling of his fate.

Braſſe Tombes which juſtice hath deny'd t' his fault.
The common pity to his vertues payes,
Adorning on Imaginary vault,
Which from our minds time ſtrives in vaine to raze.

Ten yeares the world upon him falſly ſmild,
Sheathing in fawning lookes the deadly knife
Long aymed at his head; That ſo beguild
It more ſecurely might bereave his Life;

Then threw him to a Scaffold from a Throne.
Much Doctrine lyes under this little Stone.

A Roſe.

BLowne in the Morning, thou ſhalt fade ere Noone;
What bootes a Life which in ſuch haſt forſakes thee?
Th'art wondrous frolick being to dye ſo ſoone:
And paſſing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty ſo deceives,
Know then the thing that ſwells thee is thy bane;
For the ſame beauty doth in bloody leaves
The ſentence of thy early death containe.

Some Clownes courſe Lungs will poyſon thy ſweet flow'r
If by the careleſſe Plough thou ſhalt be torne:
And many *Herods* lye in waite each how'r
To murther thee as ſoone as thou art borne,

Nay, force thy Bud to blow; Their Tyrant breath
Anticipating Life, to haſten death.

A Picture.

BEhold how *Marius* from Minturnian Lake
Flying through *Affrick* late by him orethrowne,
A pittyfull Compariſon doth make
Betweene high *Carthage* ruines and his owne!

Thy Prides juſt fall which thou muſt one day mourne,
In this dumbe Picture *Celia* thou haſt read
For ſo doth Age, Loves Empire too oreturn,
And pull downe Thrones in hearts eſtabliſhed.

Thy glaſſe, where oft thou whetſt each wounding grace,
Will ſhew thee better farre the Hiſtory
Of *Marius*, and raz'd *Carthage*, in thy face:
And *then*, one Trophy of Times victory,

Shalt then confeſſe, to equall skornes expos'd,
Thy Beauty was a Tyrant ſoone depos'd.

Sonnets tranſlated out of Spaniſh.

A River.

THou clearer honour of the Chriſtall Mayne,
Sweet Rivulet, compos'd of liquid plate,
Whoſe waters glide through this enamell'd plaine
With ſound harmonious, with ſtately gate;

Since

Since *ſhee* is ſtanding on thy happy brimme
Who both enflameth and congeales my blood,
VVhilſt Love with admirable skill doth limme
Her portraict on thy ſmooth and quiet flood;

Move on thus Gently ſtill, and doe not ſlacke
The waving reynes unto the foaming bit
VVith which thou now art pleaſed to pull backe
Thy headſtrong Current: For it is not fit

Neptune with all the treaſures he doth hold
Should ſo much beauty in his Armes infold

A Nightingale.

WIth ſuch variety and dainty skill
Yon'd Nightingale devides her mournefull ſong,
As if tenne thouſand of them through one bill
Did ſing in parts the ſtory of their wrong.

Nay ſhee accuſes with ſuch vehemence
Her Raviſher, I thinke ſhe would incline
The conſcious Grove thereof to have a ſence
And print it on the Leaves of that tall Pine.

Yet happy *ſhee*, who may her paine declare
In moving Noates, and wand'ring through the woods
With uncut wings, by change divert her care!
But let *Him* melt away in ſilent floods,

Whom his *Meduſa* turn'd into a ſtone,
That he might neither change, nor make his moane.

A Cupid of diamonds preſented.

BAniſht from Life to ſeeke out death I goe
Which through the world ſo long I will purſue,

Till desp'rat Griefe he left have made them know
My Soule feares no divorcement but from you.

To thinke to mollifie you now were vaine,
For if my present services could not
Worke the least feeling in your cold disdaine,
What should I hope for absent and forgot?

Yet take this Gemme, which, as my melting Eye
My soft *affection* did at parting prove,
May Cipher to you now my *Constancie*.
Wear't in your bosome, tis the *God of Love*.

And once I'le try, if (as in Goldsmiths Art)
A Diamond Love can cut *a Diamond Heart*.

The Spring.

THose whiter Lillies which the early Morne
Seemes to have newly woven of sleav'd Silke,
To which (on Banks of wealthy *Tagus* borne)
Gold was their Cradle liquid Pearle their Milke:

These blushing Roses, with whose virgin leaves
The wanton Wind to sport himselfe presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings Purple, for his breath Perfumes:

Both those, and these, my *Celia's* pretty foote
Trod-up. But if she should her Face display,
And fragrant breast, they'd dry againe to th' Roote,
(As with the blasting of the Mid-dayes ray)

And this soft wind which both perfumes and Cooles
Passe like the unregarded breath of Fooles.

The

The Fourth Booke OF *VIRGILLS ÆNEIS* On the *Loves* of *DIDO* and *ÆNEAS*.

The Argument of the three preceding Bookes, By way of Introduction.

ÆNEAS bound for *Italie*, is toſt
By raging Seas to *Lybia's* guarded Coaſt,
Where *Dido* builds faire *Carthage* with that wealth
She with her ſelfe conveigh'd from *Tyre* by ſtealth;
For *which Pigmalion* her deare *Husband* ſlew,
And for *the ſame* ſought *her* deſtruction too.
Pious Æneas, and his valiant Trayne,
The Royall Widdow there doth entertaine.
Who, though graſſe growes where *Conquerd Troy* had ſtood,
Makes it her Pride to come of Trojan blood.
Yet thoughtfull *Venus*, who the *punick Faith*
And *Rivall-Walls* in great ſuſpition hath,
Fearing a change from *Intereſt of State*,
Or ſome *new Plot* from *Juno's ancient hate*
To thoſe of *Troy*, which made *her* raiſe that ſtorme:
Sends *Cupid*, maskt in young *Aſcanius* forme,

To

To ceaze the *Fortreſſe Royall* (the *Queene's* Breſt)
And make *Her* firſt a priſoner to her *Gueſt*.
Shee with a hundred queſtions ſtreight began
Of *Troy*: Then askes the ſtory of *the Man*
From firſt to laſt. *Hee* paynts his *Town's* ſad *fall*
(Beſieg'd ten yeares): *his owne flight* (*laſt* of all),
On his broad ſhoulders bearing through the *Fire*
His *vanquiſht Gods*, and his *decrepid Sire*:
His poore *Wife* tripping after, and his *Boy*
With ſhorter ſteps (the growing *Hope* of *Troy*)
Shee miſt; how *backe* amongſt the *Swords* he flyes,
And in the *Flames* his *loſt Creuſa* cryes;
Not found; reſum'd his venerable *Load*
With heavier Cheere, and *forward* (weeping) trod.
Then tells his ſev'n-yeares *Travailes*; in which *Hee*
Was *toſt* no leſſe upon the *Land* than *Sea*:
Meeting his greedy Auditors. But how
It wrought with *Dido* this next Booke will ſhow.

The

The Fourth Booke OF *VIRGILLS ÆNEIS*

On the *Loves* of *DIDO* and *ÆNEAS*.

BVT ſhe who Love *long ſince had ſwallowed downe,*
Melts with hid fire; her wounds doth inward weep:
The Mans *much worth, his* Nations *much* Renowne
Runs in her minde: His Lookes and words are deepe
Fixt in her breaſt: Care weanes her Eies from ſleepe;
The Morne *with* Phœbus *lampe the* Earth *ſurvayd,*
And drew Heav'ns *veyle through which moiſt Starrs did creep;*
When thus to her deare ſiſter (ſicke) ſhe ſaid
Anna *what frightfull Dreames my wavering ſoule invade!*

Who is this Man *that viſits our Aboads?*
How wiſe! How valiant! What a Face he has!
Well may hee be deſcended from the Gods.
Feare ſhewes ignoble minds: *But hee (alas)*
Toſt with what Fates! through what warres did he paſſe?
Were I not well reſolv'd never to wed
Since my firſt Love *by death bereft me was:*
Did I not loath the Nuptiall Torch and Bed,
To this one fault perchance, perchance I might be led.

For ſince my poore Sicheus' a fatall bowre
(Our houſhold Gods befmear'd by brothers ſteele)
This only Man (I muſt confeſſe) had powre
To ſhake my conſtant Faith, and make it reele:
The footſteps of that ancient flame I feele.
But firſt Earth ſwallow me, or (Thunder ſlaine)
Jove naile me to the ſhades, pale ſhades of Hell,
And everlaſting Night, before I ſtaine
Thee (holy Chaſtitie) or thy ſacre Rites profane.

Hee tooke my love with him (and let him keep't
Cold in his Grave) to whom I firſt was tyde
This ſaid her boſome full of Teares ſhe wept.
O dearer than my life! (Anna replyde)
Wilt thou forever live a dead mans Bride?
Nor prety Babes (Rewards of Venus) know?
Are Ghoſts apeas'd, or Aſhes ſatisfide
With this think'ſt thou? What if before (thy woe
Yet greene and freſh) no husbands downe with thee would goe?

Not Lybia's King (Iarbas) skorn'd in Tyre
Before, with other Chiefs whom Affrick high
In Mettle, breeds? Wilt thou quench Loves ſweet fire?
Nor yet conſider whom thou'rt planted nigh?
Here (a fierce People) the Getulians lye,
Bitleſſe Numidian Horſe, and Quickſands dire
There mad Barceans block thee up, and drye
Deſerts. What ſpeake I of the bloodier ire
A Wolfe turn'd Brother breaths, and gathering Clouds from Tyre.

Auſpicious Heav'ns, and Juno's care of thee,
The Trojan Navie hither (doubtleſſe) led.
O (ſiſter) what a Citie will this be!
How ſhalt thou ſee thy Scepter flouriſh! wed
To Troy, how how will the Punick Glory ſpread.

Aske

Aske but Heav'ns leave, thy Gueſt then (feaſting) keepe,
Pretending 'tis unſafe to ſaile in winter,
When Ships are toſt, and Pleiades doe weepe,
And omnious Skyes forbid, On Seas to venter. (her,
Theſe words, blew Love t' a flame; for doubts hope lent
And ſtaunch't her bluſhes. Firſt in ſolemne wiſe
To *Phœbus*, *Bacchus*, *Ceres* (Lawes-Inventer)
Selected Lambs 'ith' Fane they Sacrifize,
But *Juno* moſt atone who favours Nuptiall tyes.

The Queene her ſelfe (more beautious in thoſe Rites)
Betweene the Creſcent of a milke white Cow
The liquor powres: Or paſſing in their ſights,
Unto the Gods with rev'rend grace doth bow,
Conſults the panting lites, and payes her vow.
Alas, vayne Myſteries? Blind Prieſts aread
Which is the ſacrifize is offer'd now?
Soft flames upon the Off'rers marrow feed,
And her concealed wound doth freſhly inward bleed.

Poore *Dido* burnes, and ſtung with reſtleſſe Love
Runs raveing to and fro through every ſtreet
Runs like a Hinde, which in ſome covert grove
Where ſhe ſecurely graz'd in fruitfull *Creet*,
A woodman ſhooting at farre diſtance hit;
Drunke in her veynes the feather'd Iron lyes,
Nor he who made the wound doth know of it;
She through Dictean woods and paſtures highs,
But carries in her ſide the Arrow which ſhe flyes.

Shee takes *Æneas* with her up and downe,
And ſhews him the vaſt wealth ſhe brought from *Tyre*,
The goodly ſtreets and Bulwarkes of her Towne.
No leſſe a thouſand times did ſhe deſire
To ſhew unto him too her am'rous fire;
And oft began, but ſhame repreſt her tongue.
At night unto their banquets they retyre;

And *Troy's* ſad fall againe ſhe muſt have ſung,
And at his charming Lips againe ſhee fondly hung.

When every one was parted to his reſt,
And the dimme Moone trod on the heeles of day,
And ſetting Starres ſhew'd it high time to reſt,
She in theempty houſe languiſht away,
And on the Couch, which he had preſſed, lay:
Abſent ſhe ſees *him* whom her thoughts admire,
Him abſent heares, or on her lappe doth ſtay
Ascanius the true picture of his ſire,
As if ſhe ſo could cheat her impotent deſire.

All workes are at a ſtand; The youth for warre
Provide no Forts, nor trayning exerciſe;
Huge beames, and arches, which halfe finiſht are,
Hang doubtfull in the Ayre, to fall, or riſe,
And Towr's doe threat at once both Earth and Skyes.
Whom when as *Joves* deare wife perceiv'd ſo drown'd
In witchcrafts, and that *Fame*, with lowdeſt cryes,
Could not awake her from the pleaſing ſwound,
She thus accoſted *Venus*, and her minde did ſound.

Great glory ſure, and goodly ſpoyles yee gaine
You and your Boy: A doughty enterprize
Yee have atchiev'd, and worthy to remaine
In laſting Marble, if two *Dietyes*
By ſubtlety one woman doe ſurprize.
Nor am I ignorant that, to defend
Your Race from feare of future Enemies,
Y' are jealous of my walls. But to what end
Should ſo neare friends as wee eternally contend?

Nay rather let us knit eternall Love,
And bind the Peace more ſtrong with Hymens cord.
Yee have the thing for which ſo much ye ſtrove,

Eliza

Eliza with Loves fi'ry ſhaft is gor'd
Then rule we this joynt Towne with one accord,
And who ſhall ayd it moſt be now our ſtrife.
Once let a Queen obey a Trojan Lord
And Tyrians (to preſerve a Lovers life)
Call thee their Patroneſſe, as Dowry of his wife.

Venus (who ſaw her drift was to tranſlate
To *Carthaginians* thoſe Imperiall dues
Which were reſerv'd for *Italy* by *Fate*)
Made this Reply. Who madly would refuſe
So advantagious match, and rather chooſe
To war with you. If but the faire Event
According to your wiſe forecaſt enſues.
But Fates I feare me, nor *Jove* will conſent
That *Tyrians* and *Trojans* in one Towne be pent.

And yet perchance you, lying in his breaſt
With a wives Rhet'rick may his Councells ſway;
Then breake the Ice; I'l ſecond the Requeſt.
Leave that to me (ſaid ſhee) and for a way
T' effect our wiſhes, marke my plot I pray.
To morrow, when the Sun ſhall be diſcryde
To guild the Mountaines with his early'ſt ray,
Æneas and the Love-ſick Queene provide
To have a ſolemne hunting in the Forreſt wide.

Now I, when here they beat the Coppice, there
The Horſemen flutter, on their heads will powre
A pitchy cloud, and Heav'n with Thunder teare.
Their followers for ſhelter from the ſhowre
By ſeverall paths along the plaine ſhall skowre;
Maskt in darke night, unto one Cave they two
Shall come. There I will be; and (adde your pow'r,)
Tye ſuch a knot as only Fates undoe;
I'l ſeale her his. Good Hymen ſhall be preſent too.

Venus ſeemes, nodding, to conſent; and ſmiles
To ſee Dame *Juno's* craft. Meane while the Morne
Aroſe: And the choice youth, with ſubtle toyles,
Sharpe hunting-ſpeares, fleet ſteeds in *Barbry* borne,
And ſure-nos'd hounds tun'd to the Bugle-horne,
Are gone before. The Lords at doore expect
Whilſt the Queene ſtaies within her ſelfe t' adorne.
Her Palfrey ſtands with Gold and Skarlet deckt,
And champs the foaming Bit, as skorning to be checkt.

At length ſhe comes, with a huge troope: Her Gowne
Of *Tyrian* dye, bordred with Flow'rs of Gold:
A Quiver by her comely ſide hung downe;
Gold Ribining her brighter haire enrolld,
Gold Buttons did her purple veſture hold.
The *Trojans* too, and blithe *Iulus* went
Above the reſt, farre goodlyeſt to behold,
Æneas ſelfe his gladding preſence lent,
And with his darkned crayne did *Dido's* crayne augment.

As when *Apollo* leaves his winter ſeates
Of *Lycia* and *Xanthus* floods, to ſee
His Country *Delos*, and his feaſt repeats;
About his Altars hum confuſedly
Creets, Dryopes, and ruddy Nymphs: But hee
On *Cynthus* rides, and pleating doth enlace
His flowing haire with Gold, and his lov'd tree:
His ſhafts thogge at his backe. With no leſſe grace
Æneas marcht. Such rayes diſplayd his Lovely face.

When in the Mountaines now engag'd they were
And pathleſſe woods. Loe Goats from ſummits caſt
Runne tumbling through the buſhes: Heardes of Deere
Another way come hurrying downe as faſt,
And raiſe a cloud as through the duſt they haſt
Hot-ſpurre *Iulus* on his mettl'd horſe
Out cracking all, now theſe, now thoſe men paſt,

And

And wiſht, 'mongſt thoſe faint Beaſts, & without force,
Some Lyon, or tuſk't Bore would croſſe him in his courſe.

Meane while loud Thunder Heav'ns Pavilion teares,
Making a preſage for th' enſuing raine:
The *Trojan* youth, and *Tyrian* followers,
And *Venus* Dardan-Granchild through the Plaine
Seeke ſev'rall ſhelters: Rivers, like a Mayne,
Ruſh from the Mountaines round. One Cave that Lord
Of *Troy*, and ſhe who did in *Carthage* raigne
Lighted upon. Earth gives the ſignall word,
And *Juno*, Queene of Marriage, doth their hands accord.

The guilty Heav'ns, as bluſhing to have been
An inſtrument this meeting to fulfill,
With flaſhing lightning ſhone: The Nymphs were ſeen
To weepe with all their ſtreames, and from each hill
Were heard to murmur the preſaged Ill.
That day did uſher Death, and *Didos* ſhame:
For now ſhees arm'd, let men ſay what they will,
Nor ſeekes, as erſt, to hide her am'rous flame:
She calls it Wedlock, gives her fault an honeſt name.

Fame ſtraight through *Lybias* goodly towns doth poſt,
Fame a fleet evill, which none can outflye;
Moſt ſtrong ſhe is when ſhe hath travaild moſt,
Firſt ſmall through feare, but growne ſo, inſtantly,
That ſtanding on the ground ſhee'l reach the Skye.
She was, the laſt birth Mother Earth did bring
When her proud anger did the Gods defie,
The Gyants ſiſter, ſwift of foot and wing;
A huger never was, nor a more monſtrous thing.

Moſt ſtrange! Theres not a Plume her body beares
But under it a watching Eye doth peepe,
As many tatling tongues, and liſning Eares.

By

By night 'tween Earth and Heaven ſhee doth ſweepe
Skreeching, nor ſhuts her Lids with balmy ſleepe.
And all the day time upon Caſtle-gates
Or ſteeple-tops ſhe doth ſtrict watches keepe,
And frights great Cyties with her ſudden Bates,
And with one confidence both truths and lyes relates.

She, glad of ſuch a Prey whereon to plume,
Through peoples mindes truths mixt with falſhood ſent:
How one *Æneas* came from *Troy*, with whom
Fayre *Dido* deign'd to wed; And now they ſpent
In Revells the long winter, wholly bent
On brutiſh Love, drowning affaires of State:
Theſe things ſhe ſow'd in mens rank mouths: then went
To King *Iarbas*, and did irritate
His minde with tales, and his old wrath exaſperate.

A hundred Temples built to *Jove* had hee,
(Who unto Hammon forct *Gramantis* bore)
A hundred Altars burning conſtantly
(The Gods æternall Centinells) each floore
Painted with bloud of beaſts, with flowr's each doore,
Who mad with Love, and with the bitter newes,
Before the Altars, and the Gods before,
Kneeling, with hands upheav'd to *Jove*, doth uſe
Great ſupplications and in this manner ſues.

Jove, to whom Moores rich wine on Carpets drinke,
Seeſt this? Or when thy arme doth lightning ſhake
Giv'ſt thou falſe fire t'a cloud to make fooles winke?
And, when it thunders, doſt thou only make
A rumbling ore our heads at which wee quake?
A ſtray, to whom our ſelfe (being hither fled)
Hir'd a ſmall barren plot, for pity ſake
With ſome reſtraints, refuſd with us to wed,
And Don *Æneas* takes unto her Crowne and bed.

And

And now this *Paris*, with a quoſe to ſtay
His Beard and powderd Locks, and 's Beaver-trayne
Of ſhee-men, gluts himſelfe upon the prey;
Whilſt we with guifts on guifts enrich thy Fane.
And make our perſon glorious invaine.
Th' al pow'rfull heard theſe pray'rs; And caſt his Eye,
On the new walls where th' am'rous paire remaine
Careleſſe how deſp'rate ſicke their fame doth lye,
Then ſpake, and gave this charge to winged *Mercury*.

Goe Sonne, as ſwift as windes, in *Carthage* light.
Tell *Venus* ſonne, whom loytring there thou 't ſee
Unworthy of that Fate which he doth ſlight,
That his faire Mother painted him to mee
Another man; And therefore twice did free
From *Græcian* ſwords; One, who with ſteddy rayn
Should mannage proud and warlike *Italie*,
And prove himſelfe of *Teucers* haughty ſtrayne,
And the tryumphed World under his Lawes maintaine.

If not at all *this* him with glory fires,
Nor care of his owne greatneſſe he doth ſhow,
Why ſhould he grudge his ſonne the Roman ſpires?
What makes he here? What ſeekes he from a Foe?
Latium, and them who there expect to grow
From him, let him regard. Let him away.
This is th' effect, from me this let him know.
At once *Jove* ended, and the ſonne of Maye
His greater ſires commands prepar'd himſelfe t' obey.

Firſt Golden Wings unto his feete he binds,
Which over Lands and over Seas that ſwell
Beare him aloft, as ſpeedy as the Winds.
Then takes his rod. With this he calls from hell
Pale Ghoſts, ſends others in ſad ſhades to dwell,
Gives ſleepe and takes it from the drowzie brayne,
And ſeales up eyes with death. He doth repell
By pow'r of this the Heav'ns which part in twaine,
And through the watry Clouds he ſayls as through a Main.

He ſoaring the lanke ſides and Crowne diſcloſ'd
Of craggy *Atlas*, whoſe necke props the Sky,
Atlas, whoſe Piney head to ſtormes expos'd
Is bound about with Clouds continually.
Thick on his aged backe the ſnow doth lye,
And down his dravell'd chine powre plenteous ſprings,
His beard in Icycles growes horridly.
Here lights the god poyſd on his hov'ring wings.
Towards the Sea from hence his body headlong flings.

Like to a Bird, which round the Shores doth glide
And Fiſhy Rocks, ſkimming along the Bay;
So flyes 'tweene Earth and Heav'n, and doth divide
The Winde and Sandy Coaſt of *Lybia*,
Leaving his Mothers ſire, the ſonne of May.
Who Landing where the Sheep-coates lately were,
Sees how *Æneas* doth the workes ſurvey,
Here building Tow'rs, and alt'ring Turrets there,
He by his ſide a ſword all Stard with Gemmes did weare.

Upon his ſhoulder to the Ayre diſplayd
A Robe of *Tyrian* Purple ſeem'd to flame,
Which *Dido* with her owne faire hands had made
And edgd the ſeams with gold. Here you doe frame,
(Said *Hermes*) hindring your owne Crowne and Fame,
High Towrs of *Carthage*, and, uxorious, rayſe
Faire Walls whereof another beares the name:
Marke now what *Jove* himſelfe, whom Heav'n obaies.
And Earth, by his wing'd meſſenger unto you ſales.

What make you here loytring in *Lybia*?
If glory of great actions fire not *you*,
Nor your owne Intereſt nor Fame you weigh;
Seeke your *Heires* good, *Iulus* hopes purſue,
To whom the *Latian* Crowne and *Rome* is due.
This having ſaid *Cyllenius* vaniſht quite
From mortall eyes, and back to Heaven flew.
Æneas at the viſion ſhakes with fright,
His tongue cleaves to his jawes, his hair ſtands bolt-upright.

Hee

Hee is on fire to goe, and flye that Land
Of ſweet inchantments, being skar'd away
By no leſſe warning than the Gods command.
But (ah?) what ſhall he doe? How dare t' aſſay
With words the am'rous Queene? What ſhould hee ſay
For introduction? His ſwift-beating thought
In doubtfull ballance thouſand things did lay,
And this way caſt them, and then that way wrought,
At laſt this ſeemd the beſt when all wayes he had ſought.

He cald *Sergeſtus*, *Mneſteus*, and the ſtout
Cloanthus, bids them fit immediatly
The Fleet, and draw their Companies about
The Port, their armes prepar'd, not telling why;
Meane while himſelfe (when no leaſt jealouſie
To the good Queene ſhould thought of breach betray
In ſo great Loves) an entrance would eſpye,
The ſeaſon of ſoft ſpeech, and dextrous way.
With readineſſe and joy they doe him all obay.

But *Dido* found their plot. (whats hid from Lovers?)
Herſelfe, who doubts ev'n ſafe things, firſt doth ſee't:
And the ſame tatling *Fame* to her diſcovers
That *Trojans* are departing with their Fleete.
Shees mad, ſtark mad, and runs through ev'ry ſtreet
Like *Bacchus* She-Prieſts, when the god is in,
And they to doe him furious homage meete,
Citheron yelling with their mid-night dynne
Then thus t' *Æneas* ſpeakes, nor ſtayes till he beginne.

Didſt thou hope too by ſtealth to leave my land,
And that ſuch treaſon could be unbetray'd?
Nor ſhould my Love, nor thy late plighted hand,
Nor *Dido*, who would dye, thy flight have ſtaid?
Muſt too this Voyage be in Winter made?
Through ſtormes? O, cruell to thy ſelfe, and mee
Didſt thou not hunt ſtrange Lands, and Scepters ſwayd
By others, if old *Troy* reviv'd ſhould be;
Should *Troy* it ſelfe be ſought through a tempeſt'ous Sea?

Mee fly'ſt thou? By theſe teares, and thy right hand,
(Since this is all's now left to wretched me)
By marriages *New* joyes, and ſacred Band,
If ought I did could meritorious be,
If ever ought of mine were ſweet to thee;
Pity our houſe, which muſt with my decay
Give early period to its ſoveraignty;
And put, I doe beſeech thee, farre away
This cruell minde, If cruell mindes heare them that pray.

For *thee* the *Lybian* Nations me defie,
The Kings of *Scythia* hate me, and my *Tyre*:
For *thee* I loſt my ſhame, and that, whereby
Alone I might unto the Starres expire,
The chaſter fame which I did once acquire.
To whom my Gueſt (for Husbands out of date)
Doſt thou commit me ready to expire?
Why ſtay I? Till *Pigmaleon* waſte my ſtate?
Or on *Iarbas* wheeles, a captive Queene, to wayte?

Yet if before thou fled'ſt out of this place
Some childe at leaſt I unto thee had borne,
If in my Court reſembling but thy face,
Some young *Æneas* playd; I ſhould not mourne
As one ſo quite deluded, or forelorne.
Here ceaſed *ſhee*. But *hee*, whom *Jove* had ty'd
With ſtrict commands, his Eyes did no way turne,
But ſtoutly did his griefe ſuppreſſe, and hide
Under his ſecret heart. Then thus in ſhort replyde,

For me, O Queene, I never will deny
But that I owe you more than you can ſay,
Nor ſhall I ſticke to beare in memory
Eliza's name, whilſt breath theſe limbs doth ſway.
But to the point. I never did intend
(Pray charge me not with that) to ſteale away:
And much leſſe did I Wedlock-bands pretend,
Neither to ſuch a treaty ever condeſcend.

Would

Would Fates permit me mine owne way to take,
And pleaſe my ſelfe in chooſing of a Land,
Ilium out of her aſhes I would rake,
And gleane my Earths ſweet Reliques, *Troy* ſhould ſtand,
(The vanquiſht Troops replanted, by my hand)
And *Priam's* Towrs againe to Heav'n aſpire.
But now have I the Oracles command
To ſeeke great *Italy*; The ſame require
The Deſtinies. My Country's this; This my deſire.

If you of *Tyre* with *Carthage* Towrs are tooke,
Why ſhould our ſeeking *Latian* fields offend?
May not the *Trojans* too new manſions looke?
As oft as night moyſt ſhadowes doth extend,
Over the Earth, and golden Stars aſcend,
My Fathers chyding ghoſt affrights my ſleepe:
My ſonne, on whom that Realme is to deſcend,
And thoſe deare Eyes doe freſhly ſeeme to weepe;
Complaining that from him his deſtin'd Crowne I keepe.

And now *Joves* Sonne (by both their heads I ſweare)
Was ſent to me, my ſelfe the God did ſee
In open day, and with theſe Eares did heare:
Then vexe not with complaints your ſelfe and mee,
I goe againſt my will to *Italy*.
Whilſt thus he ſpake, ſhee lookt at him askew,
Rowling her lightning Eyes continually,
And him from head to foot did ſilent view,
When, being throughly heat, theſe thundring words enſue.

Nor Goddeſſe was thy Mother, nor the ſource of
Of thy high blood, renowned *Dardanus*,
But ſome *Hyrcanian Tigreſſe* was thy Nource,
Out of the ſtony Loynes of *Caucaſus*
Deſcended, cruell and perfidious.
For with what hopes ſhould I thy faults yet cover,
Did my teares make thee figh? Or bend, but thus,
Thine Eyes? Or ſadneſſe for my griefe diſcover?
Or if thou couldſt not Love, to pity yet a Lover?

Whom firſt accuſe I ſince theſe Lovers began,
Jove is unjuſt, *Juno* her charge gives or'e,
Whom may a Woman truſt? I tooke this man
Homeleſſe, a deſp'rate wrack upon my ſhoare,
And fondly gave him halfe the Crowne I wore:
His Ships rebuilt, t' his men new lives I lent.
And now the Fates, the Oracles, what more?
(It makes me mad) *Joves* ſonne on purpoſe ſent
Brings him forſooth a menace through the Firmament.

As if the Gods their bliſſefull reſt did breake
With thinking on thy Voyages. But I
Nor ſtop you, nor confute the words you ſpeake.
Goe, chaſe, on Rowlingbillowes Realmes that fly,
With ficle waves uncertaine *Italy*.
Some courteous Rock (if Heav'n juſt curſes heare)
Will be Revenger of my injury:
When thou perceiving the ſad Fate draw neere,
Shalt *Dido*, *Dido*, call; who ſurely will be there.

For when cold death ſhall part with dreary ſwoone
My Soule and Fleſh; my ghoſt, where ere thou bee,
Shall haunt thee with dim Torch, and light thee downe
To thy darke conſcience: I'l be Hell to thee,
And this glad newes will make Hell Heav'n to mee.

Here, falling as farre from him as ſhe might,
She fainted ere her ſpeech were finiſhed:
Leaving him toſſing in his tender ſpright
What he ſhould ſay to her, or leave unſed,
Her Maides conveigh her to her Iv'ry Bed.
But *good Æneas*, though he faine would prove
To swage her griefe, and leave her comforted,
Peirc't to the ſoul with her ſo ardent Love,
Yet goes to view his Fleet, obedient unto *Jove*.

I,

I, now the *Trojans* fall to worke for good,
And hale their Veſſells downe from all the ſhoares;
The calkt Ships are on floate, and from the wood
They bring whole Oakes unwrought, and leavy Oares
For haſt to fly away.
Through ev'ry gate they pack and trudge amayne:
As when the Emmets ſally through Earths pores
To ſack, for hoard, ſome barne full ſtuft with graine,
Remembring barren Winter muſt returne againe,

The black Troops March, and through the Meadows beare
The booty by a narrow path, ſome hale
The heavy Cornes; others bring up the Reere,
And prick them forwards that begun to fayle
The buſie Labourers ev'ry path engrayle.
What ſighs gav'ſt thou now *Dido*, looking out
From thy high Tow'r? How did thy ſences quayle
Seeing the ſhoares ſo ſwarm'd, and round about
Hearing confuſed ſhoutings of the *Nautick Rout*?

O Tyrant Love, how abſolute thou art
In humane breaſts? Againe ſhee's forc't to fly
To teares and pray'rs, and bow her proſtrate heart
To the ſubduing paſſion, glad to trye
All cures before the laſt, which is to dye.
Siſter, ſaid ſhee, thou ſeeſt they all repaire
To th' Port: And only for a winde doe lye,
Inviting it with ſtreamers wav'd 'ith' ayre:
Had I but fear'd this blow, I ſhould not now deſpaire.

Yet try for me this once; For only thee
That perjur'd ſoule adores, to thee will ſhew
His ſecret thoughts: Thou, when his ſeaſons bee,
And where the *Mart's* acceſſible doſt know.
Goe ſiſter, meekly ſpeake to the proud Foe.
I was not with the *Greeks* at *Aulis* ſworne
To raze the *Trojan* name, nor did I goe,
'Gainſt *Ilium* with my Fleet, neither have torne
Anchiſes aſhes up from his profaned urne.

Why

Why is he deafe to my intreaties? whether
So faſt? It is a Lovers laſt deſire
That he would but forſake me in faire weather,
And a ſafe time. I doe not now aſpire
To his broake Wedlock-vow, neither require
He ſhould faire *Latium*, and a Scepter leave:
Poore time I begge, my paſſions to retyre,
Truce to my woe; Nor pardon, but Reprieve,
Til griefs, familiar growne, have taught me how to grieve.

For ſiſterhood, for ſence of my diſtreſſe,
Let me this laſt boone, ere I dye, obtayne.
This *Dido* ſpake. The ſad Ambaſſadreſſe
Carries her teares, and brings them back againe.
(As brackiſh tydes poſt from and to the Maine)
But not an Ocean of bitter teares
Can alter, him, nor will he entertaine
The flatt'ring force of words: He only heares
The Fates,& *Joves* command, which dams up his mild ears.

As an old Oake (but yet not weake with Eld)
Which ſhowres and blaſts to overthrow contend,
It cracks, and (the trunck ſhooke) leaves ſtrow the field,
That ſticks in Rocks; whoſe Roots tow'rds Hell deſcend
As farre as towards Heav'n the boughs aſcend:
So ſtands the *Heros*, beat with winde and rayne,
His ſtout heart groanes, and his affections bend
Shooke with their ſighs; But his reſolves remaine
As unremov'd as Rocks, teares rowle their waves in vaine.

Then doth unhappy *Dido*, given ore
By her laſt hope, deſire to dye. The light
Is irkeſome to her eyes. To confirme more
Her purpoſe to imbrace eternall night,
Placing on th' Incence-burning Altars bright
Her guifts, the holy water ſhe beheld
Converted to black Inke (Portentous ſight!)
And the powr'd Wine to roaping blood congeal'd
This thing to none, not to her ſiſter, ſhe reveal'd.

A Marble Fane too in the houſe ſhe had
Where lay her firſt Lords aſhes, kept among
Her moſt adored Reliques, 'twas with ſad
Darke Yew-tree, and the whiteſt fleeces hung.
Hence in the night ſhe heard her husbands toung,
Call her, ſhe thought. And oft the boading Owle
Alone on the houſe top harſh dirges ſung,
And with long noates quavr'd a dolefull howle,
Beſides old Propheſies, which terrifie her ſoule.

Cruell *Æneas* ev'n her ſleepes torments:
And ſtill ſhee dreames ſhees wandring all alone
Through a long way with ſteep and darke deſcents,
Calling her *Tyrians* in a Land, where none,
But ſome pain'd Ghoſt Eccho's her with a groane.
As when mad *Pentheus* troops of Furies fright,
Who ſees a twofold *Thebes*, and double Sunne:
Or when *Oreſtes* flyes his Mothers ſight,
Hunting His bloody track with Hel-hounds by torch-light.

Sunke then with griefe, poſſeſt with furyes, bent
On death, ſhe plots the meanes, and in her Eye
A feign'd hope ſpringing, hiding her intent
Accoſts ſad *Anne*. Partake thy ſiſters Joy,
I've found a way to make him burne as I,
Or turne me cold like him. Neere *Phœbus* ſet
At the lands end doth *Æthiopia* lye,
Where on great *Atlas* necke, the Heav'n thick ſet
With glorious Diamond-ſtarres hangs like a Carkanet.

Of a great Sorcereſſe I have been told
There borne, who did th' *Heſperian* Temple keepe,
The Dragon fed, and ſacred fruit of Gold
Watcht on the tree which ſhe for dew did ſteepe
In Honey, and moyſt Poppy cauſing ſleepe.
Shee undertakes to cure the Love-ſicke breaſt,
And whom ſhee liſt to plunge in Love as deepe,
The waters courſe in Rivers to arreſt
And call down ſtars from Heav'n, & cal up ghoſts from reſt.

Under her tread thou ſhalt perceive Earth groane,
And Oakes skip from the hills, I ſweare to thee
(Calling the Gods to Record, and thine owne
Sweet head) that forc't to theſe blacke Arts I flee.
Thou on ſome Tow'r a ſtack build ſecretly,
Lay on it the mans cloathes, and ſword which lyes
Within, and, that which prov'd a grave to me,
My Wedding Bed. So doth the Witch adviſe,
Ev'n that I blot out all the traytors memories.

This ſaid, grew pale. Yet thinkes not *Anne* that ſhee
With theſe new Rites her funerall doth ſhade,
Nor feares ſuch Monſters, or worſe extaſie
Then at *Sycæus* death; Therefore obay'd
But *Dido*, a great Pile of wood being made
The place with flow'rs and fatall Cypreſſe crown'd,
Thereon his cloaths and ſword bequeathed layd,
His Picture on the Bed, the miſtick ground
Knowne only to her ſelfe. Altars are placed round.

With haire diſpread like a black falling ſtorme,
Th' Inchantreſſe thunders out three hundred names,
Orcbus, and *Chaos*, *Hecate*-triforme
Which Virgin *Dian's* triple-pow'r enſeames,
She ſprinkled too *Avernus* fabulous ſtreames;
And heaths were ſought for, ſprouting forth ripe Bane,
With brazen ſiccles, cropt in the Moones beames:
And puld from new born Colt, that lumpe, which, ta'ne
From the Dammes mouth, no love t' her iſſue doth remain.

Her ſelfe in a looſe veſt, one foot unſhod,
With meale in pious hands neer th' Altar drew,
Witneſſe yee guilty ſtarres and every God
(Saith ſhe) I'm forc't to dye. Invokes them too
Who care of Lovers take (if any doe)
Unequally. 'Twas night, and conqu'ring ſleepe,
With weari'd bodies the whole earth did ſtrew;
When woods are quiet, and the cruell deep,
When ſtars are half way down, when fields full ſilence keep.

And

And beaſts and painted Birds, which liquid Springs
Inhabit, or which buſhy Lands containe,
Nuzling their cares beneath ſleepes downy wings,
Doe bury the paſt dayes forgotten paine;
All but the hapleſſe Queen, ſhe doth refraine
From reſt, nor takes it at her eyes or heart.
After long ſeeming dead, Love roſe againe
And fought with wrath, as when two Tydes do thwart,
Whilſt thus her big thoughts role & wallow to each part.

What ſhall I doe? ſhall I a ſuiter be
To my old ſuitors, ſcorned by the new,
And wooe thoſe Kings ſo oft deſpis'd by me?
What then? ſhall I the *Ilian* Fleet purſue,
And ſhare all this mans fates? Yes, he doth ſhew
Such ſence of my firſt aydes: Or ſay I wou'd,
Whom he hath mockt, will not his proud ſhips tro
Reject? Ah foole, by whom the perjur'd brood
Of falſe *Laomedon* is not yet underſtood.

Grant they'd admit me, ſhall I flye alone
With Mariners? Or chace him with the power
Oth' emptyed Towne, and ſervants of mine owne,
And whom I ſcarce from *Tyre* by the roots up tore,
Compell to plough the horrid Seas once more?
No, dye as thou deſervſt, cure woes with woe.
Thou ſiſter, firſt, when I my teares did ſhowre
To quench theſe riſing flames, thou didſt them blow,
And out of cruell pity ſoldſt me to the Foe.

Why might not I (alas) have mourn'd away
My widdow'd youth as well as Turtles doe?
Nor twice have made my ſelfe misfortunes prey,
Or to *Sichæus* aſhes prov'd untrue?
Theſe words with ſighs out of her boſome flew.
Æneas ſlept aboord, all things prepard.
To whom againe *Joves* ſonne with the ſame hiew
Divine, ſo ſilver-voyc'd, ſo golden hayr'd,
So ſtraight and lovely ſhap't, thus rowſing him appear'd.

O Goddeſſe borne, now doſt thou ſleepe? nor know
How many dangers watch to compaſſe thee?
Nor heare this good wind whiſpering thee to goe?
Purpos'd to dye, great plots and dire broods ſhe,
Who boyles with rage like a high going Sea.
Fly whilſt thou mayſt flye. If the morning finde
Thee napping here, the Sea will cover'd be
With Ships, the ſhoare with flames: Fly with the wind,
Truſt that, but doe not truſt a womans fickle mind.

This ſaid, he mixt himſelfe with night: But then
Æneas at theſe viſions ſore agaſt,
Starts out of ſleepe, and cryes, up, up, O men,
Hoyſe up your Sayles, flye to your Oares, row faſt;
Behold a God from Heav'n again bids haſte,
Cutting the wreath'd Cable. O, who ere
We follow thee, obey'd as late thou waſt
Moſt gladly. Ayde what thou commandſt, and ſteere
With proſp'rous ſtars beſpoke as thou fly'ſt through their ſphere.

This ſaid, whipt out his Lightning Sword, and ſtrooke
The faſtning ropes. Like zeale his patterne bred
In all. They ſnatcht, they ran, the ſhoares forſook,
Their Sayles like wings over the waves were ſpread;
They comb'd with Oares gray *Neptunes* curled head.
And now *Aurora* ſcattred roſie light,
Upon the Ea th from *Tythons* purple bed.
Whom *Dido*, having ſcouted all the night,
Diſcover'd from the Watch-Tow'r by her Enſignes white.

Seeing the Fleet ſayle ſmoothly on, ſhe knocks
Three or foure times her breaſt of Ivorie,
And tearing piteouſly her amber Locks;
O *Jove*, but ſhall he then be gone, ſaid ſhe,
And ſhall a ſtranger mock my Realme and me?
Shall not my pow'rs purſue him from the ſhoare,
And my tall Galleys man'd out inſtantly?
Arme, Arme, ye men of *Tyre*, bring fire-balls ſtore,
Hoyſe in a trice the ſayles, tug ſtoutly at the Oare.

What

What talk I? or where am I? Doe I rave?
Poore *Dido*, now you ſee his heart; before
Could you not ſee it, when your Crowne you gave
To his diſpoſe? Behold the faith he ſwore
Who ſav'd his gods, and his old Father bore?
I'l ſtrow him on the waves, his men firſt kill'd,
And ſpitted upon ſwords, and ſawc't in gore,
Aſcanius to him his laſt meale ſhall yeeld,
The Fathers yearning bowels with his bowels fill'd.

But this would be a doubtfull battaile. Bee't
What ſhould ſhe feare whoſe wiſhes are to dye!
I will blow up the hatches burne the Fleet,
Sonne, Syre, and Nation in one Bon-fire frye,
And my ſelfe laſt to crowne the Tragedy.
O *Sol*, the Index of whoſe purging light,
Doth all the works of skilfull Nature try;
And *Juno* 'cauſe of this my wofull plight,
And *Proſerpine*, cry'd through the Towns in dead of night.

And you revenging pow'rs, Gods which pertaine
To dying *Dido*; All of you incline
Your Deities to this my prayer; both deigne
Gently to heare, and lend me your divine
Aſſiſtance, due to ſuch high wrongs as mine.
If one ſo clog'd with perjuries as he,
Muſt needs attaine the Port he doth deſigne,
And ſwim to ſhoare, becauſe his Deſtiny
So wills, and ſuch is *Joves* immutable Decree;

Yet vext b' a warlike people, forc't to flye,
Torne and divorc't from his deare ſonnes imbrace,
Let him beg forraigne ayde, ſee his men dye
For crimes not theirs: And let him, when a peace
Shall be concluded by him with diſgrace,
Enjoy nor Crown, nor life (then ſeeming good)
But be cut off in middle of his race,
And uninterr'd float on the reſtleſſe Flood:
Thus pray I, theſe laſt words I powre out with my blood.

Then you, O *Tyrians*, breed your children in
Succeſſive hate, ſo ſhall my wrong'd ghoſt reſt;
Let Peace or Faith with theſe be held a ſinne,
Some one of ours with fire and ſword infeſt,
The proud *Æneiades* where ere they neſt,
And through the world once more the ſtraglers drive;
Now or hereafter, when your ſtrength ſerves beſt;
Be ſhoares oppos'd to ſhoares, let our tydes ſtrive
With theirs, and our late ſons keep endleſſe war alive.

This ſaid, ſhe caſt to fiye dayes loathed beames,
And calls *Sichæus* Nurſe (her owne was dead.)
Good Nurſe, goe bid my ſiſter, daſht with ſtreames,
Come ſtraight, and bring the beaſts I ordered
For Sacrifice: Doe thou too bind thy head
With holy Fillet, I will conſummate
Rites well begun, to *Dis*, and fire the Bed
Where the mans Portraicts laid, t' annihilate
All eare; ſo ſhe did gallop at an old wives rate.

But *Dido*, fearing what ſhe wiſht, ſad doome,
Rowling her blood-ſhot eyes, and in her face,
The paleneſſe of the death which was to come,
With trembling ſpots, ruſht to that ſecret place,
And climbing the high Pile with furious pace,
The Dardan Sword, not therefore given, unſheath'd,
Spying the clothes and well-known bed, a ſpace
She paws'd, till ſome few teares ſhe had bequeath'd,
And leaning on that bed her lateſt ſpeech ſhe breath'd:

Sweet pledges, whilſt the Fates and *Jove* ſo will'd,
Receive this ſoule, and free me from this woe,
I liv'd, and my good Fortunes circle filld:
And now my great Ghoſt to *Elizium* goe,
I built a famous City, ſaw it grow
To the perfection which it boaſts this day;
Reveng'd my Husband on his brother-foe:
My too much happineſſe had lackt allay,
If *Ilians* wandring Fleet had never paſt this way.

Then

Then groveling on the bed, but ſhall I dye,
And not reveng'd? Yes, dye; what, ſo preſent
My ſelfe to *Dis?* Even ſo. Drink with thine eye
Fierce *Trojan* this flames Comet-like portent,
And let my death bode thee a dire event.
Here her Maids ſaw her with ſpread hands fall downe
Upon the reeking blade; A ſhrill cry went
To the high roofes, and through th'aſtoniſht towne,
Swift as a Thunder-bolt the raging newes was blown.

With ſighs, laments, ſhrieks, and a female yell
Earth ſounds, and Heavens high battlements reſound,
As if, the foe let in, all *Carthage* fell,
Or mother walls of *Tyre* were brought to ground,
And Fanes and Houſes one flame did confound.
Her frighted ſiſter heares the balefull noyſe,
She thumps her boſome, and with nayles doth wound
Her face, diſtracted through the preaſe ſhe flyes,
And *Dido*, *Dido*, O my ſiſter *Dido*, cryes.

Was *this* the buſineſſe? wouldſt thou cozen me?
Thoſe fires, piles, Altars, hid they this beneath?
Skorndſt thou in Fate thy ſiſters company?
I might have beeh invited to thy death,
One Sword, and one houre ſhould have reft our breath.
Muſt I too build the Pile, and Heaven invoke
For this? Thy cruell hand extinguiſheth
Thy ſelfe, and me, Senate and common folke,
And thy new-raiſed town, with one all-murth'ring ſtroke.

Teares bathe her wounds, ſuck her laſt breath my lips,
If any about hers yet hov'ring ſtayes.
This ſaid, ſhe paſſes the high ſtayres, and clips
Her halfe-dead ſiſter, whom ſhe foſtring layes
To her warme breaſts, and as the breath decayes,
Sighs new, the gore-blood with her garment dry'd.
Shee, ſtriving her eyes heavy lids to raiſe,
Fainted againe, her wounds mouth gaping wide,
Vents by a neerer way her hearts groans through her ſide.

Thrice

Thrice on her arme ſhe did her body ſtay,
Thrice tumbled backward, and with rowling eyes
Groapt for, and ſigh'd to finde, the glaring day.
Then *Juno* pitying her long Agonies,
And pangs of death, ſent *Iris* from the skyes,
Her wraſtling ſoule from twiſting limbs t' untwine.
For ſince of age nor malady ſhe dyes,
But by deſpaire nipt early, *Proſerpine*
Had not yet cut her haire, and ſaid, *This head is mine.*

So *Iris* her great Miſtris will obeyes,
Deſcending to the Earth immediately
On curious wings, which the Suns oblique rayes
With water colours, painted variouſly:
And ſtanding right over her head (ſaid ſhe)
As I am bid, theſe vowed locks I beare
To Hells black Prince, and doe pronounce thee free
From bodies bonds. This ſaid, cut off her hayre,
Heat left her, and th' uncaged Soule flew through the Ayre.

FINIS.

Lib. 10. Epigr. 47. *Ad Julium Martialem.*

VItam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundiſſime Martialis, hæc ſunt:
Res non parta labore ſed relicta;
Non ingratus ager; focus perennis;
Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieta;
Vires ingenuæ; ſalubre corpus;
Prudens ſimplicitas; pares amici;
Convictus facilis; ſine arte menſa;
Nox non ebria, ſed ſoluta curis;
Non triſtis torus et tamen pudicus;
Somnus qui faciat breves tenebras;
Quod ſis, eſſe velis, nihilque malis:
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.

A HAPPY LIFE
out of *Martiall.*

THe things that makes a life to pleaſe
(Sweeteſt *Martiall*) they are theſe:
Eſtate *inherited*, not *got*:
A *thankfull* Field, *Hearth* alwayes hot:
City *ſeldome*, Law-ſuits *never*:
Equall Friends agreeing *ever*:
Health of *Body*, *Peace* of *Minde*:
Sleepes that till the Morning binde:
Wiſe Simplicitie, *Plaine* Fare:
Not *drunken* Nights, yet *loot'd* from *Care*:
A *ſober*, not a *ſullen* Spouſe:
Cleane ſtrength, not ſuch as *his* that Plowes:
Wiſh onely what thou *art*, to *bee*;
Death neither *wiſh*, nor *feare* to *ſee.*

On the Earle of *Strafford's* Tryall.

THe Earle yet made a gallant ſtand, to be
Judg'd by *one* Kingdome, and *arraign'd* by *three*.
He might have fled at firſt; or made his ſtreene
A Royall Maſter, or a Gracious Queene;
But this had been the *Touch-ſtone* to decline,
T'ingage in *Mortalls* Quarrels, Powers Divine.
As artleſſe Poets *Jove* or *Juno* uſe,
To play the Mid-wife to their labouring Muſe.
No he affects a labour'd Scene, and not
To *cut*, but to *untye* the Gordian knot.
Then if 'twill prove no *Comedy*, at leaſt
To make it of all *Tragedies* the beſt.
And that hee'l doe, I know not what paſt fact,
May ſpeake him leſſe, but for his lifes *laſt act*,
Times ſhall admiring read it, and their age,
Though now it *biſſe*, *claps* when he leaves the Stage;
So *ſtand* or *fall*, none *ſtood* ſo, or ſo *fell*;
This farre fam'd *Tryall* hath no parallell.
But it 'ith *Senate*, *Cæſar* had been *try'd*,
As he was *ſtab'd*, whilſt with their hands faſt ty'd,
The Armies had lookt on, and left the *Cauſe*
Of *Rome* to *Tully* onely, and the *Lawes*,
Thus had great *Julius* ſpoke, and lookt; diſtill'd
Pharſalia, *Munda Thapſus* hard-fought Field
All into Speeches; and free *Cato* mov'd,
(Though he could never feare) yet then t'have *lov'd*,
And payed him: For mixt of *Feare* and *Warre*,
He was a *Souldier* and an *Orateur*.
A *Cæſar*? or a *Strofford*? Hee reſolv'd,
T'abide no *tryall*: *This*, to be *abſolv'd*,

Or

Or *dye:* Herein more like to *Otho* farre,
Who gave his blood to quench a *Civill Warre.*
Nor ſhall he dye, unleſſe theſe broyles ſhall wage
A yet *more Civill Warre* himſelfe ſhall wage,
Turne (what hee us d ſo well for his defence)
Againſt *himſelfe*, his conquering *Eloquence.*
Spend his whole ſtock of favour too, to bring
To the *Three Kingdomes* a *fourth* Power, *the King*:
A *Fourth Eſtate* adde to the *Parliament*:
And to the *Royall* give his *owne aſſent.*
So fell great *Rome* her ſelfe, oppreſt at length
By the united *Worlds*, and her *owne* ſtrength.

The Earles pathetical Letter to the King, which is to be ſeene in print, wherein hee begges of his Majeſty, to paſſe the Bill for his death, to quiet the Kingdomes.

Two Odes out of *Horace*, relating unto the Civill Warres of *Rome.*

Againſt covetous rich men, Carm. lib. 3. Ode 24.

THough richer then unpall'd
Arabian wealth, and Indian Gold,
Thou with thy workes ſhouldſt drayne
The *Tyrrhene* and whole Ponticke Mayne;
Thou couldſt not, when death layes
On *thee* his Adamantine *Mace*,
Thy *Minde* from *terrour* free,
Nor *Body* from *Mortality.*
Wiſer the *Scythians*,
Whoſe Houſes run on wheeles like Waynes;
And frozen Getes, whoſe field
Unbounded doth free *Ceres* yeeld:
Nor is't the cuſtome there,
To ſow a Land above a yeare;
And when that Crop is borne,
The reſt releive it each by turne.

There women mingle not,
For Sonne-in-Lawes a poyſon'd pot;
Nor *Governe*: on their Dow'r
Preſuming, or Adulterers pow'r.
Their Dow'rs *To be well bred*:
And *Coaſtity* flying the bed
Of others, their owne truſt
Perſwading, and the price of Luſt.
Oh! he that would aſſwage
Our blood-ſhed and inteſtine rage:
If he would written have,
His Countries Father on his Grave;
Let him not feare t' oppoſe
Unbridled Licence to the Noſe:
So ſhall he gaine great praiſe
In after times; ſince (wo the dayes!)
Wee envy living worth,
But miſſe it when 'tis laid in Earth;
For what doe our Lawes ſtand,
If puniſhment weed not the Land?
What ſerves vaine Preaching for,
Which cannot cure our lives? If nor
Thoſe Lands which flames imbrace;
Nor where th' Neighb'ring *Boreas*,
Shuts up the Ports with cold,
And ſnows faſt nayl'd to the free-hold,
The Mariner repell?
If crafty Merchants learne to quell
The horridſt Seas? the feare
Of that crime (*Want*) making them beare,
And doe all things, and balke
Severer vertues narrow walke.
Would Heaven wee'd carry all
Our wealth into the Capitall!
O in the next ſea duck
Our Iewels and pernicious muck,
Fewell of all that's naught!
If we repent us as we ought,

Strike

Strike at the roote of ills;
And mould wee our too plyant wills
To rougher Arts: the Child
Of Noble Linage cannot wield
A bounding Horſe of Warre,
Nay feares to him more skill'd by farre,
To ſtride off the Greeke bowle,
Or the forbidden Dice to trowle,
The whilſt his perjur'd Father
Deceives his Partners truſt, to gather
For one that hath no wit.
So ill got wealth growes faſt, and yet
Something ſtill ſhort doth come,
To make it up *An even Summe.*

To the People of *Rome*,

Epod. 16.

Commiſerating the Common-Wealth, in reſpect of the Civill Warres.

NOw Civill Warres a ſecond Age conſume,
And Romes owne Sword deſtroyes poore *Rome.*
What neither neighbouring *Marſians* could devoure,
Nor fear'd *Porſenas* Thuſcan Pow'r;
Nor *Capua's* Rivall Valour, Mutinies
Of *Bond-ſlaves*, Trechery of *Allies*;
Nor *German* (blew-ey'd Bellona's Nurſe)
Nor *Hannibal* (the Mothers curſe)
Wee (a blood-thirſty age) our ſelves deface,
And Wolves ſhall repoſſeſſe this place.
The barb'rous Foe will trample on our dead,
The ſteele-thod Horſe our Courts will tread;

And *Romulus* duſt (clos'd in religious Urne
From Sunne and tempeſt) proudly ſpurne.
All, or the ſounder part, perchance would know,
How to avoid this *ſtorming blow*.
'Twere beſt I thinke (like to the *Phocæns*,
Who left their execrated Lands,
And Houſes, and the Houſes of their Gods,
To Wolves and Beares for their abodes;)
T'abandon all, and goe where our *feet*
Beare us by *Land*, by *Sea* our *Fleet*.
Can any man better advice affoord?
If not, in name of Heav'n *Aboard!*
But you muſt ſweare firſt to returne againe,
When looſned Rockes float on the Maine,
And be content to ſee your Mother-Towne,
When *Betis* waſhes the Alpes crowne;
Or *Apennine* into the Ocean flyes,
The new Luſt weds Antipathies,
Making the Hynde ſtoop to the Tygers love,
The ravenous Kite Cuckold the Dove;
And credulous Heards, t'affect the Lyons ſide,
And Goats the ſalt Sea to abide.
This, and what elſe may ſtop our wiſht returne,
When all, or the good part have ſworne,
Fly hence! Let *him* whoſe ſmooth and unfledg'd breaſt
Miſgives him, keep the rifled neaſt.
You that are men, unmanly griefe give o're,
And ſayle along the Thuſcan ſhore,
To the wide Ocean. Let us ſeeke thoſe Iſles
Which ſwim in plenty, the bleſt ſoyles:
Where the Earths Virgin-wombe plow'd is fruitfull,
And the unproyned *Vine* ſtill youthfull;
The *Olive Tree* makes no abortion there,
And *Figges* hang dangling in the Aire;
Honey diſtills from Oakes, and *Water* hops
With creaking feet from Mountaine tops.
The gen'rous Goats without the *Milk-maids* call,
Of their full bags are prodigall;

No

No Evening Wolfe with hoarse Alarms wakes
The Flocks; Nor breeds the up-land Snakes.
And farther (to invite us) the plump Graine,
Is neither drunke with too much raine,
Nor yet for want of mod'rate watring dry:
Such the blest *temper* of the Sky.
Never did *Jason* to those Hands guide
His Pirat-ship, and whorish Bride.
Sydonian *Cadmus* never touchs these shoares,
Nor false *Ulysses* weary Oares.
No murraine rots the *Sheep*, no starre doth scorch
The *Cattell* with his burning Torch.
When *Jove* with brasse the Golden-Age infected,
These lies he for the pure extracted.
Now Iron raignes, I like a statue stand,
To point *Good Men* to a *Good Land*.

A Summary Discourse of the Civill Warres of *Rome*, extracted out of the best Latine writers in Prose and Verse.

To the Prince His Highnesse, upon occasion of the preceding Odes.

Most Excellent Prince,

WHen, by the subversion of *Carthage*, *Rome* had lost her two spurres, *Emulation* and *Feare*, she sunke presently in her vertue, I mean all her vertues, except her Fortitude; there was but too much of that left still to doe her selfe mischiefe withall: Yet, upon no unreasonable presumption that

that this alſo might languiſh with her much eaſe, & diſſolving her ſelf in pleaſures, an *inſurrection* there was in the neighboring Province of *Spain*; but this *abroad*, though manag'd with ſo contrary fortune to the *Romans*, that two of her Generals, one after another, were forced to condiſcend to moſt diſhonourable *Pacifications*, would have done her little hurt, had it not been the accidentall occaſion of thoſe Factions and Diviſions *at home* that were not ſo eaſily extinguiſhed, as either the *Fire-brand* that kindled them (*Ti Gracchus* the Tribune) by *Scipio Nafica*, or as the occaſion it ſelfe (the potent City of *Numancia*) was by that other *Scipio*, who had done as much before to *Carthage*, of which unhappy *Diviſions*, thus *Paterculus*.

T. Gracchus.

Paterc. Franc. impreſ. p. 18.

"*Hic initium in urbe Româ civilis ſanguinis, gladiorumque impunitatis fuit, &c.*

This was the beginning of Civill Warre, and impunity of Swords in the City of Rome, *thenceforth Might overcame Right, and the moſt powerfull was held the beſt man; and the diſcords of the Citizens, uſed to be healed by* Accommodations, *were decided by the* Sword; *and Warres were entred into, not for the* Cauſe; *but according to* the Pay: *which is not to be wondred at; for examples doe not ſtop where they began, but though they* get in *at a* little cranny, *make themſelves a* wide breach *to* come out *at. And when once* the Rule *is forſaken, we run amaine downe the hill, nor doth any man thinke that* diſhoneſt *in* him, *which hath been* profitable *to* another.

C. Gracchus.

In purſuance of this fury, about ten years after, *Caius Gracchus* ſtept into *action* (as the *Iriſh* call it) to play the ſecond part of his *Brother*; *equall* in

vertues,

vertues, *equall* in *errour*, *equall* in *puniſhment*, in *wit* and *eloquence* far *ſuperiour*; of both which brothers it is ſaid, that if any moderate things could have contented them, they might have had thoſe *Honours caſt upon them* in a *quiet State*, which they *fiſht for* in a *troubled*. The next that came upon the Stage *from contrary doores*, were *Cynna* and *Marius*, theſe were rough Gameſters (it was now growne paſt the power of the Pulpit (though from thence the firſt fire was flung abroad) to doe either good or harme in the matter) originally they had beene of *oppoſite Factions*, but being *expelled* the City for *ſeverall cauſes*, they united their Forces to *enter* it (as they did immediately one after the other) upon a *joynt deſigne*, to feaſt there at once their *ſpleen* and *avarice*, the latter of which was by them then made *the vice of the times*. *Cynna* and *Marius*.

Omnia erant præcipitia in repub. nec tamen adhuc quiſquam inveniebatur, &c. Pat. p. 32.

All things were in extreme in the Common-wealth, neither yet was any man found, that either durſt give, *or had the face to* aske *the goods of a Roman Citizen*; *afterwards that alſo was added, that* Covetouſneſſe *ſhould miniſter fuell to* Cruelty, *and that the proportion of mens* offences *ſhould riſe to the proportion of their* money, *ſo that whoſoever was* rich, *ſhould conſequently be guilty, and every one become the price of his owne danger, nor any thing ſeeme diſhoneſt that was gainfull.*

By this meanes *the Game* play'd it ſelfe alone into the hands of *Sylla*, who having begun *a Set* with *Marius* ſome yeares before, and left it off when he had much the better of it, to proſecute a forreigne Sylla.

warre in *Asia*, and having been never to be withdrawne from that, to play out his first Game, and mingle in the *Civill broyles*, untill hee had happily finished the *Forreigne Warre*, found the hearts of men thereby, (whether as an argument of the *goodnesse* or of the *greatnesse* of his mind) wonderfully prepared to receive him, whom they now looke upon:

Pat. p. 34. *Non ut Belli vindicem, sed Pacis Autorem:*

Not as a *part of the Warre*, but as an *Author of Peace.*

Being himselfe a *Nobleman*, and the favorite of the *Common-people* Which opinion of him, his quiet March, with a singular care of the Fruits, Corne, Men and Cities, and his endeavour to *compose* things by *just Lawes* and *equall conditions*, looking with *one eye* upon *the Nobility*, and with *the other eye* upon the Commonalty, did exceedingly confirme:

Ibid. *Crescebat interim indies Sullæ exercitus,*
Confluentibus ad eum optimo quoq; & sanissimo.

By which meanes the Army of Sylla increased daily, through the confluence of the best and soundest-hearted men unto him.

But *He*, who was never *unhappy* till he assumed the sirname of *Happy*, that is, till he had overcome:

Pat. p. 28. *Ex successu animum sumens,*
(Changing his mind upon successe.)

Began to exercise those execrable *cruelties* and *oppressions* which are not to be paralell'd in any story either before or since that time for the greatnes and generality of them; his new invented horrour of *proscriptions*, not distinguishing betwixt *turbulent* and *quiet* spirits, nor scarcely betwixt *friend* and and *enemy*; which if he could have forborne, and

managed

managed his unlimited power with the ſame Arts of *Moderation* by which he *got* it, he might have both *kept* it to himſelfe, and alſo have *cut off* a long taile of miſchiefs that were to come on his Country.

Videbantur finita Belli civilis mala, cum Sullæ crudelitate aucta ſunt. Pat. p. 35.

The miſchiefes of Civill Warre ſeem'd ended, when by the cruelty of Sylla *they were* increaſed.

If your Highneſſe demand the iſſue; this was *too hot to hold:* his power *burnt his fingers*, and hee was glad of himſelfe to let it goe, finding it more ſafe to live a *private man*, and diſarm'd amongſt thoſe very men whom he had ſo highly provoked (obliging them now with that voluntary Reſignation of his exorbitant power) than with it to goe on ſtill hated and feared in the midſt of his Legions.

For brevity ſake, I skip over that which they calld *Bellum Italicum*, as an externall *Aſſociation*; that of the Bond-ſlaves, as *a Mutiny*; and that of *Cataline*, as a *Conſpiracie*; rather than properly *Civill warres*: and come to what is of a piece with the former.

Amongſt the *proſcribed* of *Sylla* was *Julius Cæſar*, then very young, who eſcaped that *Inquiſition* to act afterwards the longeſt and greateſt part in the *Tragedy* of theſe *civill Wars* againſt *Pompey* and his *ſonnes*. The *Father* and *hee* were *at daggers drawing* long before they came to *blowes*; for not withſtanding that there was *ambition* enough *in the beſt of them* to have ingaged them ſooner: *the one not enduring an equall, nor the other a ſuperiour*; yet *the worſt of them* had *love* and *piety* enough *to his countrey*, and *good nature* enough to his *Ally*, at leaſt whilſt the Bond laſted (they were *Father* & *Son-in-law*) to come unwillingly to that work: Cæſar and Pompey.

work: To which may be added, that though *both* were enough *conſcious*, and *confident* too enough, of their owne *valour* and *conduct*, yet *neither* of them found any thing to deſpiſe in his *Adverſary:* But,

Pat p. 52. *Cum juſtiſſimus quiſquis & a Cæſare & a Pompeio vellet dimitti exercitus:*

When every good man would have had both Cæſar and Pompey to have diſbanded their Armies.

Ibid *Curio.* *C. Curio tribunis pl. ſubjecit facem, vir, &c.*

Ibid. *C. Curio a Tribune of the people gave fire, a man, &c.* Deſcribing a third *Gracchus. Ad ultimum ſaluberrimas & coaleſcentis conditiones pacis, quas & Cæſar juſtiſſimo animo poſtulabat, et Pompeius æquo recipiebat, diſcuſſit, ac rupit unicè cavente Cicerone concordiæ publicæ.*

In fine, thoſe moſt wholeſome and healing Conditions of Peace, which both Cæſar *juſtly* demanded, *and* Pompey *as* fairely entertained, *this* Curio *ſhooke in pieces, and broke off, not a man, but* Cicero *labouring for* Peace.

The concluſion of this War is ſufficiently known, having crown'd *Cæſar* with that abſolute Victory, which *hee* uſing with a clemencie and moderation, that *Sylla* could not light on, made *Rome* for a time very happy, and the name of *Cæſar* to this day an *Imperiall Title*; although it is true that he miſcarried in *his owne perſon*, by the conſpiracie of a few men, ſome out of a *good* intention, and ſome out of a *bad*, when the *people* in generall were now at the laſt infinitely ſatisfied with his Government, which opened the ſluces to a new *civill Warre*. This was the Conjuncture in which *Horace* (living in that Age) thought it high time for him and all that lov'd their Countrey, to cry, *Fire, fire*, and bring every one his Bucket to quench it.

Hor. Carm. lib. 1. Ode 14. To the Common-wealth renewing the Civill Warre. (*O navis referent in mare te novi fluctus*

(1) *What againe to Sea*, (quoth he in his allegoricall alluſion, to a Shippe newly eſcaped from wrack?)

wrack?) *what a Gods name doſt thou meane?* (art thou mad?) (3) *Hug thy port*, (make much of the peace thou enjoyeſt) (4) *Doſt not thou ſee how thy Oarmen are waſht from the Decks* (the number of thy Souldiers impaired?) (5) *thy Main-maſt ſpent* (Great *Pompey* ſlaine?) (*Thy Top-ſaile ſhot down*, (*Cæſar* himſelfe ſtab'd) (7) *and that without ropes* (without Money, the nerves of Warre) *Thou canſt not poſſibly live in ſo high a ſea?* with more to the ſame purpoſe: And wilt thou that art a *Merchant-man*, drawing unto *thee* alone the Trade and wealth of the whole world, turn *Man of Warre* againe, to rob upon thy *owne coaſt?* (8) *Be not, be not over-confident of the thickneſſe of thy ſides* (thy walls or frontiers) *to beare out all ſtormes.* (9) *If thou haſt not a longing to be made a Tennis-ball to the winds* (if thou haſt not a mind neighboring Nations ſhould laugh at thee, if the Devill do not owe thee a ſhame) *take heed*, (10) *take heed how thou embayeſt:* But all this will not ſerve the turne, *Embayed* they are, and *embarqu'd* in a *New civill Warre: Brutus* and *Caſſius* againſt *Octavius* and *Anthony*; which makes the Poet now *deſpaire of the fortune of the Common-wealth* to that degree, as to think of nothing but going to a *Plantation* in the ſecond of the fore-going Odes; for why?

(2) *O quid agis*

(3) *Fortiter occupa Portum.*

(4) *Nonne videsut nudum remigio latus?*

(5) *Et malus celeri ſaucius Africo.*

(6) *Antennæque gemant?*

(7) *Ac ſine funibus vix durare Carinæ poſſint imperioſius Æquor, &c.*

(8) *Quamvis Pontica pinus, &c.*

(9) *Tu niſi ventis debes Ludibrium, cave, &c.*

(10) *Interfuſa nitentes vites æquora Cycladas.*

Brutus and *Caſſius.*

Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille,
Labitur et Labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Horat.

It was his own deſcription of *a fool that ſtood gaping by a River ſide to ſee when the water would bee all run out.* And *he* having ſeen and read how many Ages theſe miſerable warres had laſted (with ſome holy dayes betweene) and how many faire *opportunities* and *Overtures* which promiſed an end to their

their calamities, (eſpecially this laſt) had proved ineffectuall, reſolved he would not prove ſuch another foole himſelfe. Yet though this war went on, and being determined by the Battell at *Philippi*, another as diſmall ſprang out of the aſhes of it, between the Victors themſelves; this ſame deſpairing *Horace* did live to ſee, and particularly to enjoy, other very different *times*, when the Commonwealth, after the defeat of *Mark Anthony* at the Battell of *Actium*, *being now quite tired out with civill Warres, ſubmitted her ſelfe to the juſt and peacefull Scepter of the moſt Noble Auguſtus.*

Anthony. Tacit p. 1. Qui cuncta diſcordiis civilibus feſſa nomine principis ſub imperium accepit.

Auguſtus. Virg Æneid. lib 6. in the perſon of *Anchiſes* Ghoſt, ſhewing *Æneas* his future progeny.

Hic vir, hic eſt, tibi quem promitti ſæpius audis,
Auguſtus Cæſar, divum genus, aurea condet
Sæcula, qui rurſus Latio, regnata per arva
Saturno quondam, ſuper & Garamantas & Indos
Proferet imperium; jacet extra ſidera Tellus,
Extra anni, ſoliſque vias, ubi Cœlifer Atlas
Axem humero torquet ſtellis ardentibus aptum.
Hujus in adventum jam nunc & Caſpia Regna
Reſponſis horrent divum, & Mæotica tellus,
Et ſeptem-Gemini turbant trepida oſtia Nili.
Nec verò Alcides tantum telluris obivit,
Fixerit Eripidem cervam licet, aut Erymanthi
Placarit nemora, & Lernam tremeſeceret arcu:
Nec qui Pampineis Victor juga flectit habenis,
Liber agens celſo Nyſæ de vertice Tigres.

This is that man of men Auguſtus, hee
Whom (ſprung from Heaven) Heaven oft hath promiſ'd thee,
That man that ſhall to Italy *reſtore*
The Golden Age *which* Saturne *gave before,*
And to the Parthians *and the* Ind's *extend*
His ſpacious Empire. *At the Worlds fag-end,*
Beyond the Ocean, and the ſtarres beyond,
Out of the Starres and the Sunnes way, a Land

Doth

Doth lye, where Heav'n on Atlas *necke, thick ſet*
With Diamond ſtarres, hangs like a Carkanet:
For feare of Him *the* Caſpian *fanes reſound*
With horrid Oracles; the Pharian Ground,
And ſeven-fold Nile *now hides his frighted head,*
Nor Hercules *ſo many ſtrands did tread,*
Although the Erymanthian Boare he ſlew,
The braſſe-beav'd-Stagge, and Lerna's *Monſter too;*
Nor Bacchus, *who diſcending* Nyſa *checks,*
With Vine-leafe-reynes triumphing Tigers necks.

I muſt confeſſe *Sir*, I am now where I would be, and from whence I would not bee removed a great while, but for troubling Your Highneſſe with unmannerly length; for this *Mirrour of Princes* I have above all others ever admired, not for his great *Victories* at home or abroad (theſe in themſelves had been but *ſplendid Robberies*) but for *this*, that he directed all his *ſtudies* and *actions* to *uſe*, and not to *oſtentation* and *glory*; nor to his *own* uſe, but to the uſe and benefit of *Mankind*, whom it was more his Ambition to *civilize* and *make happy*, than to *ſubject* them to his Authority. Hence it was, that when he could have been eaſily *the Prince of Roman Eloquence*, he affected a *Plaine ſtyle*, both in ſpeaking and writing, *and ſuch as became a Prince*. *Hence*, that when he could have reach't the top of *Military Glory*, yet contenting himſelf with ſo much *Souldiery* as was ſufficient to aſſert his ſucceſſion to the Empire againſt *his Fathers Conſpirators*, & to tye the hands of a *potent Mad people*, from doing farther miſchief to themſelvs (for moſt of his forreign conqueſts he made by his Lieutenants) he choſe to be *inferiour to Julius onely* in *Martiall Arts*, that *hee onely* might be *Superiour to Julius* in *Civill*. And *hence* it was, that he was heard often to deride the pride and folly of *Alexander the Great*, for enquiring after other worlds to conquer, and ſuch like expreſſions; as if it were not more honour and content to a truly great minde to *governe one*, or a little part of one well, and to the felicity and content of the Subject; than to *ſubdue a hundred*. How dexterouſly and ſucceſſefully *hee* for his particular acted this part, having beene but toucht upon in one word by *Virgill*, I muſt borrow Proſe to explaine:

Nihil

Pat. p 79. The publike happineſſe under *Auguſtus.*

Nihil deinde optare a diis homines nihil, &c.

Thenceforth there was nothing that men could deſire from the Gods, nothing that the Gods can beſtow upon men; nothing that can be conceived by our wiſhes, nothing that can be conſummated with happineſſe; which Auguſtus (after his returne to the City) *did not bring to the People of* Rome, *and to the whole world. In the 20 yeare the Civill Warres were ended, forreigne buried, the fury of Armes every where laid aſleepe; force reſtored to the Lawes, Authority to the Judges, Majeſty to the Senate; the power of the Magiſtrate reduced to the former channell (onely to the Eight Pretors, two more added) the old and ancient forme of Government recalled; Culture returned to the Fields, Honour to things and perſons ſacred, ſecurity to mens perſons, to every one a certaine poſſeſſion of his Eſtate, Lawes profitably amended, wholſomely made; Election of Senators without rigidneſſe, not without gravity; Perſons of quality, and ſuch as had beene honoured with Triumphs, and gone through eminent Commands, by the Prince himſelfe were invited to be Ornaments to the City.*

When I reflect upon all theſe things, methinkes that Character which the ſame *Virgil* beſtowes a little after upon the *Roman Nation* in generall, would have better *fitted*, and perchance alſo better *pleaſed Auguſtus*, then the former, as moſt inſiſting upon that excellency whereupon he valued himſelfe *moſt*.

Vir. Æne. lib. 6.

Excudent alii ſpirantia Mollius Æra,
Credo equidem: Vivos ducent de Marmore vultus,
Orabunt cauſas melius, cælique meatus
Deſcribent radio, & ſurgentia ſidera dicent.
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento,
(Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacique imponere morem,
Parcere ſubiectis, & debellare ſuperbos.

Which I paraphraſe to your Highneſſe thus:

Others may breathing Mettals ſofter grave,
Plead Cauſes better, and poore Clients ſave
From their oppreſſours: with an Inſtrument
They may mete out the ſpacious Firmament,
And count the riſing ſtarres with greater skill,
Reyne the proud Steed, and breake him of his will.
Better their Sword, *and better uſe their Pen.*
Breton remember thou to governe men,
(Be this thy trade) And to eſtabliſh Peace,
To ſpare the humble, and the proud depreſſe.

The Prince of Peace protect Your Highneſſe moſt excellent life.

FINIS.